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A

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN

ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND SCOTLAND,

AND OF

TWO PASSAGES OVER THE ATLANTIC,

IN THE YEARS 1805 AND 1806;

WITH

CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS, PRINCIPALLY FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS OF THE AUTHOR.

THIRD EDITION,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-HAVEN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. CONVERSE.
.....
1820.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the nineteenth day of January, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:—

"A Journal of Travels in England, Holland and Scotland, and of two passages over the Atlantic, in the years 1805 and 1806; with considerable additions, principally from the original Manuscripts of the author. Third edition, in three volumes."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION—1810.

THE Trustees of Yale College, in the autumn of 1804, appropriated a sum of money, for the enlargement of their library, and philosophical and chemical apparatus; and, they determined on sending an agent to Europe, for the purpose of making the contemplated collections. I was commissioned to execute this trust, and was allowed to avail myself of such opportunities as might occur, for acquiring information, especially in chemistry, which it was my duty to teach, in the institution with which I am connected.

Such were my principal objects, in Europe, and, to these the greater part of my time was necessarily devoted.

At the request of the brother to whom the following pages are addressed, I commenced a journal, which was continued, from the first, without a single day's omission, till my return. Instead of filling my letters with descriptions of what I saw, I constantly made my journal the depository of my observations and thoughts, and it was transmitted to America, *in numbers*, at convenient intervals.

I wrote *at the time*, and *on the spot*, and was rarely a day behind my date; my information was derived almost wholly from personal observation, and conversation. Beyond the itineraries and guides of the country, I had little leisure to consult books, and none at all to copy or amend what I had written: and I felt the less disposition to do it as I was writing *to a brother*, who, in the communication of the journal, was restricted to a small circle of friends.

Of course, I wrote with a degree of freedom which made it unpleasant to me to learn, that it had been found impossible to confine the manuscripts within the limits prescribed, and when I returned, I was informed that they had been perused by many of my acquaintance, and their friends. It now became impossible for me to refuse the loan of them to others, and, in this way, their existence be-

came so generally known, that their publication was talked of as a matter of course. I uniformly declined to listen to any proposition on the subject, as it had been my determination, from the first, to withhold the work from the press.

But, a good while after my return, an application was made to me, under circumstances so peculiar, that I was compelled to take it into consideration. After perusing the manuscripts, with reference to this object, consulting literary friends, and deliberating, a long time, I consented, not without much anxiety, to attempt the difficult task of preparing them for publication. It was difficult, because the public, *not my friends*, were now to be my judges, and because it was scarcely possible to preserve the spirit and freedom which had interested the latter, without violating the decorum which was due to the former, and to many respectable individuals, whose names appeared in my journal.

With a design to preserve this medium, the whole has been written anew. Additions, omissions, and alterations have been made, but they have been as few as possible, and it has undergone so little mutation, either in form or substance, that the spirit and character of the work remain essentially unchanged; how far it has been rendered more fit for the public eye, those, who have perused the original volumes, during a period of more than three years that have elapsed, since their completion, will be best able to judge.

Perhaps, I ought to apologize for interweaving in the journal, so much of my own personal history, and for introducing so many of my own remarks and reflections, but, these things were so combined with the very tissue of the work, that it would have been impossible to withdraw them, without destroying, completely, the texture of the fabric.

The apology *implied*, in this simple unvarnished tale, I am sensible, *is very trite*, and by many will be regarded as inadmissible.

However this may be, I have discharged a duty *by telling the truth*; what I have said will be believed in my native State, where the principal facts are well known.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

Yale College, (Connecticut) August 28, 1809.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION—1820.

TEN years have elapsed since the first edition of this book appeared; eight since the second; four since that edition was so far exhausted, that a third was called for, and three since the present was determined on. The reason of this delay is to be found in the fact, that I could never, before a very recent period, command the time which was requisite, to revise and enlarge the work.—Those who have done me the honour to purchase the former editions, will, of course, demand a reason, for the enlargement of this. It may well be supposed, that a book of travels, (unlike one of science, where discoveries and improvements *may* be made,) is, in its very nature, incapable of improvement, unless the author, has indeed travelled again, over the same ground. There is, however, one other supposition. *The author may not have communicated all the observations which he actually made and recorded, or mustered all the recollections which he actually possessed.* This was, precisely my condition. The original manuscript journal was more extensive, than the copy which was written off for the press, and even that copy was considerably fuller than what was actually published. The reason of the first retrenchment was, diffidence of the success of the work, especially of one so much in detail, and so constantly blended with personal narrative; of the second, that the publisher, who had a pecuniary interest in the undertaking, (influenced by I know not whose opinion of the manuscript,) shrunk from the publication of it, even as then prepared, and urged me to reduce it, *so that it might appear in one volume.* Very much in opposition to my own wishes, I complied, to a certain extent, and cut out entire subjects, and parts of

subjects, wherever it appeared they could best be spared. After all, the production, thus compressed and curtailed, appeared (without my privity, and contrary to my expectations,) *in two volumes*. The reception which it met with, from my countrymen (which I beg leave to acknowledge with gratitude) caused me to regret, that any part of the prepared manuscript had been suppressed, and evinced, that the fears of my publisher, and the opinion of his adviser were, equally, groundless. Indeed, if *authority* were to be the criterion, I conceived myself to have passed that ordeal with sufficient solemnity, for, the manuscript was submitted to the successive criticisms of a number of literary friends, among whom were accomplished scholars, and persons of much delicacy of taste, and it is no more than truth to say, that their suggestions were, almost invariably, respected; for I assumed it as a general principle, that what has struck an intelligent and candid adviser as wrong, will of course strike many others in the same manner.

An illustrious literary friend, (now no more) originally advised me strongly, to the publication *of the whole Journal*, as written in Europe and on the ocean, (with only a very few omissions and alterations,) and this advice he strenuously renewed, when the second edition was published. It was not however till the present edition was determined on, that I made up my mind to revise the work, with a view to its enlargement. With this view, I have re-inserted the matter which was prepared for the first edition, and afterwards suppressed: I have carefully re-perused the original manuscripts, and have drawn from them a variety of facts and remarks, which have not appeared in the former editions; and from my own recollections, which are generally very distinct, regarding the incidents of this tour, I have derived not a few things, of which my manuscripts contained only slight notices, or none at all; but, many of which, I have been accustomed to state in conversation with my friends. I have, in fact, during the weeks that this revisal has occupied me, *travelled the tour anew*; the thread of association has aided memory, in bringing up numerous events and circumstan-

ces, fresh and vivid, as if they had happened yesterday; interesting conversations have recurred, in the very style and spirit in which they were uttered, and, although the task has been somewhat laborious, I have renewed the pleasures of the tour, and lived this period of my life over again. The extent of the additions, is, from single sentences and paragraphs, up to entire subjects and sections. In making them, it has been necessary to dissect the work more or less completely, and to blend the additional matter, in proper order of time, into a harmonious connexion with the pages already printed. How far the work is rendered more interesting, or, whether improved at all, the public will judge. Although much has been added, the stock of materials is not exhausted. I wrote, also, during my absence, numerous manuscripts on scientific and professional subjects, but generally refrained from introducing them into my Journal. In the present edition I have, in a few instances, deviated from this course; but those to whom the remarks are uninteresting, can pass them by.

The anecdotes concerning Mr. Hume, the celebrated historian, have been suppressed. I received them from the most respectable authority, (an authority to which I cannot now appeal, as the venerable man is no longer an inhabitant of our world.) I believed them true, and as Mr. Hume had made his religious principles no secret, and their influence had been great, I thought the publication of the anecdotes in question was justifiable. As, however, through the medium of the Quarterly Review, their truth has been denied by Mr. Hume's nephew, and as the evidence is, in the opinion of the Editors of that work, satisfactory, it becomes *me* to enter into no discussion of the subject. I am the more bound to submit to the authority of the Quarterly Review, because it has treated my book with candor. I do not say this, because they have commended the work, but because the spirit of their observations is gentlemanly and decorous: there is in their remarks no sneer, or contempt, or levity, and while Reviewers write with such a spirit, an author would be very unreasonable if he could not submit with good humour even to merited censure. It is not proper for me to quote their

remarks, any farther than they go to establish the *fidelity* of this work, for, truth is the first qualification of a traveller, as well as of a witness, or of an historian; and, even on the topic of veracity, the following short remark is all that I shall cite: "His Journal represents England to the Americans as it is."* On this point I may perhaps be allowed to add, that I have often, by direct personal communications, received the thanks of natives of Britain, for what they have been pleased to call fair treatment of their country; and, except the anecdotes relating to Mr. Hume, I have never learned, that any important part of the statements in the book has been seriously questioned. On the contrary, numbers of my countrymen, who have visited Britain since this Journal was first published, have assured me, that they have kept it by them, as a guide in their observations and travels, so far as their routes have corresponded with mine, and that they have not discovered any material errors.

I now commit the work, for the third time, to the candor of my countrymen, trusting that they will pardon the explanations which appeared to me, necessary, on the present occasion.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

Yale College, January 18th, 1820.

* Quarterly Review, July 1816.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

Page

No. I.—PASSAGE TO ENGLAND, 13

No. II.—LIVERPOOL.

Circus—Pantomime, Its absurdity—Custom-House—Douceurs—American Hotel—An English Church—Cavalry—Army of Egypt—Literary Institutions—Official formalities—A breakfast—Museum—Asylum of the blind—A slave ship. - - - - - - - - - 52

No. III.—LIVERPOOL.

Sketch of the town—The Exchange—Streets—Public buildings—Population—Pursuits—American trade—Difficulties of the port—Guard ship—Press gangs—Impressment grossly inconsistent with English liberty—Docks—Mode of admitting ships—Anecdote—Dry docks—Hackney coaches—Anecdote—General appearance of the people. - - 68

No. IV.—LIVERPOOL.

English dinners—Great men of the city—Wine every where a theme—Coldness of manners—Allerton Hall—Botanical Garden—Mr. Roscoe—His usual retirement—A transport ship—A Quarry—Duelling ground—Environs of Liverpool—St. Domingo—Singular compliment to the Prince of Gloucester—An English hotel—Servants—Wide difference between them and American servants—The cause of it—A French servant. - - - - - - - 76

No. V.—MANCHESTER.

Weather—Imposition on strangers—Views of the author in writing—Ride to Manchester—Gilead House—Prescot—Warrington—Beautiful scenery—Affability of stage companions—Manchester—Sunday—English hospitality—A family scene—College—Roman camp—Gothic church—Prince Charles—Rebellion of 1745—Barbarities—A philosophical lecture—Volunteers—Sunday drilling—Duke of Bridgewater's canal—Ancient typography—Cotton manufactories—Method of stamping chintzes—Of cutting velvets—Of singeing the shag—New process of bleaching—American sumac—Sketch of Manchester—Manners, morals, and condition of the artists. - - - 89

No. VI.—JOURNEY TO THE PEAK.

Leave Manchester—Stockport—Use of the word *fair*—English stage coaches—Guards—Baggage—Barren mountains—Buxton—Ride on horseback—Tideswell—Country people, their manners and language—Singular scenery—Beautiful contrast—Ancient castle. - - - 109

Page.

No. VII.—THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

Castleton—The winding gate—Valley of Castleton and the surrounding mountains—Ancient fosse—Castle—Mam Tor—Its ruins—Anecdote—Peculiarity of language—Guides—Peak's Hole—Description of, and adventures in it—Humour of the guide—Owdin Mine—Miners—Their cheerfulness, hardships and dangers—Speedwell Mine—Subterraneous voyage—Wonderful cavern—Spar Mine—Descent into it—Return to Buxton—Geological remarks on the Peak of Derbyshire—Ebbing and flowing well—Contrivance to save labour—Singular want of curiosity. - - 116

No. VIII.—BUXTON TO LEICESTER.

Buxton—Situation—Climate—Its mineral waters—Ride to Ashborn—Singular hills—Sudden contrast—Leicestershire—Great beauty of the country—Curiosity—Leicester—Bosworth fields—Richard III.—Singular use made of his coffin. 143

No. IX.—LEICESTER TO BIRMINGHAM.

Ride to Coventry—Ladies and band-boxes—Coventry election—Crowd—Confusion—Uproar—Drunkenness—Ludicrous scene—Violence of English elections—Stage coach conversations. - - - - - 148

No. X.—BIRMINGHAM TO LONDON.

Birmingham—Watt and Bolton—Dr. Priestly—Ride to Oxford—Stratford on Avon—Caution in descending hills—Woodstock—Oxford—Costume of the academies—Grandeur and beauty of the town—Ride to London—Henley—Beauty of the country—A beggar—Approach to the metropolis—Equipages—Hounslow heath—Arrival in London. - 158

No. XI.—LONDON.

The Bell Savage Inn—St. Paul's—Lodgings—Manner of living—Boarding-houses almost unknown—Expense and convenience of lodgings—London intricate—Eating houses—Letters—The monument of London—Opening of the new dock—Ceremonies on the occasion. - - 167

No. XII.—LONDON.

The tower—Origin—Extent—Yeomen of the guards—Tower guns—The Spanish armoury—Queen Elizabeth—Walking-stick of Henry VIII—An ancient axe used at executions—Small armoury—Ancient cannon—Beautiful arrangement of small arms—Horse armoury—Kings on horseback—Armour of distinguished individuals—The regalia—Crowns, sceptres, diadems, &c.—Their great beauty and value—Wild beasts of the tower—Incidents—A hospital—Missionary Society—Panorama of Gibraltar. - - 176

Page.

No. XIII.—LONDON.

Adelphi---Distribution of prizes there---Alien Office---Cause of its institution---Restrictions imposed on foreigners there ---Rudeness of some of its officers---Westminster Abbey--- Its solemnity and grandeur---Monuments and inscriptions ---Difference of the ancient and modern taste---Incidents--- Pidcock's Menageric. - - - - 195

No. XIV.—LONDON.

Mr. West---His sentiments on the progress of the fine arts--- Anecdote of the King and Mr. West---An excursion into the country---Singular whim of a Dutchman. - 205

No. XV.—LONDON.

Mr. Barlow---Mr. Fulton---Sub-marine explosions---French flotilla---Earl Stanhope---His republican sentiments---His mechanical ingenuity--An invention of his--His sentiments on the state of the country---A dinner---Reserve of the English. - - - - - - - 211

No. XVI.—LONDON.

The king's birth day—Palace of St. James—Court dress— Embarrassment from hoop petticoats—Contest of coachmen—Procession of mail coaches—Splendid equipages— Pressure of the crowd. - - - - 216

No. XVII.—LONDON.

Review of volunteers—The parks—Exhibition of paintings at Somerset House—How estimated by those who have seen the Louvre—The Lancasterian school—Oddity of punishment there—Cooke in Richard III.—Foundling hospital—Dr. T———'s Temple of Flora—Dr. Shaw—Mrs. Knowles—Her talents and attainments. - - 221

No. XVIII.—LONDON.

British Museum—Egyptian and other antiques—Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great—Roman arms and relics—Likeness of Chaucer—Magna Charta—Pope's Homer—Drury Lane —Strong curiosity to see the Royal Family—Their reception at the theatre--Appearance of the King and of the Family—The play and entertainment—Opinions concerning the King—Anecdotes of him—An incident. - - 230

No. XIX.—LONDON.

Panorama of the battle of Agincourt—An interesting piece of private history—Du Bourg's Cork models of ancient temples, &c.—Representation of an eruption of Vesuvius— St. Paul's—Statues—Trophies of Blenheim—Prospect from the gallery around the dome—The whispering gallery— The great bell. - - - - - 244

Page

No. XX.—LONDON.

A painting room—Phæton and the solar chariot—Our Saviour at the last supper, &c.—An incident—Leverian museum—Birds—Monkeys—Whimsical arrangement of them—Minerals, &c.—A pastry-cook's shop—India-House. 253

No. XXI.—LONDON.

Another visit to Westminster Abbey—Tomb of Henry V. &c.—Westminster Hall—Lord Ellenborough—Lord Eldon—Sir James Mansfield—Costume and dignity of the Courts—A balloon—To be transformed into a temple—Anecdote—Tower Hill—Memorable for state executions—Rag Fair—Jews—Clothes' shops—Anglo-Asiatics and Africans—Their condition and treatment in England—Slavery unknown in England. - - - - 260

No. XXII.—LONDON.

Vauxhall Gardens—Situation and extent—Splendidly illuminated—Description—Amusements of the place—Music—A mechanical panorama—Fire works—Dancing of courtezans. - - - - - - 273

No. XXIII.—LONDON.

House of Commons—Inconveniences to which spectators are subjected—Conversation with a member—Rotten boroughs—Debate on the army—Col. Crawford—Mr. Pitt—Lord Castlereagh—Windham's retort courteous—Mr. Fox—Sheridan—Association of ideas—Ceremonies and customs—Weather and winds. - - - - 278

No. XXIV.—LONDON.

A private party—Mr. Greville—Descended from Lord Brook—Lord Brook's death—Mr. Watt—Sir Joseph Banks' conversatione—Sir Joseph—Major Rennell—His opinion of the changes of the English language in America—Dr. Wollaston—Dr. Tooke—Dalrymple—Windham, &c.—No ceremony—Sir Joseph's public breakfast—Anecdote of a Frenchman. - - - - - - 289

No. XXV.—LONDON.

Brompton Garden—Chelsea Garden—Chelsea Hospital—Beauty of the grounds—Veterans—Smugglers of Cambric—Strangers easily distinguished in London—Mendicants very numerous in London—Refuge for the destitute—Inadequacy of the relief afforded by public and private charity—A successful beggar—Soldiers and sailors. 296

No. XXVI.—LONDON.

Illumination with inflammable gas—Its beauty—Nature of the contrivance—The royal society—A picture gallery—Denner's daughter—A hunting piece—Joseph and Potiphar's wife—Attempt to delineate Jehovah—Environs of London. - - - - - - - 304

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS, &c.

No. I.—PASSAGE TO ENGLAND.

1805....Tuesday, April 6th, on board the Ontario, at sea.

To Gold S. Silliman, of Newport, Rhode Island.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

On the 4th, at one in the afternoon, we sailed from New York, with a wind so strong and fair, that the spires of the city lessened every moment as we passed down the bay, and we had hardly time to admire the beauty of the retiring landscape. In the morning no land was visible, and we found that we had made a rapid transition from smooth water and fine weather, to tempestuous seas and angry skies. To me who had never been at sea before, it was but an unpromising beginning; distressing sea sickness immediately followed, and this day has been, throughout, dark, stormy, and dismal. Towards evening, however, I became better, and was able to enjoy a scene of much grandeur and beauty, produced by the setting sun, which suddenly shone out from the clouds with great splendour. The circle of the horizon was unbroken by any inequality, except that of the waves, whose snow-white tops were rendered doubly resplendent, by the reflection of the sun beams, while a fair wind and the prospect of serene weather made ample amends for the gloom of the day. I spent the early part of the night on deck, wrapped in my cloak, with a bag of cotton for my bed.

April 7.—The morning was pleasant and the wind fair, circumstances which attended us through the whole day, and made it the delightful contrast of the preceding. A little schooner for Wiscasset, from the West Indies, passed almost under our bowsprit, and I endeavoured, in vain, to throw a letter on board addressed to you. There was no other incident to give variety to a fine day, and a charming moon light evening, which succeeded, till sleep, almost as refreshing as on shore, obliterated the consciousness of our situation, and made us insensible to our rapid progress.

April 8.—Light returned, with every circumstance to render it welcome, and the entire recovery of my health, appetite and spirits, has put a new face on the ocean.

This morning, a large hawk, that had strayed beyond his reckoning, hovered over the ship, and settled upon the peak of our fore-top mast, where he poised himself with his wings, as the motion threw him off from his centre. He seemed much fatigued and very happy to find this resting place;—more fortunate he, than the winged messenger that went from the ark, but found no mast or shrub, rising from that "shoreless ocean." When the hawk first alighted, an English gentleman on board remarked, that the American Eagle had come to preside over our passage; but the omen seems unpropitious, for our tutelary genius has already taken his flight, perhaps, distrusting our friendship, and indeed, with some reason, for our passengers had been regretting the want of a gun to bring him down.

In the evening, the sky was clear and serene, and the moon shone with uncommon brightness; our ship, with all her canvass filled by a stiff breeze, moved gracefully and majestically through the water; the sea, for many

yards around, was all in a foam from the rapidity of her motion, which was so regular, that I was able to walk the deck with a firm step, and to enjoy the conversation of an intelligent fellow passenger.

April 9.—In the evening, I observed for the first time, the interesting phenomenon of the lunar bow, which was distinctly visible in about 60° of the upper part of the circle.

April 10.—Even during the short period that I have been at sea, there has been abundant evidence that sudden reverses are the common course of things upon this stormy element. We had no longer the fine vernal sun and mild breezes of yesterday, but a gale from the south-east, with a heavy sea, flying clouds, dashes of rain, and violent squalls. At twilight, the heavens and the ocean presented a scene of great grandeur. The waves ran very high, and the ship danced over their tops like a feather. The sky became suddenly black; darkness, almost like that of night, hung over the deep;—it was, if I may so say, a darkness shed from the clouds, attended with a portentous gloom, unlike the serenity which night produces;—the white tops of the waves, as they dashed against each other, and crowned the vast black billows with a seeming ridge of snow, presented a striking contrast to the sable hue of the sea and sky; and the dexterity of the sailors, who, in the midst of this uproar, climbed the shrouds, and went out to the very ends of the yards to lash the sails, was well adapted to excite my astonishment. I had no fears, but enjoyed in a high degree the majesty of a scene, for my impressions of which I had hitherto been indebted to painters and poets.

Early in the evening, the wind declined; the clouds began to disperse, and the beautiful constellation Orion, was the first that appeared to cheer our spirits, after so dismal a day.

In the evening a sudden jerk of one of the sails knocked my hat overboard. I saw it, at a considerable distance, floating with the crown downwards, and felt a little solicitude, lest as my name was in it, it might be picked up by some returning American ship, and my friends should be unnecessarily alarmed for my safety. I had no cap to substitute for my hat, but, fortunately Captain T. of the British army, a fellow-passenger, relieved my embarrassment by lending me an old artillery hat, which had seen much hard service in the East Indies; but, with the addition of a string, to keep it on in windy weather, it answered the main purpose of protection very well.

April 11, 3 *o'clock, P. M.*—We have no longer the strong wind that so lately drove us rapidly towards a lee shore, but, in its place a light breeze from the same point, which has been too feeble either to give us much headway, or to prevent the uncomfortable motion produced by a deep, hollow rolling sea, raised by the wind which subsided last night. At noon to day, our latitude was 43° 42′, and we suppose ourselves at least seven hundred miles from New-York. Finding that we were very near Sable Island, we tacked this evening, and stood for a short time, towards America, but, the wind becoming more favourable, we soon resumed our old course.

April 12, 3 *o'clock, P. M.*—Last night the ship rolled very much, and, as there has been thus far to-day, almost a perfect calm, the same distressing motion has continued. A little wind is now springing up, with the appearance of

an approaching storm. Three grampus's are spouting around the ship, and frequently raising their fins and backs out of the water.

April 13.—With fine weather, and a fair wind we made tolerable progress, and the next day, with circumstances still more agreeable, we sailed very rapidly.

April 14, 9 *o'clock, P. M.*—Just before dark, this evening, we had the pleasure to descry a fishing vessel lying at anchor, on the celebrated banks of Newfoundland. This enables us to decide that we have sailed twelve hundred miles, and have accomplished one third of our passage in ten days. We promise ourselves some pleasure to-morrow, in fishing for cod, as we shall probably reach the best fishing ground by morning.

April 15.—Accordingly, after breakfast, the wind being very light, and the weather fine, the Captain ordered the vessel to lie to, and we prepared with much eagerness to fish. A fowl was killed, which served for bait, and in a few minutes, the Captain hooked a fish which three or four men were hardly able to bring to the surface of the water; it proved to be a halibut, of so large a size, that the line was insufficient to raise it; accordingly the harpoon was used, and we were hoisting our prize in, with exultation, when it dropped off, midway between the gunwale and the water.

A few minutes after, the sailors on the fore-castle, brought up two fine codfish, one of which fell from the hook into the sea, and the other was safely laid on the deck. After fishing sometime longer without success, we resumed our course—sailed eight or ten miles, and there lay to, and fished again, but without taking any thing.

In the mean time, we had the pleasure of seeing one of the greatest wonders of the great deep. Two whales played about the ship for some time, frequently spouting and raising their "broad bare backs" out of the water.

The banks of Newfoundland are one extensive shoal, I believe the most extensive of any hitherto discovered. They lie in the main, east and south east of the island, and are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles broad, and from three to four hundred miles long.

5 *o'clock, P. M.*—We are still upon them, but there is nothing to distinguish the prospect from any other part of the ocean, except the numerous sea fowl, and a degree of turbidness in the water. The lead however decides the point. The soundings are generally from thirty five to sixty fathoms. Our lead being greased, brought up sand and small shells. No land is visible; the nearest is the Island of Newfoundland, which is probably several hundred miles from us.

After our last attempt at fishing, we stood on our course, and, in a few minutes, discovered what we imagined to be two vessels; the mate, going up to the round top, saw four more, and presently after, we descried a whole fleet. We concluded that they must be fishing vessels, and steered for them; having already formed a plan to board them with our boat, for purpose of purchasing fish, since we had failed in taking any. There was something, however, extremely, singular, in the appearance of these vessels. They were apparently without masts or sails;—their hulls were of a brilliant white, and, as the sea caused them to roll, they gave a copious reflection, from a very bright sun, and seemed all dazzling.

We were employing ourselves in forming various conjectures on the subject, without once suspecting the real fact, when the mate going aloft with a prospect glass, soon put to flight all our surmises, by crying out, *Islands of Ice!!* I felt a mixed emotion, of pleasure and apprehension, from the expected contemplation of objects so splendid and magnificent, and still, so dangerous to our safety. Very soon, the progress of the ship brought other islands into view, and rendered those more distinct which we had first discovered. The subject occupied all the eyes, and engrossed all the thoughts and conversation of our little family. The weather, from being mild in the morning, although still clear, had become much colder, in consequence, no doubt, of the vicinity of such masses of ice. That which we had discovered, was, happily, not of the most dangerous form; it was altogether, in conspicuous masses, rising in some instances, one hundred feet out of the water; that which is most dangerous, is the field ice, which lies on the surface, often to a great extent, and, not being visible at any considerable distance, ships are in danger of running upon it, unobserved.

Having still several hours of day light, we flattered ourselves that we should get clear of such a dangerous neighbourhood before night. But the hope seemed as vain as that of passing the horizon itself, for new masses were continually coming into view, and we could perceive them appearing like white spots, in the very verge of the heavens, just in the line where the sky and water seemed to unite, so that, instead of getting clear, as we had hoped, we found ourselves, towards evening, surrounded by numerous ice-islands, on every side.

Their appearance was, to me, extremely interesting and gratifying, and I wish it were in my power to convey to you an adequate idea of these formidable productions of polar frost.

They were all of a very pure and splendid white, with a peculiar brilliancy, arising from the situation of the sun, which was declining; while the Ice-islands constantly came into view from the east and north, and thus threw back a flood of light upon us, which rendered them more conspicuous as they came nearer, and afforded the pleasure of continued discovery. Few of them were larger than a house or a church, but there were two which might well be dignified with the name of floating mountains. They all rolled much with the waves, with a ponderous motion, that alternately immersed an additional portion of the mass, and then, by the returning movement, brought a great bulk into view, which had been invisible before, while streams of water, taken up by the inequalities of surface, ran down their sides like cataracts. It is not easy to give a correct estimation of the magnitude of the largest islands. Their appearance was very magnificent. They covered many acres on the water, and towered above our top-gallant masts. So peculiar was their appearance, that it is not easy to compare them to any thing but themselves; yet, they resembled most, some ancient venerable ruin, while the beauty and splendour of the materials made them look like a recent, highly polished work of art, which some convulsion had thrown into vast disorder. Conceive of some very extensive and lofty palace, of white marble, whose walls have been here and there, broken down, almost to the ground, but still rise in numerous and lofty turrets, and whose sides appear, every where, furrowed by

the tempests of ages;—conceive further, of this great pile of ruin as emerging from the ocean, where the heavens alone terminate the view on every side, and that the waves are dashing continually against it, and surrounding its base with foam, and its sides with spray; and you will then have some idea of the object which I am aiming to describe.

Sun-setting.—I have this moment been on deck, and find that we are immediately abreast of another ice-mountain, while new ones are momently coming into view in the eastern edge of the horizon. Those which we have passed now present their shaded sides, and have lost their splendor; while the most remote, in the same direction, appear like dark clouds, with their tops gilded by the last rays of the sun. The air is very keen for the season. Night is now closing fast upon us, and we must pass it among these floating masses; it will certainly be an anxious night, and heaven grant it may be a safe one. We have the advantage of serene weather, with a fair though small breeze, and we shall have the moon before midnight.

12 *o'clock at night.*—Two men are stationed in the bow to look out for the ice;—one mass has grazed our side, but without doing any harm, and as the moon has risen, and the weather continues fine, I shall retire to rest. I have not, however, forgotten the interesting history of the Lady Hobart British Packet, which perished last year in these seas, by the same accident to which we are now exposed.*

* After our arrival in England we became acquainted with the still more tragical fate of the American ship Jupiter, Capt. Law, which was lost here, with a great number of people, only a few days before our arrival on the banks. She encountered the field-ice, and went down within a few minutes after she struck.

April 16.—Happily we received no injury, being favoured with every circumstance which might give us a safe passage. Had these circumstances, however, been reversed;—had the night been dark—the sea high, and the weather tempestuous, we could scarcely have escaped; for, what obstacle would the sides of a ship oppose to the mighty momentum of such masses, impelled by the winds and waves of a tempest! Between two, she would be crushed, and even the collision with one, if the ship were under full way, would cause the same resistance as a rock, and the ragged edges of the ice would pierce her instantly.

In order to a correct conception of the vast moving power of these bodies, it must not be forgotten that only a very small portion of their bulk appears above the water. It is well known that this is the case with cakes of ice floating in a river, and, where it is perfectly solid and well formed, only one eighth or one ninth part of its bulk rises above the surface. These masses are, however, far from having this density; they seem to be principally an accumulation of snow, hardened by degrees upon a bed of ice, and increased by the dashing of the water, which constantly freezes upon them in successive layers. The sailors say that one third of the bulk of these islands appears above water. This estimation is undoubtedly much too high, but, were even this considered as correct, it will be evident that such islands as the largest we saw, must be bodies of prodigious magnitude. But, every allowance being made, there is reason to believe that not more than one fifth or sixth part of the ice-islands is visible; of course an ice mountain of one hundred feet high, would really have a perpendicular altitude of five or six hundred feet.

While contemplating these magnificent bodies, Dr. Darwin's whimsical project of employing the navies of

Europe to navigate them to the tropical regions for the sake of cooling those climates, struck me with peculiar interest; what project or hypothesis has been too ridiculous to be proposed and defended by philosophy or to be embellished by poetry and fiction!*

* "There NYMPHS! alight, array your dazzling powers
With sudden march, alarm the torpid hours;
On ice-built isles expand a thousand sails,
Hinge the strong helms, and catch the frozen gales;
The winged rocks to feverish climates guide,
Where fainting Zephyrs pant upon the tide;
Pass, where to CEUTA CALPE's thunder roars,
And answering echoes shake the kindred shores;
Pass, where with palmy plumes CANARY smiles,
And in her silver girdle binds the isles;
Onward, where NIGER's dusky Naiad laves
A thousand kingdoms with prolific waves,
Or leads o'er golden sands her threefold train
In steamy channels to the fervid main,
While swarthy nations crowd the sultry coast,
Drink the fresh breeze, and hail the floating frost,
NYMPHS! veil'd in mist, the melting treasure steer,
And cool with arctic snows the tropic year."

[*Botanic Garden*—Part I, p. 53, 4to, 1791.

This, however is poetry, and we might have supposed Dr. Darwin not to have been really in earnest, had he not added the following remarks in sober prose: "If the nations who inhabit this hemisphere of the globe, instead of destroying their seamen, and exhausting their wealth in unnecessary wars, could be induced to unite their labours to navigate these immense masses of ice into the more southern oceans, two great advantages would result to mankind, the tropic countries would be much cooled by their solution, and our winters in this latitude would be rendered much milder, for perhaps a century or two, till the masses of ice become again enormous." [*Note to Botanic Garden.*

April 17.—No islands of ice were to be seen to-day, and it was probably owing principally to this fact, that the temperature of the air had become sensibly milder.—The last night was very tempestuous;—the wind, especially towards morning, blew hard, and raised a very heavy sea; the sky was covered with ragged, angry clouds, which gave us frequent squalls, with rain, hail and snow, and the ship rolled so violently, that I slept very little; but, to compensate for all this, the wind was perfectly fair, and sent us forward eight and ten miles an hour. We have had the same weather, and have made the same progress through the day; but the motions of the ship have been so violent, that it has been impossible to sit at the table. We have been compelled to place our food on the floor, and to sit down around it, with all the simpli-

Note to the 3d edition, July, 1818.—During a period of several years, since the preceding note was written, this subject, (I mean that of the ice islands) has assumed a new and unexpected degree of interest. Masses of ice, unexampled both for size and number, have continued to float from the Northern Polar seas into the Atlantic ocean, and if we may trust the accounts of navigators, they have been seen even within a few degrees of the tropic. Thus Dr. Darwin's project seems on the point of being realized—only the ice comes *without convoy*, and *spontaneously*, brings its stores of cold, to refresh the glowing regions of the south.

It seems generally agreed that the vast barrier of ice which, for several centuries, had been accumulating upon the coast of East Greenland, extending many miles into the ocean, and effectually preventing the access of ships to the coast, is now broken.—For several centuries, no communication had taken place with that country, but the shore is now again accessible; the ice had probably extended into the ocean till the fluctuation of the water, acting like a lever, broke it in consequence of its own extension; the ruins of this mighty barrier have in a great measure afforded the ice-bergs and fields of ice which, particularly during the last

city, although not with the quiet and security, of pastoral life.

You would have been much amused could you have witnessed our grotesque appearance;—one might have been seen bracing a foot against a pannel, and another against a trunk;—a second and a third, not equally fortunate in their position, aided each other, by extending their limbs, and placing foot to foot, in opposite directions, while the walls of the cabin supported them behind.—Thus situated with our plates between our knees, we attempted the arduous business of dining. At every roll of the ship, there was a kind of manual exercise to be performed. Besides his own plate, each one had to elevate some vessel to prevent its being overthrown; one

two or three years, have excited so much attention. It remains to be seen, whether, according to the ideas of some, their destruction will be productive of an amelioration of the climates of the northern hemisphere, and particularly of Britain, Iceland and Greenland itself. If the mere existence of tracts of ice, extending hundreds of miles, must excite a prodigious cooling effect on the winds which pass over them; it is certain that their solution in more southern regions must demand a vast quantity of heat, or, in other words, produce a great deal of cold; for it is a well ascertained fact that although water, recently formed from ice, is to our senses and instruments, just as cold as the melting ice itself, still, during its solution it has absorbed 140° of heat, that is to say, nearly as much as constitutes the entire range of climate on our globe, or the difference between the polar winter and the tropical summer. It is true also, that when this same ice was originally congealed from water, it gave out precisely this same quantity of heat, and, without doubt, must have exerted, to this extent, a warming influence on the air; but the mitigation would be small, compared with the rigors of a polar winter. It is true still, that the mere fact of water's freezing, produces a considerable alleviation of cold on our globe.

held up a decanter of wine, another a gravy-dish, and a third the soup-bowl; and it was only in the critical moment between one roll and another, that the knife and fork could be used with safety. Notwithstanding our caution, it has happened more than once to-day, that a sudden and violent motion of the ship has thrown us all, with the loose furniture, and table utensils, into a promiscuous heap, while more solicitude has been manifested for the preservation of the food than of our limbs. As no serious injury has been sustained, we have been very merry on the occasion, and have enjoyed our tumultuous repasts quite as well as on some occasions we should have relished a sumptuous entertainment.

The face of the ocean has exhibited a scene of great grandeur through the whole day. The wind continuing to blow very hard, the captain ordered the dead lights to be lashed in, and this, as well as other movements on board, indicate an expectation of weather still more tempestuous.

The night came on dark and stormy, and we thought ourselves very happy to have escaped the ice before the commencement of this tempestuous weather. At the same time we were not a little solicitous for the safety of a ship which passed us just at dark under a great press of sail; she was going towards the banks, and would probably, in the midst of darkness and tempest, be in a few hours entangled in the ice; as the two ships passed in opposite directions, within a few yards of each other, and with a wind serving both very well, the motion of course appeared to be doubled, and both seemed to fly. The people of both ships uttered a sudden and simultaneous shriek of terror, for we came so near as to excite a mo-

mentary apprehension of striking, and never before was I so sensible of the force of the shock which must, in such a case be received.

The darkness and the roughness of the ocean gave me an opportunity of observing the beautiful phenomenon of the phosphorescence of the sea. The water, for many yards around the sides, and under the bow of the ship, sparkled and flashed in a very distinct and pleasing manner.

April 18.—The wind, which during the night veered to the south, but without subsiding at all, in the progress of the morning increased to a gale; and before noon this gale became a violent tempest, with dashes of rain.—There was a very heavy sea, and the motions of the ship were so sudden and violent, that it was hazardous to attempt moving without constantly holding fast by some fixed object. No food could be prepared in the caboose, and such refreshment as we had, was received, as yesterday, on the cabin floor, and even in this humble posture, we were not unfrequently thrown from one side of the cabin to the other. The storm increased in violence through the day, so that it far exceeded every thing which I had hitherto seen; and in the afternoon, besides the *general* vehemence of the wind, there were frequent *squalls*. Just before evening, while the captain was a sleep in his state room, the ship being laid close to the wind, with nothing standing but a double reefed fore-sail, and the tiller in the hands of a common sailor, a sudden and violent squall struck us, which threw the helmsman from his station, so that the ship was no longer under command of the rudder;—accordingly she *lurched*, as the sailors say; that is, she fell into the trough of the sea,

and the next wave, although she was a tall ship of more than 400 tons, threw her down upon her side with tremendous violence, so that a part of her deck was under water; the people, and every moveable thing, were thrown to leeward, and for a moment, dismay was painted in the faces of the most experienced men on board.

The violence of the shock roused our sleeping captain, who was upon deck in an instant;—forced the helm up, with a volley of oaths, and put the ship before the wind, when she righted. The danger was imminent, though transient, for had the ship remained in the same position, the next sea would, without doubt, have laid her flat upon the water.

Night, at length set in, dark and dismal;—the tempest raged with more violence than ever, and the fury of the sea was wonderful. To an old sailor it might doubtless have appeared no very uncommon thing; but to me, to whom these incidents were novel, the scene was awfully grand; and one who has never witnessed a tempest at sea, has not enjoyed one of the highest exhibitions of sublimity.

I have no particular dread of the water, and, excepting this crisis, I had not supposed our situation to be, at any time, imminently dangerous; yet I could not but be astonished that any machine, constructed of such frail materials as those of a ship, could withstand such shocks as those which we received every moment from the waves, and which caused every timber to tremble, while the creacking of the ship's joints, and the roaring of the winds and waves, rendered it almost impossible to hear any one speak. It was not the consequence of weakness or of fear, but a natural, and I trust pardonable, effect of the

scene before me, that induced me to descend into the cabin to read a letter of our mother, received immediately before I sailed, in which she had inserted an interesting production of Addison, who had drunk inspiration at fountains more noble than Helicon. It is entitled The Traveller's Hymn, and might well be adopted as the companion of every adventurer, whose mind does not despise the idea of protection from on high.*

1.

* How are thy servants bless'd O Lord,
How sure is their defence ;—
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care :
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe untainted air.

3.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;—
Will praise thee for thy mercies past
And humbly hope for more.

6.

Our life, whilst thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

About 10 o'clock at night the wind abated, and gradually died away to a still small breeze; but our situation was more uncomfortable than ever, for the ship, being now without wind to steady her, rolled dreadfully;—sleep was unattainable, and I could only brace myself in my birth, and wait for morning. I spent an hour in the evening in viewing the phosphorescence of the waves. It was indeed a beautiful sight. The ocean was covered all over with luminous spots, occasioned by the foam of the waves, while around the ship, the water glowed and sparkled almost with the brilliancy of burning coals.—When we shipped a sea, the spray appeared like a shower of fire, falling among the shrouds, and the deck seemed to be covered with glowing embers.

How comes it that the poets, so much celebrated for appropriating every brilliant image of natural scenery, should have made so little use of this? They have not often alluded to this phenomenon, which is certainly beautiful in itself, and eminently so from its occurring, most remarkably, in tempest and darkness, when beauty is contrasted with grandeur.

April 19.—This day has afforded the perfect contrast of yesterday. It has been serene and mild, with a bright sun, and a fair and gentle breeze; it is a most delightful reverse. But, the deep hollow roll of the ocean still continues, and creates no small difficulty in writing. The carpenter and all hands are at work in repairing the spars and rigging, broken by the storm of yesterday.

April 20.—And it seems now that these were not the most serious injuries sustained; the pumps have been going frequently to-day, in consequence of our having

sprung a leak in the late gale, for the ship was perfectly tight before.

The leak is not however dangerous; we make only about two feet of water in twenty-four hours, and, with the light breezes and serene weather which attend us now, this quantity of water is easily removed, but, another heavy gale of wind might render our situation dangerous, as our pumps are very bad.

April 21.—The wind increased during the night and blew a fine breeze. Early this morning, one of the watch came down and roused the Captain to inform him that, a vessel, apparently armed, was bearing down upon us; the report of a gun, fired to windward, as a signal for us to come to, confirmed this information. Going on deck, I distinctly perceived her boarding nettings, and guns pointed out of her port holes. We were very soon within one hundred yards of her;—she fired another gun and hoisted English colours, but those on board who were versed in nautical deceptions, declared that she was a French ship in disguise. This impression was so strong, that I went down and hid my money, bills, and watch; and Captain T—— put on a great coat to hide his British uniform.—Our fears were however entirely groundless, for she proved to be a British brig, of 18 guns, dispatched from Barbadoes, to carry home news of the ravages committed, and committing, in the West Indies, by the celebrated Rochfort squadron.

They informed us of many interesting particulars, and, after a very civil conversation carried on by means of our trumpets, we parted with mutual good wishes. This was a very agreeable termination of an affair which had no

very auspicious beginning, for we expected a domiciliary visit.

The wind increasing, we soon left the armed brig far astern, for, with a very strong breeze, and a considerable sea, she was not able to carry much sail; while, our ship, under a crowd of canvass, pressed forward so rapidly, that, before noon, our late companion was out of sight. We sailed more than one hundred miles between 6 o'clock in the morning and the same hour in the afternoon, and the evening and night were equally propitious to our wishes.

April 22.—But, this morning, the wind has changed to south-south-west, and blows hard;—a whale has this moment passed almost under our bowsprit; the sky is covered with those black ragged clouds, which indicate inconstant and violent winds, and it is highly probable that we shall have another gale, especially as we are now in the longitude of the Azores, which portion of the sea is, at this season of the year, a region of storms. Our leak still continues, and excites some apprehension, especially as our pumps are very bad, and our carpenter is stupid and inactive. The wind now comes in puffs and squalls, and we are taking *in* sail. This is the eighteenth day of our passage—we are now one thousand two hundred miles from the banks of Newfoundland, where we were a week since, and we suppose ourselves within seven hundred miles of Ireland.

9 *o'clock at night.*—Our apprehensions have been realized, for, we have sailed all day under a gale, with rain from the south, but we have made ten miles an hour, which has fully compensated for circumstances otherwise very unpleasant. We are happy in having a ship which

is remarkably capable of carrying sail in heavy winds, and of making rapid progress, when close hauled; circumstances, under which many other ships would be compelled to lie *to*, or to shorten sail.

In the afternoon we had a very heavy sea which exposed me to serious injury.

Having just risen from my birth, I was standing by it, and in the act of throwing my cloak over my shoulders, with a view of going on deck, when a sudden roll threw me headlong with great violence into the birth on the opposite side of the ship. Happily my head was saved, by my shoulder's striking against the board which parted the birth from the cabin; this was broken in two, by the shock.

In this manner an English naval commander, a few years since, was thrown through a port-hole in his cabin, and was never seen any more.

Towards evening the wind shifted to the west, and the sun, breaking out in full splendor, gilded the clouds and the waves, while the storm subsided into a fine breeze with a clear sky.

April 23.—The morning commenced with squalls from N. N. E. and rain; we anticipated a disagreeable day, but our apprehensions have been in some measure disappointed.

11 *o'clock, A. M.*—The wind is now N. W.—the sun shines, and the sky is covered, here and there, with those fleecy clouds which indicate light breezes and fair weather. All is activity and cheerfulness on board, while every effort is stimulated by the confident expectation of making the land within two or three days. All our canvass is set, and we have the pleasure of seeing it completely filled. The indications of fine weather were how-

ever speedily reversed—the wind soon became heavy, and we have sailed, all this day, under the pressure of a gale, which has sent us forward ten miles an hour.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon, I went on deck to view the tumult of the ocean; the ship was pressed down so much to leeward by the wind, that her deck was inclined like a roof, and I clambered to the windward railing, and found a situation where I could hold fast by the ropes. The sea often dashed over the ship, and involved us in such copious showers, that I found it necessary to go below. I had scarcely descended into the cabin, when we shipped a tremendous sea; the wave, as the mate informed me, took the ship sideways through her whole length; its top curled as high as the mainyard-arm, and it fell upon the deck with astonishing violence, a universal crash, and an instantaneous suspension of the motion of the ship, as when an ox is knocked down dead at the slaughter. The sea made a full breach over us, and, for a moment, we were buried beneath it, as if we had been sunk; the decks were swept, and the water came pouring down into the cabin through the sky-light.

April 23.—The weather has continued extremely variable, and the transitions from clouds to sunshine, and from sunshine to rain and violent winds, have been so rapid and frequent, that it has not been easy to say which have prevailed, but, in all the bad weather and gales which have attended our passage, we have had the satisfaction of being rapidly impelled towards England. The phenomenon which the sailors call the sun-dog appeared this afternoon in the N. E. It resembles the rainbow, and is doubtless produced on the same principles. While we were at tea this evening, the clouds became suddenly very black in

the S. W. and presently a squall struck us, which broke one of our studding sail yards. We immediately took in all our light sails, without farther mischief, although the same varying weather continued through the evening.

April 24.—There was a brilliant rainbow this morning in the west, and as we were now contending with a head sea, the spray constantly broke over the ships' bow, and presented a rainbow whenever the sun shone. At evening, the captain, being confident that the Irish coast could not be far distant, ordered most of our canvass to be taken in, lest we should run upon it in the dark. During the succeeding night, the wind blew furiously, and squalls attended us the next day, till towards evening, when the sea suddenly went down and became comparatively smooth; the gulls had become very numerous, and we had no doubt that land was near.

April 25.—The wind blew furiously through a part of last night; and, this day has not been wholly free from those squalls which have annoyed us so much of late. The wind has blown from N. N. E. which has prevented our making much progress, although we have been able to keep our course.

No Irish coast appears as yet, but our reckoning and celestial observations induce us to believe that it cannot be far distant, and this impression is strengthened by our having had the gulls constantly with us since yesterday morning, and we have not seen any before, since we left the banks of Newfoundland. In the afternoon the sea, which had been running high, suddenly went down, and the ocean became comparatively smooth. This doubtless arose from our having got under the lee of Ireland, which, with the wind that then prevailed, would of course dimin-

ish the swell. We sounded at 8 o'clock, P. M. for the first time; but without finding bottom.

April 26.—We were more successful at midnight, when we sounded again, and found bottom, and we are still on soundings with a smooth sea and wind blowing fresh from N. E. We have not the smallest doubt that we are now immediately south of Ireland, although no land is visible this morning. The winds have prevailed so much from the North, for a few days past, that we have been prevented from making cape Clear, and the southern coast of Ireland as we intended. The sky is now cloudy and the weather cold. I trust that our passage is drawing to a conclusion. It has, thus far, been prosperous, but you, who have been at sea, will not find it very difficult to believe, that I have contracted no great partiality for this mode of life. The objects which I have in view, have made me endure its many privations and dangers, with cheerfulness, and when my business is finished in Europe, the delightful prospect of returning to my friends and country will make me encounter the same things again with alacrity. We have a large and convenient ship, with a spacious and handsome cabin, genteelly furnished.

My fellow passengers are two English, two Scotch, and one American. There are a few circumstances respecting some of them which propriety does not forbid me to mention, and which may perhaps interest you.

Dr. R. is an Englishman, and I have derived much pleasure from his conversation. He went out to India eight years ago, and has, I believe, been connected with the British armies there, in a medical capacity. During the late short interval of peace between France and Great Britain, he went to the Isle of France for his health.

While there, war broke out again, and the French, with the same treacherous policy which they adopted in Europe, put him into prison, where he was detained fourteen months. He is considerably versed in Chemistry, and has a handsome share of general information, and of polite literature.

Mr. S. is a Scotchman, who has been in the service of the English East India Company. He was captured on his homeward bound passage, and carried a prisoner to the Isle of France, whence he now proceeds by the way of America to England to be exchanged. Every circumstance of this description applies equally to Captain T. except that the latter was in the land and the former in the sea service. Mr. S. is possessed of that strong national partiality which usually flourishes, with great vigor, in the breast of a Scotchman, and I am often amused with his fervent eulogies on Scotch manners, men and things. He has the full brogue, and plumes himself not a little on the elevation of his countryman *Horry* (Harry) Dundas.

Captain T. I believe, loves his country as well as his friend, but often joins us in the laugh which is excited by the enthusiasm of his companion. He bears the commission of his Majesty, as a captain in the tenth regiment of British infantry. He is full of good humour, and native gaiety of disposition, and diverts me much, by the manner in which he *marches* the deck. This he does, for hours together, in a way perfectly mechanical. His step is measured, as if to music, (such is the force of habit) and he *marches*, *halts* and *wheels*, even in his most careless moments, just as he would do at the head of his company. And indeed he has more claims to the character of a soldier than what belong to his gait and uniform. He has

been extensively concerned in the English wars in India and was present at the famous assault on Seringapatam. He saw the carnage, not only of the soldiers of Tippoo but of his people, great numbers of whom had taken refuge in the city as a place of safety. They refused all quarter, and rushed desperately on the bayonets of their enemies.

I have never before conversed with one who had been a spectator of the voluntary immolation of a wife at the funeral of her husband. In one instance the female was only eighteen years old, and very interesting in her appearance. The horrible rite was performed in a grove. Troops were drawn up to keep order, the Brahmins attended to fortify the mind of the young devotee, and a promiscuous throng of Hindus and Europeans crowded around, to witness this sacrifice to superstition and mistaken conjugal affection.

The young woman, with the heroism of a martyr, placed herself in the midst of the combustibles destined for her funeral pile, and having laid the head of her deceased husband on her arm, with her own hand lighted the fire. The Brahmins, without delay, projected a powder into the flames, which they said would destroy all sensation, and the fire soon enveloped both the dying and the dead.

The same gentleman assures me that he has often witnessed the adoration paid to the Cow. They prostrate themselves before her image which is placed in all their pagodas, and when passing the living animal, they wave their hands in token of obeisance, and manifest their devotion even by acts of the most extraordinary and disgusting character.

My other companions are amiable men, and all have manifested an obliging, accommodating temper. By this time, as you may well suppose, we have become familiarized to each other's society, and feel something like a sentiment of family attachment.

Through the remainder of the day, we had light and contrary winds and made but little progress.

April 27.—The last night was very quiet; this morning the sun shines, the weather is mild, the surface of the channel is smooth, and, although the wind is contrary, we are cheered with the idea that we must be within seventy miles of the English coast.

We looked in vain till 5 o'clock in the afternoon of this day, when a man from the mast-head exclaimed—land! land! on the weather bow! * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

I went up the shrouds, and saw a mountain in Ireland which appeared like a well defined cloud in the edge of the horizon. This more than welcome object occupied our eyes till evening veiled it from our view.

The wind which, a little before, had been favourable, then came back to the N. E. and we made very little headway through the night. Indeed our progress has been very slow for the last two or three days, and had I not found some amusement in writing, they would have been extremely tedious.

April 28.—In the morning the hills of Ireland became more and more distinct. We saw successively, the heights of Waterford—the lofty mountains of Wicklow, at a great distance over land—the Saltee Islands, near and very distinct, and lastly, Carnsore point and the Tuscar rock, constituting the south-eastern extremity of Ireland, which

it was necessary to double in order to enter the Irish channel.

It was now past noon, when the wind increased and came more ahead, and the sky assumed a very threatening aspect. After dinner it began to rain and to blow hard, and we feared that we should not be able to double the point. It soon grew dark, and the night came on, very tempestuous, with a rocky lee shore, within three leagues, and the wind which was increasing, blowing directly upon it. The captain thought that under these circumstances, the attempt to double the point, would be extremely hazardous, but, as the wind would be a free one, the moment we should pass the Tuscar Rock, which was now not more than seven miles from us, and the alternative was either to do this, with a fair prospect of running the length of St. George's Channel before morning, or to tack and stand out to sea again, to avoid being driven on to the reefs, we felt the temptation very strong to attempt what was really rash, if not impracticable. Thus situated the Captain called the passengers together to know whether they would risk their personal safety in the attempt; it was unanimously decided in the affirmative.

Accordingly we tacked, and stood for the north, but the storm soon increasing to a furious tempest, attended with the most impenetrable darkness, and the wind driving us directly and rapidly towards the Tuscar rock, we were reduced to the mortifying necessity of standing away from the land, towards the ocean. The gale soon became extremely violent, but we rode it out in safety. During the storm I took my station along with the master in the companion way. We split our fore-top-sail, and such was the fury of the winds and waves, that the captain was obliged

to give his commands through the speaking trumpet, and his oaths, which were now more frequent and impious than usual, were thundered out from this brazen throat, with a voice that spoke

"Louder than the tempest."

The scene was very sublime; the sea was covered all over with luminous ridges, and the spray, as it dashed over the gunwale, fell in showers of fire, while the waves shed a dismal light on the "darkness visible," and formed a small horizon of illuminated water around the ship. About 1 o'clock in the morning, the wind began to abate; a heavy rain deluged the decks, and at 2 the wind shifted; the storm was lulled almost to a calm; the sky became suddenly clear, and appeared of an uncommonly deep azure, while the stars shone with wonderful brilliancy. What a contrast! One hour before, all was darkness, tempest and fury!

April 29.—This morning the weather was mild, with a clear sky and very little wind; no land in sight. The appearances of fine weather proved however very delusive. About 9 o'clock A. M. the wind came back to the old point, viz. N. E. and soon began to blow hard; in a few minutes the sky was covered with dark clouds and the wind increased to a gale, which continued all day and raised a heavy sea. But, just before evening, the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out, with great brilliancy.

Half-past 9 o'clock, P. M.—Under easy sail we are now standing on towards point Carnsore. When the storm cleared away, we discovered the same land which we saw yesterday and were happy to find that we had not lost much. The sky is clear and we hope to hold our course.

During most of the day several ships were in sight with close-reefed sails and borne down on one side with the force of the wind; fine objects for the eye and for the pencil.

April 30.—We had light winds all last night, and being close hauled, we made but little progress. To-day we have doubled point Carnsore, and with light and contrary winds, are beating slowly towards Liverpool.

2 *o'clock, P. M.*—The weather is mild, the sun shines bright, the surface of the water is smooth as a mill pond, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful day. Here we are my dear brother in the midst of the Irish Channel, perfectly becalmed, but, I console myself during the detention, by recalling you to my recollection. On the left we have the mountains of Wicklow, and on the right those of Wales. St. David's Head in Wales, and the little cluster of islands, called the Bishop and his Clerks, are in full view. The land on either side has much the same appearance as Long Island used to have from Holland Hill,* except that it is much higher. The mountains of Wicklow are composed in part of whitish sand, which appears in the sun like dirty snow. With the glass I can distinctly see the channels worn in the hills by the rain. The mountains of Wicklow afford pure gold; they were the principal seat of the late Irish rebellion, and it is said that the government are now employing five hundred men to clear them of woods, that they may not again afford an asylum to banditti.

Half-past 6 *o'clock, P. M.*—We have just returned from an excursion to a fishing boat, lying about a mile off, and becalmed like ourselves. We were induced by idle-

* An eminence near Fairfield, in Connecticut.

ness, fine weather and a wish to learn the news, as we had, as yet, opened no communication with the shore. Accordingly, we lowered down the yawl, and rowed to the fishing boat. There were three people on board, who appeared much terrified at our approach, doubtless supposing that we were revenue officers or a press gang. This latter impression might well have arisen from their seeing Captain T. in British uniform, and the rest of us in blue short jackets and pantaloons. We found that the little boat was from Ilfracomb in Cornwall and bound to Liverpool. They had no news, but they gave us two fine pollock, a kind of fish resembling cod, and we presented them with two bottles of brandy. To this compliment they seemed very indifferent, and we left them with a strong impression that they were really smugglers. They told us that the Cornish miners were about rising, *from under ground*, to oppose the execution of some late laws enacted against smuggling.

May 1.—Last evening a breeze sprung up, which, although nearly ahead, enabled us to stand slowly across the mouth of Cardigan Bay. At sunrise this morning, we were abreast of Bardsey Isle, and Bracy Head, a part of Caernarvonshire in Wales. Ireland is this moment in view, at a great distance, and we are beating across the channel back and forward, disputing with an adverse wind and opposing currents, every inch of our progress.

It is tedious to be detained in this manner so near our port, for, with a fair wind, we should have been at Liverpool within two days from our coming upon soundings, whereas this is the sixth day since that event. To compensate for our delay, we have fine weather; we are now

standing across the mouth of Caernarvon Bay, with the hills of Caernarvonshire in full view.——————————

While we are still at sea, and before my impressions of this mode of life are sensibly weakened, I will give you my views of it. In the regular American ships, which are fitted expressly for the purpose of carrying passengers, there is more comfort than one would naturally expect at sea.

We have had a very good table, nor have we been deficient in the articles necessary to furnish a genteel desert, and in the usual inducements to protract an afternoon sitting. At sea, when time hangs heavily upon one's hands, and where the appetite, after a recovery from sea sickness, becomes very keen, the temptation to indulge in the pleasures of the table is very strong. Dinner is expected with great impatience;—it is the most interesting event of the day, and the motions of the Cook and Steward are, during fine weather, watched with more solicitude than those of the Captain. But, the culinary department of our ship is very deficient in neatness. The vessels are not clean,—the Steward is good natured, fat and dirty; and the cook, a ragged, forlorn negro, is scarcely less covered with soot and smoke than his own caboose, the little empire over which he presides. His station is regarded by the sailors as a degraded one, nor, are even the Carpenter and Steward, although elevated above the Cook, considered as on a level with the common sailors. They have a professional pride which disdains to consider any one of the crew on a footing with themselves except those who are actually engrossed by the care of navigating the ship. The rest they regard as "*lubbers*," and never fail to make them the ob-

jects of ridicule, when, through stress of weather, they are ordered up the shrouds to do duty aloft.

The cabin, being at once bed room, parlour and dining room for so large a number of people, and, being liable, when there is a fire, to smoke with every high wind, has usually an offensive sickening atmosphere, which is not at all corrected by the currents from the hold below, into which the Steward must often descend, to bring up the cabin provisions, and in our case, the evil is augmented by the smell from a quantity of hides moistened by the bilge water, which has been abundant since we sprung a leak.

Sleep is much disturbed by the inevitable circumstances of a sea life. One must repose in a narrow space, where the limbs can be extended in only one direction; the rolling of the ship throws him from one side to the other of his narrow birth;—the creaking of the boards and timbers —the roaring of the winds and the dashing of the waves— the snoring of some of the passengers—the talking of others asleep, and awake—the retching of those who are affected with sea sickness—the flapping of the sails and ropes, and the trampling and vociferations of the sailors, in managing the ship, all concur to put to flight agreeable dreams, and refreshing slumbers.

And not unfrequently, on waking, when consciousness is just returning, the thought that you are afloat in the midst of a desert of water, where the leak, the broken pump, the sudden gust, the midnight collision, the conflagration and the tempest may soon send you to the other world, will steal across the mind with melancholy foreboding.

Neither is it possible to have any rational and profitable disposal of time. One cannot read, except something

very light and amusing, and that in a very desultory way. You can have no retirement, and you have no heart to take hold seriously of any important volume. You must be confined to the society of those on board, and if they offend you, by conversation which violates equally the laws of morality and religion, and those of delicacy and decorum, there is no remedy but to bear it. Thus surrounded and encumbered, you will saunter from the quarter deck to the cabin, and from the cabin to the quarter deck; and in the morning, you will wish it were evening, and in the evening you will wish it were morning.

The only exercise consists in walking the deck, and this is so often interrupted by the weather, that both health and spirits lie at the mercy of the elements.

The sabbath is out of the question, and if any attention is paid to it, or indeed to any religious duty, it must be within one's own breast. Add to all this, the constant and real dangers of the sea, which, it is true, in the present improved state of naval architecture, and of navigation, are wonderfully reduced in number, but which the columns of every newspaper evince to be still very serious. These being my impressions, you will not wonder that I have contracted no peculiar partiality to this mode of life. But there certainly are agreeable things attending it. No doubt the greatest alleviation would be found in select and interesting society.

I fear I may have become tedious while I have gone on from day to day, recording the changes of wind and weather, and endeavouring to sketch the ever-changing aspect of sea and sky.

But, at sea, dependant as our comfort, nay, our very existence always is, upon the most mutable of all things, the

aspect of the sky, the force and direction of the wind, and the motion of the waves, these topics assume an importance which they can never have on land, and, an apology for their frequent introduction is certainly unnecessary. Still, there is such a degree of sameness in the incidents of a sea life, that it is difficult to give the narration of them any considerable degree of interest.

Exiled completely from the rest of mankind, and confined to a floating prison, every thing interesting in the characters of the few around one, is speedily exhausted, and the scenery of the ocean soon grows too familiar to excite anew the pleasure which it at first produced.

In fine weather, (if I may borrow a trite allusion,) the old monarch of the deep is so placid, that his smiles are insipid; and when he rises in his might, and crowns himself with all the terrors of his stormy domain, his countenance is so fierce, that astonishment and dismay exclude every perception of beauty, and leave only an impression of a kind of horrible grandeur.

The traveller on land is constantly entertained with the varying beauties of landscape; and if the scene of his travels be among civilized men, conversation affords him a never failing source of agreeable incident; if in a country, renowned in ancient story, and abounding with the beauties of cultivation and the productions of the arts, he must be very unfortunate indeed, if, with sufficient leisure, he cannot find something to enliven the tedious detail of dates, places, and distances. In such a country I hope soon to be, when I trust I may find matter which will afford the subject of more entertaining narrative than that which has now occupied twenty seven days.

5 *o'clock, P. M.*—The wind enabled us in the morning to pass nearly across Caernarvon bay, and to bring Holyhead, in the isle of Anglesea, into full view. For some hours we have had a flat calm, and the current has set us over towards the southern side of Caernarvon bay. We are not more than eight miles from the shore, and I have been taking a view of the sublime scenery of this part of the Welsh coast.

Some of the mountains which line the shore, are lofty, and their tops are covered with snow. With an excellent glass I can see the slopes of the hills and mountains, covered, to the very feet of the cliffs, with green fields, cottages, and cattle. Most of the mountains are very rude and ragged, consisting of bare rocks, rising in some instances, into obtuse cones, and in others projecting, with perpendicular cliffs, into the very water. The inland mountains appear still more lofty. There is one, whose summit is covered with snow, and enveloped by clouds, rolled up around it like curtains; I wish to recognize it, as the famous Snowdon, but there is no one on board sufficiently versed in the geography of Wales to inform me.

A beautiful, and to me, novel contrast, is now before us. It is formed by the deep verdure which covers the feet and declivities of some of the mountains, and the snow which crowns their tops; the transition appears, in many instances, perfectly abrupt; the most vivid green terminating in the purest white. Were I a painter I would arrest these transient images of beauty and grandeur, that I might renew with you and H—, the pleasure which I now enjoy, but you must except the humbler efforts of description, instead of the magical effects of the pencil.

May 2.—We had a fair breeze, for a short time, last evening, but it soon became contrary, and we spent the night in beating.

10 *o'clock.*—This morning we find ourselves close under Holyhead, and the island of Anglesea on our right, while the Isle of Man appears on our left, but at a great distance. Holyhead, the first European town which I have seen, is now in view at the distance of six miles, and with the glass I can distinctly see the houses. The town is situated on a small island of the same name, separated from Anglesea by a narrow frith.

The island of Holyhead is principally a rude mountain of naked rock, and appears barren and comfortless in the extreme. On the declivity next to Anglesea, there appears to be some arable land, on which the town of Holyhead is built; this town is the station of the packets for Dublin, the high hills around which are at this moment visible. We are now passing through a region of water, where the meeting of the tides occasions a violent commotion not unlike Hell-Gate.* The tide runs here with great violence, and, with the aid of a fair wind, is impelling us rapidly towards Liverpool.

The snowy mountains of Caernarvon are still visible, pushing their white tops into the clouds. The morning is delightfully pleasant—a fleet of fourteen sail of transports is close under our weather quarter, and the Skellie's light-house, built on a rock in the water, is in full view under our lee.

Half past 10 *o'clock, A. M.*—We are now within two or three miles of the shore of Angl sea. The island rises into gentle hills, the declivities of which, and in many in-

* A celebrated strait near New-York.

stances the tops, are well cultivated. The whole country appears enclosed by fences or hedges, and farm-houses, wind-mills, and villages are scattered here and there, but there are no trees. This island is the Mona of the Romans—the venerable retreat of the British Druids. Its copper mines are said to be the most extensive in the world, and I can distinctly see at the bottom of a hill, opposite to our ship, a long row of chimnies from which the smoke of the furnaces, employed in smelting the copper, is now issuing. After being so long confined to the tedious sameness of the ocean, I am not a little gratified with the scenery which surrounds us to-day.

6 *o'clock, P. M.*—At 1 o'clock, a pilot came on board, and we have been sailing very prosperously ever since, with a fair wind and a favouring current. We passed within a few miles of Snowdon and Penmanmaur. The latter projects, with perpendicular cliffs, into the very water;—along its side is cut the famous road where a precipice, whose base is buffeted by the billows, makes the traveller shrink from the edge, while impending fragments threaten him from above. Indeed the whole coast from Holyhead is very forbidding to the mariner; perpendicular cliffs face almost its whole extent, and ruin awaits the ship that is driven upon it.

Snowdon is lofty, and rises into a number of conical peaks;—the whole assemblage is very grand, and both the tops and sides are covered with snow.

We are now sailing close under the shore, and the declining sun shines with full lustre on the hills. The mouth of the river Dee is in view, and a dense cloud of smoke hangs over Liverpool, and marks its situation, otherwise invisible to us. We cannot get up to the town to

night, on account of the tides, but we are all preparing to disembark to-morrow.

Three quarters past 9 o'clock, P. M.—This moment we have dropped our anchor, and our sails are all furled for the first time since we left New-York. We are only ten miles from Liverpool, and may fairly consider our passage as achieved, since we are sure of going up with the next tide.

The night is very pleasant, with moon and star light, and the water is so smooth that our cabin is quiet as a bed room. Four brilliant lights, in as many light-houses, are in view.

May 3, 9 o'clock, A. M.—The morning is very pleasant, and we shall weigh anchor within a few minutes.

The fleet of transports anchored close to us last night; they are full of soldiers, who have been quartered in Ireland, but are now going over to England to exchange duty with other regiments which will take the place of these in Ireland; for, since the rebellion, it is the policy of the government, to prevent their troops from forming connections, and strong local attachments in a country, whose loyalty to England has always been dubious For, in the event of another rebellion, a defection in the army might turn the scale against the government.

Liverpool now shows its distant spires, and we discover, on the shores around us, a cultivated and thickly peopled country.

We proceeded up the river Mersey, on which Liverpool stands, but the wind being very light we were unable to bring the ship up to town, and were obliged to drop anchor just within the rock. We were immediately visited by the custom house officers, and by some merchants, one of whom

politely offered to convey the passengers up to town in his boat. This offer we gladly accepted, and a little after one o'clock, P. M. we left the Ontario. As we approached the town, the country back of it presented a very pleasing view of green fields, wind-mills, villas and other interesting objects, and the noise of commerce,

"Thundering loud with her ten thousand wheels,"

indicated our approach to the busy haunts of men. A little before 2 o'clock, we leaped ashore and realized with no small emotion that we had arrived in England.

No. II.—LIVERPOOL.

Circus—Pantomime, its absurdity—Custom House—douceurs—American Hotel—An English Church—Cavalry—Army of Egypt—Literary Institutions—Official Formalities—A breakfast—Museum—Asylum of the Blind—A Slave ship.

May 3.—With my fellow passengers I took lodgings at a splendid hotel, *the Liverpool Arms.**

* You will remember that my hat was knocked overboard on the 10th of April at sea. I was subjected to some embarrassment in getting on shore, because the old artillery hat which I wore during the rest of the passage was very shabby. In this dilemma, I borrowed a hat of a sailor, and the first purchase which I made in England, was of course, a hat. It cost me $4 94, and one of the same quality would have cost $8 at home.

With my fellow passengers I dined at the hotel on roast veal and boiled salmon, both excellent in their kind. The cleanliness—the quiet—the order—the excellent cookery, and the prompt attention of the servants (well dressed white men of very respect

CIRCUS.

In the evening we went to the Circus, where equestrian feats, rope dancing, tumbling, and pantomime formed the entertainment.

I shall occasionly attend the theatres, for public amusements furnish the most decisive criterion of national taste, and no contemptible one of the state of public morals, and of the dignity or degradation of the public mind; for when men go to be amused, they will demand such things as they really delight in.

The Circus was crowded; we were late, and being perfectly unknown, went into the gallery, as every other part of the house was full.

We were surrounded by those, whose deportment sufficiently indicated to what class of society they belonged, while they exhibited a spectacle of effrontery to which it would not be easy to find a parallel.

The feats performed were truly astonishing, and demonstrated the wonderful force and accuracy of muscular movement of which the human frame is capable.

There were two pantomimes.

The subject of the first was rustic love;—of the second, the story of Oscar and Malvina, from Ossian. But pantomime is altogether unnatural. In real life men never converse in this way, unless they are deaf and dumb, and such people are certainly the best actors in pantomime. It may be said that it affords room for the display of much in-

able appearance) gave us the most favourable impression of the comfort to be enjoyed in England, and I need not say that the effect was more powerfully felt from the striking contrast to a sea life to which we had been for a month confined.

genuity, in expressing a whole narration or drama without words; this is true; but the drama would be far more interesting if expressed in words, and every one who has seen a pantomime, must have felt a degree of impatience, and even *anger*, at the very incompetent, although ingenious efforts, which a performer in pantomime makes, to bring forth an idea, which a little plain talking would at once express, with force and beauty.

A man may learn to walk on his head, and every one will pronounce it wonderful, while all the world will still agree, that it is much better to walk on the feet. It would seem therefore that no one who has the use of his tongue would choose to converse by motions, any more than a man who has feet, would prefer to walk on his head.

CUSTOM-HOUSE.

May 4.—The embarrassments created by revenue laws, and the formalities which most civilized nations observe, on admitting a stranger to enter their dominions, are among the unpleasant things which a traveller must encounter. Our share of vexation has not been very great, and yet some things have occurred, which one would wish to avoid.

After our baggage had been landed, under the eye of a custom-house officer, and deposited in the public warehouses, it became necessary for us to reclaim it, that is to say, in plain English, to pay a douceur to the examining officer, to expedite its liberation, and not to molest us by a rigorous examination of our parcels.

Being confident that I had no articles which could justly be charged with a duty, I felt strongly disposed to resist the oppressive demand of a contribution, for a mere dis-

charge, or rather for a *neglect* of official duty. But, being informed that the thing was indispensable, unless I would submit to have my baggage delayed several days, with every circumstance of vexation and embarrassment, which experienced ingenuity could invent, I at length concluded to pay the tribute. But, I remarked to the person who had given me this information, (an Englishman) that I supposed the money must be offered to some of those ragged fellows who act as tide waiters, and not to those *well-dressed* men about the custom-house. He replied, with a smile, that those were the men who *ultimately* received the money. Accordingly, among all the passengers of the Ontario, a sum was made up which, we supposed, would cause *Justice* (a power whom allegory has ever represented as blind,) to become still blinder than before. Nor were we disappointed; you can hardly imagine the effect of our douceur, for it would be harsh to call it a bribe. The *well-dressed* man, who ought to have inspected every thing in person, stood aloof, affecting to be engaged in conversation with other people, while a beggarly fellow received the money. We surrendered our keys, when he opened our trunks, and without taking up a single article, said that we had behaved like gentlemen, and that every thing was perfectly correct. He then closed our trunks, and returned the keys. Had they searched effectually, they would have found a quantity of costly goods, which, as they had not been entered, it was their duty to seize, and indeed, their suspicions might well have been excited by the uncommon size of some of the trunks.

A young Englishman, a friend of one of the passengers, being present at the examination, remonstrated with the examining officer against his receiving money, and told

him that it was a disgrace to an officer paid by the king. The reply was :—"Sir, I have a family to support, and receive but thirty pounds per annum ;—this is all I have to urge." I have no reason to suppose that the collector has any concern in this business ; but it is impossible that the thing should be unknown to him, since it occurs every day, and is done without even the appearance of secrecy. Undoubtedly he winks at the practice.

But, it is certainly a disgrace to the government to starve their petty officers, and then connive at their receiving bribes to shut their eyes on smuggled articles, to the detriment of the revenue, and the corruption of public morals. As this part of the business of the custom-house is now managed, the primary object of inspection is completely lost, while individuals are subjected to a vexatious and oppressive interference, the only effect of which is to put money into the hands of the petty officers, who ought to be severely punished for receiving it. With skilful packing, and a douceur so large as to be considered generous, and yet not so great as to excite violent suspicions, there can be no doubt that goods whose value is great in proportion to their bulk might be smuggled to a considerable amount, and still pass through every *formality* of inspection.

My baggage being cleared, I next presented myself to the collector in person, who made out duplicate manifests of my name, age, place of birth and residence, profession, and business in England, together with a description of my person, and a list of those to whom I am known in Liverpool. I wrote my name on both papers, and he retains one, and I keep the other. With this instrument I am next to wait on the Mayor, to take further steps, *to ensure*

the safety of his Majesty's person and government, during my residence in England.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

I dined to-day at a house erected and kept for the accommodation of the multitude of Americans who resort to this port. The words AMERICAN HOTEL are written over the door, which is ornamented with the American Eagle, and the national motto, "e pluribus unum."

This parade of American insignia is not addressed, without effect, to the national vanity of our countrymen. They crowd to this house in great numbers. The inscription over the door arrests every American eye;—the national Eagle excites patriotic sympathies, and those who cannot construe the motto, hope it means *good living*. And it must be confessed that this construction, although not very literal, is, in point of fact, substantially correct. The table is abundant and cheap, and although the house is not, perhaps, the most genteel, the strong temptation of national society, when held out to beings so gregarious as our countrymen, is generally successful; and, at the daily ordinary, a kind of Congress of the American States is convened, where, if they choose, they may rail with impunity at the country on whose productions they are feasting, nor fear a military arrest, before the next dinner.*

* It requires no inconsiderable effort, to resist the impulse which is so natural and apparently so reasonable, to associate, when one is in a foreign land, principally with one's own countrymen. A select companion, or two, of this kind, with a congenial spirit, may be very useful, and very grateful to one's feelings, while ardently engaged in the prosecution of knowledge, and it would be perhaps too severe to proscribe an occasional indulgence in the social enjoyments, to be found in entire circles of our own countrymen;

AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

May 5.—Our host, this morning, conducted me with an American companion to church. It was a beautiful octagon, neatly fitted up, but its empty seats formed a melancholy contrast to the overflowing numbers of the circus. The preacher, Dr. M————, gave a very good discourse, and delivered it with much solemnity; but it dwelt entirely on morality and the decencies of life, and contained almost a declaration in so many words that the sum of religion consists in the exercise of humanity and of the social virtues.

Cicero or Socrates would hardly have said less, and except the exordium and peroration, the sermon might have been embodied with their writings, without exciting a suspicion that its author had drawn wisdom from any other than Greek and Roman fountains.

ENGLISH CAVALRY.

The French horn and other martial instruments are now sounding before the door of the hotel and make one's blood move with a quicker pace through his veins.—I

but there can be no doubt, that if a traveller would study the character of the people among whom he is, he should immerse himself completely, and in general *exclusively*, in their society. He will thus see them constantly, in new and interesting relations; he will not feed his own prejudices, and confirm his own errors, by a constant and invidious comparison, sustained by conversation with his own countrymen, and what is of no small importance, he will be in far less danger of being allured into haunts, from which he can scarcely escape with innocence. Certain it is, that some persons return from foreign countries, with less knowledge of all which it is desirable to know concerning them, than is possessed by many intelligent people at home

was writing in my chamber, when a full burst of warlike music drew me irresistibly to the door, where I enjoyed a high degree of pleasure, from the united efforts of a large band mounted on horse back. Educated as I had been, in a peaceful country, and in a peaceful period, you will not wonder that such a swell of harmony, principally from a great number of deep toned wind instruments, should affect me in a very interesting manner, not only as music, but by summoning up the awful associations of real war. I certainly never felt an effect of the kind which was so overwhelming. Thus, (one naturally says to himself) thus, they animate the brave and impel the timid, to the sanguinary charge;—thus they drown the groans of the dying, and array the field of slaughter, with circumstances of pomp and fascination.

The band belongs to a corps of light horse which is reviewed every day in front of this house, where Colonel Lumley, their commander, resides. For this reason two centinels are constantly walking before the door, and the rooms are crowded with military men. You will not suspect me of a parade of emotions in the remarks made upon their music, when I inform you that this corps, with their colonel, were a part of the brave army of Egypt, which conquered Bonaparte's boasted *invincibles*, and terminated the war in the East. The surviving officers, as an honorable mark of distinction, wear a *yellow ribbon* on their breasts. Poor fellows, most of them took up their long abode in Egypt, and few, very few remain to shew with what hazard and suffering, the toy was purchased. —We have one officer in the house who lost a leg in the campaign, but he wears a cork substitute with a boot so nicely fitted, that, but for his limping, his loss would not

be perceived. The English light horse, judging from this specimen, must be admirably calculated for celerity of movement. The horses have slender limbs, with great muscular activity, and are very quick and high spirited;—their colour is a light bay. The men are also rather slender, and very active, and most of them young.—Their dress is blue, exactly fitted to the body and limbs; it is composed of tight pantaloons, and a close buttoned short jacket, reaching only to the hips, and without the smallest portion of a skirt, or any appendage whatever, except several rows of white buttons, interlaced with white cord, crossing the breast in a fanciful manner.—They have high helmets, and their broad swords, which are sheathed in bright steel scabbards, are of such enormous length, that they drag behind them on the pavement as they walk, unless they carry them in their hands, which they often do.* Besides the light horse, there is in Liverpool at present, a regiment or two of heavy cavalry. If the former are eminently fitted for quickness of movement, these are equally adapted, by their weight and firmness, to make a tremendous charge. The horses are all very large and heavy, and by no means so quick in their movements as the others; their colour is black.—

* July 1818.—I am not quite certain whether it was at Liverpool or elsewhere that I saw cavalry, with steel helmets and steel chains, falling from the helmet down the shoulders,—with steel chains passing down the whole length of the thigh and leg on the outer seam of the pantaloons, and attached to a projecting edge of cloth—with steel chains fastening the steel scabbard to the body, and with a kind of box of steel surrounding the hilt of the sword and covering the hand; the object of all these defences being obviously to render harmless the stroke of an enemy's sword

The men are also large and bony, and many of them look like veterans. Their dress is nearly white, with short coats. Their armour is heavy, and besides the broad sword and pistols, each soldier carries a carabine. The muzzle is fixed in a sheath in the side of the holsters, and the breech passes over the horseman's thigh.

I suppose the principal use of this weapon, is to enable the soldier to act on foot, when his horse has been disabled, or killed in battle.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

The politeness of Mr. Maury, the American Consul, procured us access to the ATHENÆUM and LYCEUEM, two literary institutions of very recent origin; and another gentleman introduced us at a third, called the UNION, whose plan is extremely similar to that of the other two. During my stay in Liverpool, I have the liberty of visiting these institutions, under certain very reasonable restrictions.

In a city so commercial as Liverpool, these establishments must be considered as highly honorable to the intelligence and taste of the individuals who have created and patronised them.

Each of them has an elegant structure of free stone, containing a library of various literature and science, and a large coffee room, where all the newspapers and literary journals of note, are placed daily upon the tables, for the free perusal of subscribers, and of such friends as they introduce.

To a stranger, these places are highly interesting, as affording at a glance, a view of the most important occurrences of the country, and to the citizens they are not

less useful and agreeable; for, the mere man of business finds here the best means of information, and the man of literature can retire in quiet to the library, where the librarian attends to hand down any volume that is wanted.

Between institutions so similar, it is very natural and doubtless it is best, that there should be a spirit of rivalry. I know not how much is to be imputed to this, but I heard it contended that the library of the Athenæum is much superior to those of the other two. This appears not improbable, for the library of the Athenæum was selected by Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie.

Such institutions as these would be highly useful in America, and most of our large commercial towns are rich enough to found and sustain them.* Independently of the rational amusement which they afford, they give a useful direction to the public taste, and allure it from objects which are either frivolous or noxious.

OFFICIAL FORMALITIES.

May 6.—With an American, a fellow passenger, who, like myself, wished to go through every formality required by the laws of the country, that we might be fully entitled to its protection, while we did not wish to shun any reasonable responsibility for the correctness of our conduct, I waited on the Mayor of the city, whose duty it was to countersign the collector's certificate, that we might have permission to go up to the alien office at Lon-

* Boston, in the establishment of an Athenæum upon the plan of that at Liverpool, has had the honor of creating the first institution of this kind in America, and from the acquisitions already made, as well as from the well-known intelligence and liberality of the people of Boston, there is reason to expect that it will do much credit to this country. (1809.)

don. It seems that we ought to have gone first to the town clerk, who would have endorsed our certificates, as a preliminary step to obtaining the sanction of the chief magistrate of the city. But, of this circumstance we were ignorant, as every man, on his first arrival in a foreign country, must necessarily be, of many very common things. Our error was certainly venial, and demanded every indulgence and aid which official information could have so easily afforded. But we met a reception so rude and imperious, that we should have retained no very favourable idea of the good manners of English magistrates, had not our impressions been immediately counteracted by the uncommon politeness of the town clerk Mr. Statham, to whose office we now resorted under the auspices of Mr. Maury the American Consul. Mr. Maury is the active and useful friend of Americans, who visit Liverpool, and he does us much honor, by his good sense, intelligence and probity, while the simplicity and mildness of his manners render him equally acceptable to the English, as to his own countrymen.

Mr. Statham informed us that we must be in London within fourteen days from the date of his and the Mayor's endorsement, and therefore advised us to have it done, when we should be on the point of leaving Liverpool. As we intended to remain several days, and to travel slowly to London, we gladly complied with this advice.

AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

May 7.—I have been present this morning at an English breakfast. The lady of the house had been several years in America, and still retained so much partiality

for the country, that my reception was such as to make me feel that I was at home in England.

Mrs. ——— pleasantly remarked that I had not been used to such frugal breakfasts in America, and indeed it must be confessed, that to a northern American, who is accustomed to see animal food on the table in the morning, an English breakfast presents no very promising prospect. It usually consists of tea and a little bread and butter. A boiled egg is sometimes added after morning exercise, and, very rarely, a thin slice of ham. If an American is surprised at the frugality of an English breakfast, an Englishman is astonished at seeing beef steaks, or fish, and perhaps bottled cider on an American table at the same meal.*

MUSEUM.

Liverpool has a small museum, which I visited this morning. It is not extensive, but is well worth seeing, especially on account of a collection of ancient armour, such as was worn from the time of the conqueror down to the period of Elizabeth. This is a remnant of an age, which though barbarous, and, on the whole, wretched, is connected with so much heroic grandeur, that every authentic vestige of it must excite a strong interest, especially in one whose country has never been the theatre of a similar state of things. The knights, when equipped for battle, were so completely incased in iron, that it is not easy to conceive how they could move joint or limb, or even sustain the enormous weight of their armour, nor

* I am sensible, however, that these habits are wearing away in our larger towns, and it is becoming *unpolite* to eat much animal food in the morning; but they are still unimpaired in the country

can one be surprised that an overthrow was so much dreaded, since it must have been an arduous task to rise under the rigidness of such a prison. But these were men whose limbs had not been enervated by luxury; and the elegant decorations and effeminate softness of many modern soldiers would have been their jest and scorn. There was one singular suit of armour; or, perhaps, it should rather be called a robe, for it was such in fact, being a complete net work of small chains, so linked in every direction, that it formed an iron vesture, which might be put on and made to enclose the person completely, while it would leave the limbs the liberty of free motion, and defend them from the effect of cutting instruments, although not from contusions.

A fine panorama of Ramsgate with the embarkation of troops, gave me a few minutes of pleasant entertainment, on my way to visit

THE ASYLUM OF THE BLIND.

In this institution the incurably blind are received, protected and instructed in such arts as they are capable of learning. The object is to afford them the means of subsistence by personal industry, and of amusement under the gloom of perpetual darkness. The arts, in the practice of which I saw them engaged, were of course such as require no uncommon accuracy, and whose operations can be conducted by the touch; such as knitting, weaving, and winding thread, among the women, and making baskets and cords among the men. Their productions were much better than one would imagine it possible they should be, did not experience prove that the loss of one sense causes

so active a cultivation of the rest, that they become more perfect than before. How else can we account for the acuteness of hearing which enabled a particular blind man, by means of the echo produced by his whistling, to decide when he was approaching any object of some magnitude; or, for the delicacy of touch which led the blind Mr. JAY* to discover, by feeling, the place where the two pieces of an ancient mahogany table were joined, which multitudes for a succession of years, although in possession of all their senses, had sought in vain to detect.

In the institution of which I am speaking, those who have a taste for it, learn music both instrumental and vocal, that they may be able to obtain their bread by performing in churches.

When I entered, two blind boys were playing on the organ and piano, and at my request, a choir of both sexes performed a piece—the dying Christian's address to his soul,—which they sung to the organ. This production, in itself very solemn and interesting, was rendered doubly so, by the associated effect produced by the *sightless* choir who performed it, with much apparent feeling. Printed papers were distributed about the rooms, containing religious songs appropriate to the situation of the blind, and holding forth to them such consolations as must be peculiarly dear to those for whom the sun rises in vain. There was, however, in most of them, an air of cheerfulness, which served to enliven a scene otherwise very gloomy. The charity urn at the door contained this simple inscrip-

* Brother of John Jay Esq. late Governor of New-York, and envoy extraordinary to England in the year 1794.

tion, which must produce a stronger effect on every mind than the most laboured address to the feelings:

"Remember the poor blind!"

These are the institutions which do honour to mankind, and shew the active efficacy of Christian benevolence.

A SLAVE SHIP.

The friend who had brought me to this interesting place, went with me to a large Guinea ship, a thing which I had always wished to see, with a curiosity like that which would have led me to the Bastile. We descended into the hold, and examined the cells where human beings are confined under circumstances which equally disgust decency and shock humanity. But I will not enlarge on a subject which, though trite, is awfully involved in guilt and infamy. *Our* country, so nobly jealous of its own liberties, stands disgraced in the eyes of mankind, and condemned at the bar of Heaven, for being at once active in carrying on this monstrous traffic, and prompt to receive every cargo of imported Africans.* I did not come to England to see Guinea ships because there were none in America, but accident had never thrown one in my way before. Liverpool is *deep, very deep* in the guilt of the slave trade. It is now pursued with more eagerness than ever, and multitudes are, at this moment, rioting on the wealth which has been gained by the stripes, the groans, the tears, and the blood of Africans.

There will be a day when these things shall be told in heaven!

* 1819.—This is now illegal by our laws, but there is reason to believe the censure is still in a degree deserved.

No. III.—LIVERPOOL.

Sketch of the town—the Exchange—Streets—Public buildings—Population—Pursuits—American trade—Difficulties of the port—Guard ship—Press gangs—Impressment grossly inconsistent with English liberty—Docks—Mode of admitting ships—Anecdote—Dry docks—Hackney coaches—Anecdote—General appearance of the people.

SKETCH OF LIVERPOOL.

May 8.—Mrs. ———, at whose house I have met a degree of frankness and hospitality, which, if a fair sample of English domestic manners, does much credit to the country, informs me that there is an interesting circle of literary people here; but, to a stranger, Liverpool appears almost exclusively a commercial town. Under the guidance of Mr. Wells, an English gentleman who had visited America, I have been to the Exchange, the great scene of the commercial transactions of the second trading town in the British dominions. The Exchange stands at the head of the handsomest street in Liverpool, and has strong claims to be considered an elegant building. It is, however, much too small for the commerce of the place, and for this reason they are now making an extensive addition to it. We ascended to the top of the building, where we had a good view of the town.

It extends between two and three miles along the eastern bank of the Mersey. The country rises as it recedes from the river, so that a part of the town is built on the declivity of the hill. The streets contiguous to the river, which are principally on level ground, are narrow and dirty; they are crowded with carts and people, and in

some of them the ware-houses are carried up to a very great height. The streets on the slope of the hill are sufficiently wide, clean, and handsome, but the houses, although substantial and highly comfortable, are generally inelegant in their exterior appearance. They are constructed with bricks of a dusky yellow colour, obscured by the dust and smoke of coal; the bricks are not polished, but have a degree of roughness, which makes the town appear somewhat rude, and we look in vain for the highly finished surface which is presented by the finest houses of New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, to which towns Liverpool is inferior in the beauty of its private buildings. The public buildings are, however, with few exceptions, elegant. They are constructed of hewn sand stone, furnished by a quarry immediately contiguous to the town. There are several handsome churches, some of which have lofty spires of stone, and there is a magnificent one, with a vast dome, modelled and named after St. Paul's at London.

Liverpool is said to contain about eighty thousand inhabitants,* who are almost exclusively employed in commerce, and the various businesses immediately connected with it; for, although the town is not destitute of manufacturers, most of those articles which are sold in America under the general name of Liverpool wares, are brought to this port from Staffordshire, and other interior counties.

On the hill back of the town are a number of beautiful situations. There is, on the highest part of the hill, a place called the Mount, where there is a public garden, with serpentine gravel walks, and in front of the garden is

* The population is said to be now considerably larger, 1818.

a wide gravelled area, used as a promenade, which commands a fine view of the city, the river, the opposite county of Cheshire, and the distant mountains of Wales. The city is surrounded by lofty wind-mills, which are among the first objects that strike a stranger coming in from sea. On the hills are a multitude of signal poles ;—each principal merchant has one, by which a ship's name is announced some hours before she arrives in the river. There is a very great number of vessels, and among these the American flag is very frequent. The American trade to this port is probably greater than to all the other ports of Britain : it has become highly important to the merchants of Liverpool, and of this they are sufficiently aware.

The port is difficult of access. The tides rise from 12 to 30 feet, and, at low water, a great part of the road is bare. The currents are therefore very rapid, and it is only at rising water that ships can get in ; there are, besides, so many shoals and sand banks, that, even then, it requires all the skill of the pilots to bring a vessel up to the town.

When a ship comes round Holyhead, and a gale immediately succeeds, blowing in towards the shore, she is in danger of being lost. These circumstances form the principal defence of the town against an attack by sea, and are much more important to its security, than a battery of heavy cannon at the lower part of the town, and a large guard ship which is moored in the channel. Although stationed there ostensibly for the defence of the town, the most interesting object of the government is to afford a floating prison for the reception of impressed seamen. There are press gangs now about Liverpool, and impressments daily happen. I saw a sailor dragged off a few evenings since ; he was walking with one who appeared to

be a woman of the town, and he of course was considered as a proper object of impressment; for it is the uniform practice of the press gangs to take all whom they find in such society, and all who are engaged in night brawls and drunken revels, not that the press gangs have any *peculiar solicitude* for the preservation of *good morals*, but because such things afford somewhat of a pretext for a practice which violates equally the laws of natural liberty, and the principles of English freedom. I grant it is necessary, but it is still grossly unjust, and were consistency regarded when it interferes with national policy, the English courts of justice would grant prompt and full redress. No doubt every country has a full right to the services of its citizens, but this right should be enforced according to some principle of impartial selection, which would place every man under the same degree of liability. England would rise in arms, should the military impress for the army, citizens of every rank, from the fields, the streets, and the public roads; but, one particular class of men seem to be abandoned by society, and relinquished to perpetual imprisonment, and a slavery, which, though honourable, cuts them off from most things which men hold dear.

In Liverpool, as might be expected, American sailors are often impressed, but they usually get clear if they have protections, which are here more regarded than at sea. The press gangs have a rendezvous on shore, to which they bring their victims, as fast as they find them; they have no secrecy about the matter, for the place is rendered conspicuous by a large naval flag hung out at a window. One would suppose that popular vengeance would be excited by this triumphant display of the effrontery of power trampling on personal liberty, but, I believe the

rendezvous is not often attacked, although it probably would be, were it not for the strong protection of government.

THE DOCKS.

The ships are not here, as with us, stationed along the wharves, for at low water, the foundations of these structures are in view, and ships moored by their sides, would be left on the bare sand twice in twenty-four hours, with no small exposure to injury from the rapid influx and retreat of the water, and the great rise and fall which the ship must sustain by such powerful tides as flow in this channel.

To obviate these, and other inconveniences, the ships are hauled into docks, where they lie in perfect security.

These docks, of which there are six wet, besides several dry ones, are among the principal curiosities of the place.

In order to their construction, a large area on the bank of the river is excavated to a sufficient depth, by digging. It has a rectangular form, and is enclosed by very deep, wide, and strong walls of massy hewn stone, sunk below the bottom of the cavity, and rising to the surface of the ground. There is an opening at the bason sufficiently wide to admit one ship at a time. This opening is closed by gates, which are hinged upon opposite sides of the canal, and, when shut, they meet at an angle sufficiently acute to enable them to sustain the pressure of the water in the bason. In short, they are constructed just as locks are in canals. They open inward, and their operation is very intelligible.

When the tide rises so as to bring the water in the river to the same level with that in the bason, the gates either

open of their own accord, or easily yield to a moderate power exerted upon them. The water then flows indiscriminately in the river and bason, and it is at that time, or near it, that ships must pass in or out; for when the tide turns, the current, now setting outwards, closes the gates;—the water in the bason is retained, and the channel leading to it becomes entirely dry. The ships in the dock remain afloat, and the gates sustain the enormous weight of twenty feet of water. Great firmness is therefore necessary in the structure of the walls and of every part. When there is too much water in the docks, the excess is let out by means of vent holes, and it is obvious that the whole can be drawn off in this manner when it is necessary. The top of the gates is formed into a foot bridge, and a bridge for carts is thrown over the canal, somewhat nearer the outer bason. By means of machinery this last bridge is swung off to one side, when ships are to pass.

No small inconvenience is sustained by ships in getting into or out of dock; they are sometimes obliged to wait several days either for the spring tides or for their turns. The Ontario will have to wait ten days from the time of her arrival, as she draws too much water for the ordinary tides, and must therefore wait for the next spring tide. Common ships can enter now, but the Ontario* is the largest American ship in the Liverpool trade Much delay is

* The Ontario never returned to America. In getting out of dock, she struck the ground; the tide left her on the sand, and being heavily laden, she broke by her own weight, and the tide flowed into her. After being detained several months, and repaired at an enormous expense, she put to sea, and was never heard of any more.

said to be occasioned at the king's and queen's docks, by the captious and tyrannical disposition of the dock master. Last winter, an American captain, pretending to shake hands with this dock master, and, at the same time, affecting to stumble over something, pulled him off, along with himself, into the water. He did not value a fall of ten feet, with some chance of drowning, compared with the pleasure of taking this kind of vengeance on a man who was cordially hated by all the American masters of ships.

The dry docks are intended solely for the purpose of repairing the ship's bottom. They are nothing more than long and deep canals, whose sides are formed into sloping steps, like stairs, and as the object is to exclude the water, the gates open outwards. When a ship is to be admitted, the gates are thrown open at low water, and she comes in with the flood. The dock is wide enough to hold only one ship in its breadth, but it is so long, that several can come in, in succession. After they have arrived at their places, they are moored, and when the tide retires, they are left dry, resting upon the bottom of the dock, and sustained in a perpendicular position by means of props. The gates being closed at low water, the next tide is excluded, and thus the workmen are admitted with safety and convenience quite down to the keel.

The same bridges are used here as across the entrance of the wet docks.

The channel of the river Mersey affords safe anchorage for ships of any burden.

In Liverpool the proportion of women is much greater than of men, especially in the lower orders of society. The men of this description are usually in the army or navy,

and multitudes of the females are maintained by their vices.

Liverpool is well provided with hackney coaches. This is an accommodation which is eminently useful to a stranger, but for which he will commonly pay higher than the citizens. The first time that I had occasion to use a coach, suspecting that the charge was excessive, I took down in my pocket book, the number of the coach and the owner's name, and then, without making any objection to the price, presented the coachman a handful of shillings, and told him to take what he thought proper. He declined taking any thing, but said he would go and consult his master; he returned in a few miuutes, and took two shillings instead of three which he had asked at first. The former sum was the legal fee, and the extra shilling was a tax which he was levying on me as a stranger in the country. This trifling anecdote is of no other importance than as an instance of the common disposition to impose on strangers and of the sense of responsibility to the laws and fear of punishment manifested in the present case.

The general appearance of the population of Liverpool, is extremely like that of our own countrymen in our large cities. Every body here talks, dresses and acts, and every thing looks, so much like America, that I can hardly believe I have actually crossed the ocean. Most of those with whom I have hitherto conversed, have been extremely civil and kind, and there is scarcely an appreciable difference between us and the people here, either in the manner or matter of conversation.

Indeed Liverpool is in a sense identified with America. so constant and intimate is the intercourse, and such multitudes of Americans resort to this port.

The American trade is very important to Liverpool, and scarcely a week elapses without communication with New-York.

No. IV.—LIVERPOOL.

English dinners—Great men of the city—Wine every where a theme—Coldness of manners—Allerton Hall—Botanical Garden—Mr. Roscoe—His usual retirement—A transport ship—A Quarry—Duelling ground—Environs of Liverpool—St. Domingo—Singular compliment to the Prince of Gloucester—An English hotel—Servants—Wide difference between them and American servants—The cause of it—A French servant.

ENGLISH DINNERS.

I DINED to-day at Birchfield, a beautiful seat in the suburbs of Liverpool, formerly the residence of Mr. Roscoe. The house is surrounded by highly improved grounds, ornamented with gravel walks, winding with many turns among groves and green fields, for the verdure has now become general in this part of England. Mr. Ewart, the possessor of this mansion, has been recently elected a bailiff of Liverpool, and, on this occasion, gave a kind of official dinner to the mayor, the aldermen, the town clerk, and other officers of the city. A previous introduction to their host, gave me the honour of dining with these gentlemen, and several others of the first citizens. There were two gentlemen at table, who, when the income tax was laid, gave in their incomes at twenty thousand pounds sterling, or almost ninety thousand dollars.

Our table was loaded with luxuries and splendidly furnished. The arrangements however differed very little from those which are usual at the tables of people of fortune in America. There was one custom which was wholly new to me. The gentlemen challenged each other to drink ale, just as is done, every where else, with wine, at the same time wishing health; this was merely introductory to the drinking of wine.*

The beef was not superior to the best in our markets; the apples were hard and insipid, having somewhat the taste of raw turnips, and there was no article better than the correspondent productions of America, except the ale.

The manners of the gentlemen were substantially the same with those of similar American circles. Most of the subjects of conversation were so personal and local, that a stranger could not be supposed to be informed concerning them, and could scarcely speak upon them without indelicacy, had he chanced to possess sufficient information. The only topics which could be considered as at all general, were the alleged peculation of Lord Melville, and the best method of ripening wine.

To a country needing, at this crisis, all its resources for the defence of its liberties, it is not strange that the former topic should appear highly important.

If I may judge from the frequency and earnestness with which I hear this topic mentioned, the charges against Lord Melville excite a high degree of interest at the present moment. One gentleman, in particular, I have heard declaim on this subject with such overwhelm-

* I never observed this practice at any other place in England, and therefore presume it was a local custom.

ing vehemence, and with such an appearance of the deepest concern for the safety of the public resources, and the condign punishment of the deadly sin of peculation, that I was on the point of setting him down for *a patriot* of the first order, but, unfortunately I soon learned that he was at that time a candidate for a seat in parliament.

As to the ripening of wine, this is a subject of universal interest among convivial men, and forms a standing topic of discussion, on both sides of the Atlantic, in those circles where abundant drinking gives brilliancy to wit, and ardor to patriotism; and while the faculties are thus sharpened, it is no doubt very natural to descant on the properties of this great cheerer of the heart of man. The bottle went round rapidly, and continued its circuit for several hours. Port, Claret, and Madeira, were the wines; the two latter are very expensive in this country, and Port costs nearly as much in England as Madeira does with us. The Madeira is not so good as that which has been ripened in our warmer climates, but the Port is better, and is the only wine generally used in Great-Britain. Their intimate connection with Portugal gives it to them in greater purity than we commonly obtain it, for it is not difficult to imitate the astringent taste and purple colour of this wine, so that it is adulterated and even manufactured with considerable facility. Before dismissing this dinner, I ought to observe that the reserve and coldness which marked the manners of most of the gentlemen were strongly contrasted with the polite and attentive hospitality of our host, (a Scotchman,) who suffered no one of his guests to remain unnoticed. The hour of dinner was five o'clock, and I took French leave at half past nine.

May 10.—I had the honour of an introduction to Mr. Roscoe on my first arrival in Liverpool, and his son had the goodness to conduct me to-day to *Allerton-Hall*, his father's seat, five or six miles from town. On our way we visited the Botanical Garden, an institution which Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie set on foot about three years since. Under their patronage it has flourished rapidly, and is now a fine establishment. It occupies five statute acres; the ground appears to be well adapted to the purpose, there is a pond and a portion of marshy land in the middle of the garden for such plants as require a wet soil or constant immersion; the hot-houses are extensive and handsome, and exhibit a great variety of exotics, while the whole garden is a place of great beauty.

Our road to Allerton-Hall was through a most delightful country. The river Mersey was on our right, and the fields sloped with gentle declivity to its banks. The county of Cheshire was extensively in view over the river, and beyond that, Wales with its rude mountains.

Allerton-Hall is a stone building which has an air of grandeur; it stands at a considerable distance from the road, in the midst of beautiful grounds, and appears every way fitted to be the residence of its present distinguished possessor. Mr. Roscoe was, (as I am informed,) bred to the bar, but being disgusted with the profession, he turned his attention to literature. He is now connected in business with an extensive banking-house in Liverpool, and retired to this place that he might have more leisure for indulging in his favourite pursuits. His house is filled with statues, busts, and pictures, prin-

cipally Italian, and in his study, he is surrounded by the figures of the men, who are the subjects of his History of Lorenzo, and of Leo X. Of the latter work, not yet given to the world, he shewed me a copy, and pointed out the beauty of the plates executed from designs on wood.

Mr. Roscoe's person is tall, his figure is graceful, his countenance intelligent, his expression mild, and his features what would generally be called handsome. He is now in middle life, and is possessed of a private character of distinguished excellence. His manners are those of a polished gentleman. I had seen him in various situations before I was at his house, and perhaps it is not improper to mention as an instance of his peculiar politeness, that, when he called at the Liverpool Arms and introduced himself, which he did with the greatest ease, he invited some of my fellow passengers to dine, although they had no introduction to *him*, and no other connection with *me*, than the accidental one of having been on board the same ship.

From Mr. R. I received every attention which was consistent with the obligations of politeness to a considerable number of gentlemen assembled at his table. Some of them were men of literature, and one in particular was said to be engaged in a biographical work upon one of the distinguished literary men of the period of Lorenzo, for, Mr. Roscoe has diffused around him a general taste for Italian literature. In such a circle it was unpleasant to find literature excluded in favour of those personal and local topics, which, as only neighbours and friends can understand, such only should participate. I was particularly solicitous to hear Mr. R. speak upon his favourite subject,

the revival of arts and literature in Italy, but the conversation took a turn which precluded every thing of this nature, till a call to the drawing room cut it short and left Mr. Roscoe at liberty, for a few minutes, to satisfy my curiosity. At an early hour in the evening I returned to Liverpool.

If you enquire as to the dress and manners of gentlemen at these dinners, and as to the arrangements of the table, I answer, that they are much the same as prevail in our cities among opulent people. Three tined silver forks, besides the fork which accompanies the knife—a wine glass inverted in a handsome glass vessel containing water to keep the wine glass cool, each guest being furnished with this accommodation, and elegantly figured and coloured napkins, one being folded by every plate: these conveniences are now to be seen on both sides of the water.

The English servants are extremely assiduous and adroit; they are generally handsome well dressed men, and they ply the guest with such watchful attention, that, if for any reason he lays down his knife and fork, his plate is instantly caught away, and a clean one substituted. The manners of the gentlemen I think are marked by less suavity, than with us, and there is less gentleness in the tones of voice and in the turn of deportment. As to dress perhaps they are more punctilious. At Mr. Ewart's every gentleman was in full dress with shoes and silk hose, and thinking this punctiliousness necessary, I went full dressed, and in a carriage, to Mr. Roscoe's, but there I met some gentlemen who had come on horseback, and wore boots bespattered with mud. A liberty seemed in this instance to be al-

lowed in a rural situation, which probably would have been deemed incorrect in a town.

A TRANSPORT SHIP.

I found some amusement yesterday in witnessing the embarkation of a regiment of cavalry. The horses were hoisted in by means of a canvas bag which was made to surround the body of the animal, and tied with ropes over the back. To these ropes a tackle was fastened, and the horses were thus raised from the ground. When they first felt the lifting, they flounced and kicked violently, but, the instant their feet were cleared of the ground, they became perfectly still, as if dead, and hung dangling in the air, till they were gently lowered into the hold next the keel. There they stand in double rows, with their heads to a common manger, erected over the keel. In such a situation they must suffer greatly from the confined air.

The soldiers, with their wives and children (for usually, some of them have families) are all crowded together between decks, immediately above the horses, and only a limited number are allowed to come on deck at once.

A QUARRY.

After enjoying with a companion the fine views from the mount, and the delightful retreat in the gardens behind it, I was forcibly struck yesterday, with the sight of a vast quarry on the hill contiguous to Liverpool. By constant hewing, it has now become a regular pit, probably sixty or seventy feet deep, and it may be fifty rods long and thirty rods wide. Its walls are formed as if it had been designed for some vast cellar, they are very smooth and perpendicular. Carts go to the very bottom of this quarry by

means of an easy descent cut through the solid rock; this passage is arched, for a considerable distance, and therefore carts coming out of it seem as if emerging from the ground.

The rock is a yellow sand-stone, and, when first obtained, is very soft, so as readily to yield to iron tools, and is thus easily wrought into any form; but after a short exposure to the air, or immersion in the water, it hardens and continues to acquire firmness. This makes it peculiarly fit for the construction of wharves and docks, which, with many of the public buildings here, are formed of it. In the quarry the stone lies in strata, which are much broken and crumbled, for ten or twelve feet from the surface, but become very regular at greater depths.

This quarry is said to be the *Hoboken** of Liverpool, where the young *men of spirit* come to partake in the fashionable pastime of shooting at each other; for, *duelling*, the opprobrium of America, is also the disgrace of England.

After coming up from the quarry, we walked six or seven miles in the country around Liverpool. We were delighted with many beautiful country retreats at Edge Hill and Everton, eminences lying northeast of Liverpool.

The grounds are universally laid out with great neatness, and amidst the bright verdure of groves and grass, the eye is agreeably relieved by the smoothness and light colour of serpentine gravel walks.

The western side of Everton Hill, sloping to the river, presented us with green fields of great beauty, surrounded

* A celebrated duelling ground on the Jersey shore, opposite to New-York.

by green hedges, and exhibiting all that neatness for which English grounds are so much celebrated.

I expect much gratification from the picturesque scenery of England, as I am about to travel through the country at a season when it is beginning to assume its most beautiful appearance.

St. Domingo, a seat of the Prince of Gloucester, the King's nephew, limited our excursion. It has an appearance of grandeur and rural magnificence. The Prince of Gloucester is much a favourite in Liverpool. I saw an image of him as large as the life, placed beneath the bowsprit of a slave ship, by way of honouring his highness.

AN ENGLISH HOTEL.

The Liverpool Arms is the resort of the nobility and gentry, as well as of men of business, and is, I presume, a fair specimen of this kind of establishments in England. The house is very extensive, and its apartments are furnished in a superior style. Over the door are the arms of the city of Liverpool, and the hotel certainly does not dishonour these insignia. One room is considered as common, and, for occupying that, no particular charge is made. Besides this, there are several parlours, where any one who chooses it may be as completely retired as in a private house, his food being served up for him without the danger of intrusion. Such a parlour our little party from the Ontario has occupied since we have been in Liverpool. But a separate charge at the rate of a guinea a week is made for this room.

Even the bed rooms are elegantly furnished, and the beds are perfectly clean, as is the whole house; all the accommodations necessary for dressing completely are fur-

nished in the bed room, and a system of bells, extending to every part of this vast house, brings a servant instantly even to the third or fourth story.

Indeed every possible accommodation is furnished at the shortest notice, and with the utmost civility of manners on the part of the servants. A stranger may select from a very ample bill of fare, such articles as he chooses, and he may have, in every instance, a separate table for himself. It is always expected that he will call for wine at dinner;—no complaints will be made if he omits it, but, the *oblique* looks of the waiter, when he carries away the unsoiled wine glass, sufficiently indicate in what estimation the gentility of the guest is held. In short, in such a hotel as that which I am now describing, almost every comfort of domestic life may be obtained.

But for all this there is a price. I cannot say however that the charges are very extravagant, considering the immense taxation of this country. The bed is one shilling and sixpence a night. A common breakfast of tea or coffee, with toast and an egg, will not exceed one shilling and eight pence,*—tea at evening is about the same, but the dinner is much more expensive. If it consists of two dishes, it will cost five shillings, with a frugal desert. A separate charge is made for almost every thing; a glass of beer will cost eight pence, and a bottle of Sherry wine six or seven shillings; a bottle of Port five shillings, and one of Madeira nine or ten. In England the breakfast, and tea at evening, are considered as trivial meals, while dinner is a matter of great import, and therefore it is much more

* The money denominations mentioned in this work are always sterling, unless it is otherwise mentioned.

expensive than both the other meals, for supper is perfectly optional; it is very genteel to eat it, although it is not ungenteel to go without. But this list of charges by no means comprehends all. The servants at the public houses in England are paid by the guests, and not by their employers. They not only receive no wages, but many of them pay a premium for their places; that is, the masters of the hotels farm out to their servants the privilege of levying contributions, and the consideration is, their service. At our hotel the chief waiter assured us that he paid one hundred pounds per annum for his place, besides paying two under waiters, and finding all the clothes' brushes, and some other et ceteras of the house. He had, moreover, if we might credit his story, a wife and five children to support. The head waiters are commonly young men of a genteel appearance, and often dress as well as gentlemen.

The servants whom it is indispensable to pay in every public-house are, the waiter, who has three pence a meal; the chamber-maid, who has six pence for every night that you lodge in the house; and the shoe-black, who is very appropriately called *boots*, receives two pence or three pence for every pair of shoes and boots which he brushes. Besides these, the stranger who comes with horses pays six pence a night to the ostler, and the porter demands six pence for carrying in the baggage, and the same sum for bringing it out. The rates which I have stated are the lowest which one can possibly pay with decency. It is usual to go a little beyond them, and the man who pays most liberally is, you know, in all countries, considered by this class of people as the most of a gentleman.

These demands it is impossible to evade or repel; they are as regularly brought forward as the bill itself, and a departing guest is attended by the whole retinue of servants, who are officious to render services which he does not want, and should he be in a fit of mental absence, he will certainly be reminded that the waiter, the chamber-maid, the boots, and perhaps the ostler and porter, are not to be forgotten.*

These customs, while they cannot be considered as honourable to the national manners, and are very troublesome to travellers, who are every where pestered with a swarm of expectants, are however productive of some very useful consequences. The servants looking for their reward from the guest, are attentive to all his wishes, and assiduous to promote his comfort; their service is *cheerfully* rendered and not with that *sullen salvo for personal dignity*, which we so often see in America. In England, the servant is contented with his condition; he does not aim at any thing higher, while in America a person of this description will usually behave in such a manner as to evince that he regards you as being no better than himself. This inconvenience arises, however, from the multiplied resources and superior condition of the lower orders in America, and although one would wish to alter their deportment, still, as a patriot, he would not choose to remove the cause.

* The language is—"please to remember the waiter sir—"please to remember the chamber-maid sir," and so on, to the boots, and the deputy boots—the ostler—the porter, &c. sometimes all vociferating at once, and if any one of them should be forgotten or neglected, the departing traveller will be followed by murmurs, and his physiognomy well marked, for future recollection.

Being about to leave Liverpool, I have paid my bill, and after giving the waiter his due, I asked him whether that was as much as he usually received?—he replied, that it was what *mere travellers* paid him, but that *American gentlemen* usually paid very liberally.

There was a French servant in the house, who, from the first, manifested designs upon our pockets. With the characteristic obsequiousness of his country, he was all bows, smiles, and flourishes, with most abundant declarations of the pleasure it would give him to consult our wishes; and he professed a peculiar sympathy for our situations, as being himself a stranger. He had fought for his king, and lost his estate; he had been in battles and sieges from Dunkirk to Toulon, and enumerated a list of illustrious commanders under whom he had served. Being amused with his harmless vanity, we listened with some attention to his story, and this gave him such spirits, that, "thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain."

I called for a candle to go to bed;—the Frenchman bounded through the long entry, with the elasticity of an antelope, and brought me one in less time than I have taken to relate the circumstance, and as he presented it, with a profound bow, *begged my pardon.* I told my companion, Mr. R——, that unless we repressed this man's *obsequiousness*, we should be obliged not only to pay him for his services, but for the loss of his nobility, for no one ever saw a Frenchman in a servile situation, in a foreign country, who was not, in his own account of the matter, very much out of his proper place in society, and who had not been a marquis, or at least a gentleman. We treated our Monsieur coldly for a day or two, and his bows, smiles, and *flourishes* all vanished.

No. V.—MANCHESTER.

Weather—Imposition on strangers—Views of the author in writing—Ride to Manchester—Gilead House—Prescot—Warrington—Beautiful scenery—Affability of stage companions—Manchester—Sunday—English hospitality—A family scene—College—Roman camp—Gothic church—Prince Charles—Rebellion of 1745—Barbarities—A philosophical lecture—Volunteers—Sunday drilling—Duke of Bridgewater's canal—Ancient typography—Cotton manufactories—Method of stamping chintzes—Of cutting velvets—Of singeing the shag—New process of bleaching—American sumac—Sketch of Manchester—Manners, morals, and condition of the artists.

May 11.—This morning we had clouds, rain, sunshine, snow, hail and wind, all pursuing each other in rapid succession, but, as most of the days since my arrival have been fine, I could not consider it as a fair specimen of English weather.

RIDE TO MANCHESTER.

In the afternoon I left Liverpool for Manchester, in company with my fellow-passenger, Mr. Riggs, of the city of Washington. We learned from two Englishmen who lodged with us, in the hotel at Liverpool, that we paid nearly twice as much for our dinners as they had done, and one of the waiters expressly told one of these Englishmen, that "when strangers came there they put it on well."

This however, we have no doubt, is a business of the waiters only, and that the extra money thus obtained is put into their own pockets. This, obviously, is an evil arising in a great measure, from their receiving no wages; they are thus induced to prey upon strangers.

Coming as we did immediately from our ship, we could not well conceal our being Americans; but having learned the manners of the public houses, we may hereafter stand a better chance to pass for Englishmen, while we assume the confident knowing air of natives, instead of the timidity and doubtful address of strangers.

As I am now *commencing* my travels in England, I would remark that you must not expect too much from my rapid observations. Very minute information respecting a foreign country is, without doubt, best obtained from writers who confine themselves to particular topics. But to *you*, and my other *friends*, I trust that a faithful picture of some portion of *real life*, actually led in a foreign country, interspersed with a reasonable number of remarks, will be more interesting and useful than a collection of mere dissertations or general accounts.

One who sits at home and reads concerning another country, wishes to know how that country *would appear to him*, were he travelling or residing in it. He therefore takes a degree of interest in the narrations of a traveller which he will not feel in the laboured dissertations of the professed essayist, because he goes along with the former, in every step of his progress, is a party to all his feelings and adventures, and ultimately becomes himself in imagination, the traveller whose work he is perusing, and thus his curiosity, his taste for adventure, and his self love are all enlisted, while the dissertation in form is read like a lesson.

Mr. Riggs and I took two seats in the coach one on the outside and one on the inside, intending to occupy them alternately. You have heard that people ride on the roofs of the English stage coaches. This situation affords fine

views of the country, and is often a convenient refuge when the inside places are all taken.

The cost of the outside seat is but little more than half as much as that of the inside. This is a great accommodation to the poorer orders of people. The society on the top of the coach is certainly rather *gregarious*, but a traveller who is bent on seeing the face of the country in the best of all possible situations, will not be deterred from this very important advantage, by the fear of *plebian* contact.*

I first mounted the top of the coach with my head at least fifteen feet from the ground. There was nothing to secure one, except a little iron loop shaped like the handle of a pail; my feet hung down unsupported. Unaccustomed to such elevated situations, when the crack of the coachman's whip put the horses into full motion, over the rough pavements, and we darted rapidly around one corner and another, you will not be surprised, that at first, I felt somewhat giddy, and involuntarily grasped the iron guard with great care. I soon learned, however, to fold my arms in security, trusting to the balance of position.

The first interesting object which attracted our notice, as we proceeded into the country, was *Gilead House*, the seat of the celebrated *Dr. Solomon*. I need not inform you that the Doctor is well known in America, for every man who has learning enough to read a newspaper, and eyes enough to peruse double pica letters on an apothecary's door, must have become acquainted with the merits and modesty of Dr. Solomon. In Liverpool he is universally called a *quack* and an *impostor*, but you know where

* The price in the inside of the coach is not charged by the mile, but a gross sum for a certain distance. I think it amounts to about six pence sterling on an average by the mile. [August, 1818.

it is that the prophet is usually without honour, and if the Doctor has missed of obtaining this reward, he has gained a more substantial retribution—an ample fortune.

Dr. Solomon is by birth a Jew and it may well be supposed that this circumstance does not diminish the odium which his pretensions and success have created.

The first eight or ten miles we travelled on a paved way, and our progress was much embarrassed by the great number of carts going into Liverpool.*

Our first stage was Prescot, an ancient town built of brick. The appearance of that street through which we rode was disagreeable. Here the rain compelled me to leave the roof for the inside.

If the traveller would be secure of this retreat, it is necessary to pay for an inside seat, and then he can ride inside or out as he chooses. If he has paid for the top only, he may come in, on paying the difference, provided there is room. But the windows of the stage coaches usually form so small a part of the sides, that the opportunity for seeing the country from the inside is often very limited.

Eight or ten miles more brought us to Warrington, another ancient town, with very narrow streets and houses of a ruinous aspect. The country in its vicinity is extremely beautiful, and through the next stage of eighteen miles, to Manchester, we had a continued succession of green fields, neat hedge-rows, rivulets, and country seats;

* When carts meet on the road the custom is just the opposite of ours: here they keep to the left that the drivers may go on the side walks; with us in consequence of keeping to the right, the drivers are brought into the middle of the road, but as we rarely have side walks upon our roads, this is, as regards us of no moment.

scenes peculiarly delightful to us who had so recently been on the ocean.

The vegetation, refreshed and brightened by recent rains, was of the purest and deepest green, and the finished neatness of the plantations and fields, evinced a high degree of skill and care in the agriculture.

Many of the hedge rows were trimmed with the greatest exactness; they are the most perfect fence that can be imagined, being at once impervious to small animals and impassable by large ones—incapable of being pulled up—overthrown or disordered, and, for many years needing no repair; they also form a most beautiful feature in the scenery of the country, especially when they are filled by flowers which is more or less the fact very generally; the fields are a rich garment, and the hedge rows form the embroidered edge or border. In some instances, the hedge rows are placed on mounds or dykes of earth, which in general, would form a competent enclosure of themselves, especially as they are accompanied by ditches out of which the earth which formed them has been taken. In many instances, and especially in the vicinity of gentlemen's houses, these mounds or dykes are sodded with great exactness, so that the verdure is as perfect on their almost perpendicular sides as in the fields, and when upon the top of these rural parapets, the fine hedge row rises, trimmed with perfect precision, and forming the most elegant green fringe, it is scarcely possible to imagine any thing of the kind more gratifying. Around some plantations, the mound and hedge row together, estimating from the bottom of the ditch, form a fence of ten or twelve feet in height.

Our companions were social, and we found that the circumstance of being shut up in the same coach, enabled us to dispense with the formalities of introduction. As we now had no reasons for concealing our origin, we avowed ourselves to be Americans and made the circumstance of our being strangers in the country, the reason for asking numerous questions; they were answered with readiness and civility, and conversation flowed without interruption.

Lancashire is a fine country for grass and cattle. Its dray-horses are animals of *stupendous* size; they are perfectly black, very fat, and rarely move faster than a walk. The carts in Liverpool are drawn by horses of this description, and one of them was imported into Connecticut a few years ago, for the sake of improving our own dray breed, but I believe the experiment did not succeed, as our climate appears not well adapted to so corpulent an animal.

MANCHESTER.

May 12.—It being the Sabbath, we wandered out to find a church, and by chance came to the old Cathedral, where an attendant, an old man, dressed in a kind of uniform of blue and red, conducted us to a seat in the gallery, as we were strangers, and had no claim to any more honourable place.

The preacher was a young man, who seemed very intent on exhibiting "his own fair form and just proportion."

His sermon was a kind of discursive historical essay on the temporary apostacy of St. Peter; it had very little theology in it of any kind. He had, however, one merit which his appearance would not have led one to expect, that of

being superior to the desire of flattering at least one half of his audience; for he remarked, that St. Peter, was confounded by the question of a maid servant, nay intimidated by a *look from a woman.* This church was well filled, and the greater part appeared to be poor people.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

Having as yet been in England only a few days, my curiosity, as you may well suppose is active, and constantly employed, in comparing the manners of this old country with those of the very young one of which we are natives. The comparisons of travellers, and their general conclusions, are however always liable to error, because they judge from a limited view of the subject; the present instance furnishes the hint, and is too apt to form the basis of the conclusion. General inductions are always dangerous unless drawn from a great number of particulars.—For instance, I experienced a great degree of rudeness from the Mayor of Liverpool, which produced an impression unfavourable to the good manners of the magistracy of England, but the very next magistrate with whom I became conversant, effaced this impression, and produced the opposite; it is highly probable that both impressions were erroneous, and that English magistrates are much like those of other countries, rude, indifferent, or polite, according to the particular character and humour of the man. In recording a *fact*, however, there cannot be any danger of error, and it gives me pleasure to relate an instance of frank hospitality received by my companion and myself, without the smallest claim to it, and with the hazard which always attends the bestowing of confidence, *in advance*, upon a stranger. Mr. T——, a respectable

merchant of Manchester, was our stage coach companion from Liverpool, and soon discovered himself to be so intelligent a man that we were prompted to make such inquiries as proved us to be foreigners. On our arrival at Manchester, Mr. T—— gave us his address, requested us to call upon him, and promised to show us the curiosities of the town. Accordingly we called, and were introduced into an intelligent and agreeable family, whose cordial manners gave us confidence to accept the offer of their hospitality. We took tea with them, and would have withdrawn at an early hour, had not their kindness exceeded our diffidence, and induced us to spend the evening.—We found that our newly acquired friend was not merely a man of business. He had a literary turn, which was evinced by a judicious collection of ancient coins, maps and books, principally historical. He had an atlas of American maps, and made me point out the very spot of my residence when at home. Among his coins were several of the Roman emperors, and of the republic. On one of the coins of the republic, was the story of Romulus and Remus, sucking the wolf; the boldness of the relief was very little impaired by time. He had also some Saxon coins which, although rude, were interesting.

In the mean time, Dr. T——, the father of the gentleman to whose politeness we had been so much indebted, returned from a tour of professional duty, (for he was a physician) and insisted on our staying to supper. Our host entertained us with all the kindness of friendship, and in the midst of convivial freedom, we forgot that we were strangers. The glass circulated cheerfully but moderately, and we felt grateful to the country whose inhabitants treated us with such gratuitous hospitality. We found

that Dr. T—— was a North Briton, and had been a warm friend to the American revolution. The conversation turned upon its most interesting scenes, and the whole family were warm in their praises of Washington. In such society it was no difficult thing to detain us till a late hour, and when we took our leave, it was with warm solicitations that we would repeat our visit.

ANTIQUITIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

May 13.—Under the guidance of Mr. T—— we have visited the college of Manchester. The building is an ancient monastery, now appropriated to the education of eighty poor boys, who remain here only till they are fourteen years old, and are then apprenticed to various useful employments.

The college contains a valuable library of fifteen thousand volumes; we were not however permitted to take any books down, as they were all defended by a lattice of wire. There is also a small collection of curiosities, and among these, they shewed us Cromwell's *shot-bag and sword;* the protector was doubtless well furnished with swords, for I have seen one in America which was shewn as his. The boys of this institution are dressed in the garb of the sixteenth century, which is a kind of petticoat of blue coarse cloth with a leather belt, around the waist. They wear also a cap, and a short jacket of the same materials.

The venerable edifice which they inhabit, was once the abode of those deluded beings who mistake seclusion for innocence and austerity for piety. It is situated on the very place where the Romans had a summer station. On the other side of the town are the remains of a formidable camp belonging to the same warlike people; the walls are

in some places tolerably entire, and every where they are sufficiently distinct to mark the extent of the camp, which enclosed about twelve acres. I broke off a piece of the cement, which at a future day I may have the pleasure of shewing you, for we have no Roman ruins in America.

Near the college is the old collegiate church. It was erected in the fifteenth century, and is a very venerable remnant of Gothic architecture. I shall not trouble you with a particular account of the tombs which it contains of ancient nobility; of its rude carvings and statues, which set all gravity at defiance; nor of its grotesque tapestry, nor of the ludicrous exhibition of seraphs playing on fiddles. The effect of the whole is nevertheless very solemn, and it needs no great effort of the imagination to fancy ones-self transported back to the period of the seventh Henry. Over the altar are suspended the colours of the seventy-second regiment, a part of the army that so bravely and successfully defended Gibraltar, under General Elliot. The regiment was raised in Manchester, and on their return, they deposited in this church, the banners under which they fought.

It suffered much during the civil wars, being then in the centre of a fortress, which was besieged by the Earl of Derby; for Manchester was on the popular side.

Mr. T—— pointed out the house in which Prince Charles, the Pretender, lodged in 1745, when he shook the throne of the house of Hanover. Manchester was warmly in his interest, and I saw the place in the public square, where the heads of some of the first gentlemen of the town, who had held commissions in the pretender's army, were stuck on poles, and their quarters suspended on hooks. For these and other similar barbarities, (for it

is mockery to call them wholesome examples of severity,) all North Britain, to this day, execrates the memory of the Duke of Cumberland, under whose orders these exhibitions were made. Treason is, undoubtedly, an enormous crime, but death is a sufficient punishment for any offence against society; and there is a dignity in justice that is disgraced, by violations of a human form, which are equally atrocious and puerile.

SCIENCE.

It is no small gratification to find a taste for science in a great manufacturing town, where the acquisition of property is the very business of life. The philosophical society of Manchester has favored the world with several volumes of transactions, containing many important and interesting papers. Two philosophical men of considerable distinction reside here, Mr. William Henry, and Mr. John Dalton. I have had the pleasure, this evening, of hearing an interesting lecture from Mr. Dalton, on electricity; his statements, which were very perspicuous, were illustrated by several very apposite experiments. His lecture-room is in a building belonging to the philosophical society, and his lectures are given to citizens of Manchester, of various pursuits and of both sexes. The theatre opened at the same hour with his lecture, but its attractions were not sufficient to draw off a considerable number of young ladies, who composed a part of Mr. Dalton's audience.

Mr. Dalton exhibited one experiment which I never saw so well performed before. A wire made several circuits around the room, being attached to the wall; its circuit was interrupted at small distances by the cutting of the wire; the room was darkened, and when a powerful elec-

trical discharge was passed through the wire, it exhibited a brilliant corruscation at every interruption. Mr. Dalton belongs to the society of friends, and a considerable number of them attended his lecture. In speaking of him, they adopted their customary familiarity—calling him John, and John Dalton. Had I not known that this style of speaking indicates with them only kindness, I should have thought that it little accorded with the respect due to so distinguished a philosopher. Mr. Dalton is much celebrated for profound original views, and for judicious and simple experiments. One of his most interesting discoveries is, that all æriform bodies, both gases and vapours, expand equally by the same variations of temperature, and that any particular æriform body is subject to the same law in different parts of the scale of heat. Mr. Dalton shewed me the apparatus by which these very interesting discoveries were made and established.* It was extremely simple, being little more than a collection of glass tubes, fitted up in a particular manner. Indeed Mr. Dalton's apparatus is distinguished rather for the successful use he makes of it, than for its extent or variety. Like Dr. Priestley, he has done great things by small means. I sought an introduction to Mr. or rather Dr. William Henry, but he was out of town, which deprived me of the pleasure of seeing him. These gentlemen, although not by any means the only scientific men in Manchester, are among the most distinguished.

*The same discovery was made by Gay Lussac also, at Paris, but there is decisive evidence that these philosophers were ignorant of each others researches; and it is only one instance among multitudes in the history of modern science, where the same discovery has been made in different countries about the same time.

VOLUNTEERS.

I have seen a review of several regiments of volunteers raised in this town, and held in readiness to act, in case of invasion. They are composed principally of mechanics and manufacturers, but gentlemen of the highest rank and first fortune, equally with the lowest of the people, join these military associations. Their appearance at the review was such as to do them much credit, although they are far from being such perfect machines as regular soldiers. The review was on Sunday, because this day does not interfere with the work of the artists. We are not informed whether any military *Kennicott* has discovered, in some newly found manuscript, such a reading as this, in the decalogue—"six days shalt thou labour, and the seventh shalt thou train;" however this may be, Sunday drilling is said to have become general, in England, since the alarm of invasion has turned them into a nation of soldiers.

DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S CANAL.

You have heard of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and will of course conclude that I have visited so interesting an object. It was cut for the sake of bringing the Duke's coal to this town. The canal connects Manchester and Liverpool, and, in the distance of thirty miles between these two towns, there is not one lock; the canal proceeds on a level, or nearly so, and to this end it perforates hills, and crosses valleys and rivers, on arches raised for its support; it even crosses the river Mersey, and, at the same moment, boats may be seen passing under the arches of the canal, along the river, and other boats float-

ing over the arches and crossing the river, as if in the air; a river above a river. Near Manchester the canal passes under ground for a quarter of a mile; a roof is neatly arched with brick, and when I placed myself at one end and hallowed, the sound was reverberated with a deep rolling echo, dying away at length towards the other end. By means of a junction with other canals, a water communication is opened between Liverpool and Hull, and Liverpool and London, and of course between Manchester, Hull and London.

ANCIENT TYPOGRAPHY.

May 14.—Mr. Roscoe's kindness has followed me to Manchester, and made me acquainted, by means of a letter, despatched after I left Liverpool, with a friend of his here, who has distinguished himself by collecting, at a great expense, a rare assemblage of ancient and valuable books, and of uncommon specimens of typography.—Among many varieties of the latter description, he shewed me a book printed by William Caxton, the first printer in Britain. What a change has the introduction of printing effected in this island: The era is not less important than that of Magna Charta, or of the revolution which fixed the British constitution.

Mr. Roscoe's friend procured me access to the infirmary of Manchester, an institution which does honour to the town.

COTTON MANUFACTORIES.

I have employed no small part of the time since I have been in Manchester, in visiting those extensive manufacturing establishments, which are the wonder of the world,

and the pride of England. The proprietors have, in the most liberal and attentive manner, afforded every facility which could give me the fullest view of those works that furnish to the United States so large a part of their clothing. But, after all, I find very little to write on a subject where you will be prepared to expect much. An attempt to describe the intricate machinery, and the curious processes by which our convenience and comfort are consulted, or our vanity gratified, would be both tedious and useless. Even when one is standing amidst the din of ten thousand spools; and the sounding of as many shuttles, he has scarcely any distinct comprehension of the intermediate steps by which he sees the wonderful results produced; and must himself become a weaver, or a spinner, before he can detail to another the particulars of these seemingly simple arts. Yet my impressions have not been altogether too vague for description.

It was a new fact to me, that the most beautiful of the chintses are stamped by means of copper cylinders, on which the figures are engraved; these cylinders are covered with the proper substance, and then impressed on the stuffs by rolling.

The velvets are woven, at first, without any of that downy coating, which makes them so pleasant to the touch. The threads which are to form this shag, are, in the first instance, inserted at both ends in the very texture of the cloth, so as to produce a vast number of small loops, running in rows, from one end of the piece to the other. These loops are cut by hand. The cloth is extended horizontally on a machine, and the artist inserts among the loops a long slender knife, much resembling a very delicate sword; this, guided by one hand only, he

pushes along so dexterously, as to cut the whole series of loops for several yards, at one thrust, without piercing the cloth, unless a knot or other obstacle turns his instrument aside. This operation being repeated along every thread in the whole breadth of the piece, a shag is at length raised over the whole surface. But it would be very rough and inelegant, if left in this state. To remove its roughness, the whole piece is made to pass, rather slowly, over a red hot iron cylinder, and in absolute contact with it; and during the whole operation, the iron is maintained at a red heat, by the aid of a furnace. I would not assert a thing seemingly so incredible, had I not witnessed the process; and my astonishment was not less than your incredulity will be, provided the fact be new to you. This operation is not confined to the velvets. Most of the cotton goods are singed in the same manner, to smooth them for the final finishing; and they assured me (what indeed appears scarcely credible) that the finest muslins were treated in the same way.

It may perhaps assist us, in accounting for this very singular fact, if we remember, that all fibrous substances are very bad conductors of heat, and cotton is among the worst. Air is a still worse conductor of heat. The finer the fibrous substances are, or in other words, the more air they contain between their fibres, the slower will heat make its way through them. Now these villous substances are presented to the hot iron, entirely covered with minute and long projecting fibres. The first contact converts these fibres into charcoal, and this substance, especially when very dry, (as it necessarily is in the present case) is absolutely one of the worst conductors of heat known.—Thus, a thin layer of very dry charcoal, is, by the contact

with the hot iron, instantly interposed between the iron and the stuff; and, all these causes concurring, the stuff, during the short time that it is exposed, remains unhurt. I need not say, that if it were to remain stationary a moment it would be destroyed; as it is, new portions of stuff are every instant coming in contact with the hot iron, and no one portion remains long enough to be injured.

The new process of bleaching is now extensively introduced at Manchester, and has, I believe, nearly subverted the old. The bleaching, which used to occupy months, is now performed in a few days.

Manganese, sulphuric acid, water, and common salt, are placed in large leaden stills, heated by steam. A very suffocating and corrosive gas* rises, which is made to pass into water, having abundance of lime suspended in it; the lime condenses the gas, and produces with it the bleaching drug, into a solution of which the goods are plunged, and it is wonderful with what rapidity the colour is discharged. Some weak acid is usually added to liberate the bleaching principle. This method of bleaching is a discovery of modern chemistry, and when you consider that all the coloured cotton stuffs must be first bleached before they can be dyed, you will see at once the great importance of the discovery. The saving is in time, for the materials are more costly than those employed in the old way.

The machinery which I saw used at Manchester, consisted of a vessel of lead, shaped exactly like a common copper still, with a recurved neck, which passed into a vat containing slacked lime, diffused in water; the leaden vessel, charged with the above materials, is fixed in ma-

* The oxigenized muriatic, now called chlorine. 1819

sonry, immediately over a cast iron vessel, also fixed in the same manner, and containing water, which is made to boil by a fire in a small furnace beneath. The heat of boiling water is sufficient to evolve the gas, which is of a yellowish green colour, and is not only very suffocating, but eminently deadly. Although, in its gaseous state, it will bleach, it cannot be used, because it would destroy the workmen. It will combine with water, and then, especially if the water be warmed, it bleaches with very great energy; in small quantities it may be used in this manner with advantage, and will very speedily whiten any article of linen or cotton, or a tarnished print, but without affecting the printer's ink; it requires, however, alternate immersions in the bleaching liquor, and in a weak ley.—When the bleaching principle is combined with lime, it becomes perfectly manageable, and ceases to be noxious to the workmen. It may even be combined with dry slacked lime, and transported about the country. When this drug is dissolved in water, and mixed with a little marine acid, it immediately becomes active, and if used alternately with ley, imparts a perfect whiteness. This elegant process succeeds equally well in cloudy as in fine weather, and it restores to agriculture, extensive bleach-fields. In point of principle, it is very nearly assimilated to the old process; in both, the colouring matter is by oxigen rendered soluble in alkali, and this is the reason why, in both, it is necessary to apply this active agent.

A great deal of American sumac is used here in dying. I learned in one of the dye-houses that the Americans give themselves unnecessary trouble in grinding this article, and that it is quite as useful in the state of leaves, merely dried and packed in that condition. Probably there may be

so much saving in freight, in consequence of grinding, as to pay for that operation. The manufactories here are very numerous, and wonderfully extensive. Some of them employ twelve hundred people, notwithstanding the application of the steam engine, as a moving power, in a great multitude of the processes. The country for many miles around Manchester, is tributary to the great establishments. Spinning, weaving, and other preliminary operations, are performed in the villages and cottages, and the fabrics are brought into town to be finished. While I was walking with some of my stage companions through a village near Warrington, a shower caused us to seek shelter in the cottages, and we found the people employed in this manner; their appearance was neat, cheerful, and comfortable.

The houses were neat, although small buildings of one story, white washed and clean within; the people who were at work at their spindles and looms, were tidily dressed, and I was forcibly struck with the civility and deference shewn in their speech and manners, exactly like some of those plain unadulterated English yeomanry, whom we occasionally see in America.

SKETCH OF MANCHESTER.

Manchester is built principally of brick; the modern houses and streets are spacious and handsome, but the ancient streets are narrow, and the buildings mean, ruinous and defaced with smoke. It contains numerous churches, and some humane and literary institutions: it employs a great part of a population of from eighty to ninety thousand inhabitants, in manufacturing cotton, and in the various businesses connected with this. The town stands on a plain, and has three small rivers running through it, which afford

great conveniences to its manufacturing establishments.—The names of these rivers are the Irwell, the Medlock, and the Irk. The manufacturers, who are of both sexes, and of all ages, appear generally pale, thin, and deficient in muscular vigour. The fine fibres of the cotton irritate their lungs; and the high temperature necessary in most of their processes, together with constant confinement in hot rooms, and, more than all, the debauched lives which too many of them lead, make them, at best, but an imbecile people.

The wages of the labouring manufacturers are high at present, but so few of them lead sober and frugal lives, that they are generally mere dependants on daily labour. Most of the men are said to be drunkards, and the women dissolute.

How different these scenes, where

"The pale-faced artist plies the sickly trade,"

from our fields and forests, in which pure air, unconstrained motions, salubrious exhalations, and simple manners, give vigour to the limbs, and a healthful aspect to the face.

I am not, however, disposed to join those who rail at manufactures without informing us how we can do without them. I am fully persuaded of their importance to mankind, while I regret the physical, and, more than all, the moral evils which they produce.

Liverpool is the second town in England for foreign commerce, and Manchester the second for population.

To-morrow morning I shall leave this town for the Peak of Derbyshire, where I may be detained a day or two by its mineral curiosities.

My companion, Mr. R———, having business in the northern manufacturing towns, and not caring to descend with me into mines and caverns, will leave me to-morrow, and depart for Yorkshire, while I must make my way alone; but, although solitary, I shall go cheerfully forward, nor feel disposed to adopt the plaintive strain

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

No. VI.—JOURNEY TO THE PEAK.

Leave Manchester—Stockport—Use of the word *fair*—English stage coaches—Guards—Baggage—Barren mountains—Buxton—Ride on horseback—Tideswell—Country people, their manners and language—Singular scenery—Beautiful contrast—Ancient castle.

RIDE TO BUXTON.

May 15.—This morning, at five o'clock, I left Manchester, in the stage, for Buxton. The environs of Manchester appeared handsome, from the number of well cultivated fields, and neat houses; and two or three inconsiderable villages occurred in the distance of six miles, which brought us to Stockport on the Mersey. Stockport is a considerable ancient town, built of brick. There are some good houses, but most of them are decayed and destitute of beauty. The town has a considerable manufacture of cotton and printed goods. It stands on the declivity of a hill, and has a bridge over the Mersey, which was blown up in 1745, to prevent the retreat of the rebels.

When we left Manchester, early in the morning, the sky was cloudy, and the weather threatening. On my getting into the coach, a stranger accosted me very civilly, and remarked that it was a *fair morning*. I bowed assent, although I could not comprehend how such a morning could be considered as fair. But, in the progress of our conversation, I found that he considered every day as fair which is not rainy. If this use of the word be general, it indicates that the frequent rains in this country cause them to assume a lower standard of fine weather, than what prevails in climates where the sun shines more constantly.

At Stockport we crossed the Mersey, and entered Cheshire. The weather becoming what I had been accustomed to consider as fair, that is, the sun really shining forth, I was induced to take a seat on the top of the coach with the guard. Most of the English stage coaches travel with a guard. He is armed with a blunderbuss, or more commonly with pistols, which are fixed in holsters, connected with the top of the coach. To the duty of defending the coach he is rarely called; for, since the practice of travelling with a guard has become general in England, the stage coaches are seldom attacked. Besides guarding the coach, he is expected to open and shut the door, and aid in case of accident, so that the coachman is never called upon to leave his seat, and the passengers are not often exposed to the danger of having the horses take fright without any one to command the reins. Our custom in America is very bad on this point, for the driver frequently leaves his seat, and the horses are rarely tied.

The English guard sits on a seat, elevated nearly as high as the top of the coach. It is usually fixed on a

large boot or box, extending down to the frame work on which the carriage is supported. A similar boot is fixed beneath the coachman's seat, and in these two the baggage is stowed, and as the whole is commonly on springs the parcels escape with little injury. Some part of the baggage is usually carried on the roof. In this way, travellers in English stages, avoid the very troublesome lumber of baggage in the inside of the coach by which we are so much annoyed in American stages. In the older carriages, however, the coachman's and guard's seat is fixed upon the frame work, without any intervention of springs, and thus they are severely jolted, and the baggage in the boots is constantly worried and chafed. The accommodations for travelling are now wonderfully great in England, but they are of comparatively recent origin. As I become more familiar with them I may resume the subject.

The guard and coachman as well as the servants at hotels expect their regular douceur. The rate is about one shilling to each for every twenty or twenty five miles; it is not necessary to exceed this if the distance be thirty miles. For every eight, ten, or fifteen miles the sum of sixpence is usually given. This tax is inevitable, and Americans, from ignorance of the country, and fear of being thought mean, usually pay more liberally than the natives.

In our passage across a corner of Cheshire, we rode through Disley and some other inconsiderable villages, built principally of a rude leaden coloured stone, but having a neat and comfortable appearance. We travelled over a mountainous country, along side of a canal, which we followed for several miles;—boats, drawn by horses,

were passing on the canal, and in one place, we saw it cross a river on arches.

Hills of great height and extent, were all around us, and Derbyshire with its mountains was immediately on our left. A few groves, planted by the present generation, and a few fine pastures appeared, here and there, on the hills, but they were generally very rude and barren, covered, for the most part, with a kind of brown heath, so thick and dark, that they appeared as if the fire had passed over them;—you can conceive of nothing more desolate than the aspect of these hills for miles. It is to be presumed that Dr. Johnson never travelled here, or he would not have discovered so much spleen at the nakedness of the Scottish mountains.

The vallies among these hills were, with few exceptions, fertile, and, in many places, the heights were all white with heaps of lime, placed on them as a manure.—The roads were generally good, but, for a few miles along the canal, they were indifferent. Between eight and nine o'clock, we arrived at Buxton, which is just within the limits of Derbyshire, at the the distance of twenty two and a half miles from Manchester.

EXCURSION TO THE PEAK.

Finding that Buxton would be an advantageous point of departure, in my contemplated excursion to the Peak of Derbyshire, I deposited my baggage at the inn, relinquished my seat in the stage, which was going forward to Derby, mounted a horse at ten o'clock in the morning, and set forward, on a little journey from which I expected much gratification. I had long wished to explore some of those dark recesses, where the Creator has hidden the treasures of

the mineral kingdom, and to see, with my own eyes, the arrangement of strata, the position of spars and crystals, and the natural state of the metallic veins.

I had the advantage of a delightful day, and with an empty portmanteau, to bring back any interesting things which I might find in the mines, I commenced my solitary journey. My road was over a very hilly country, and after passing the hamlet of Fairfield, the hills became more frequent, steep and lofty. The way was circuitous, winding in spirals, around the hills, most of which were too steep to admit of a direct ascent. In one place the path led me along the edge of a precipice, which formed one side of a deep gulf between two mountains;—a fence separated me from the verge of this abrupt valley, which was one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet deep, and wound its way along between the mountains, to a great distance.

I soon reached Tideswell, a considerable village in a charming vale. I was astonished to see, in this secluded spot, a magnificent Gothic church, in fine preservation.—It was built in the middle of the fourteenth century, and promises to survive many more modern structures.

This church, with all the houses in the town, and indeed, all the houses for many miles around, is constructed of limestone.

At Tideswell, the country people were assembled at a fair;—a multitude of swine were collected in a particular part of the village, and, on inquiry, I found that they were the object of the meeting. As I advanced beyond Tideswell, I met numerous parties of the country people, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and going to attend the fair.—I made a little conversation with several of them, and found them civil and obliging. They speak the language with

many peculiarities of pronunciation, and with a considerable number of words which we never hear in America.—Their dress was quite as decent as that worn on similar occasions by the same class of people with us, and their manners indicated cheerfulness and contentment. I had never seen any thing in my own country resembling the scenery which now surrounded me. Lofty hills, or rather mountains, appeared on every side, sloping with an ascent rather gentle than steep. They were barren, rude, and dreary, without a single shrub or tree, and divided to the very summits by enclosures. They were free from rocks,—no hedges were to be seen,—but, every where, stone walls precisely like those which are so common in New-England. Limestone is universally the material of the fences and houses; it is dug out of these hills, which, with a vast tract of country around, appear to be founded upon this basis. After being burned, it is used as a manure, and many of the hills which I passed, were covered with it. On examining the fences, rocks and stones of the road, the limestone appeared universally filled with shells of marine origin. These shells are perfectly distinct, and lie imbedded in the solid lime stone, so that when one is knocked out, a perfect copy of its form is left in the cavity. Near the Peak the hills were every where pierced with pits, which, as I was informed by a man who was digging limestone, were lead mines.

I dismounted to examine one. No person was there. The opening of the mine was down a perpendicular cavity, walled up like a well, through which the people, implements, and ore are conveyed in buckets, worked by machinery. A vast heap of rubbish was lying around the mouth of the mine. Mounting my horse again, I soon

arrived at the summit of a hill, down which, as I descended, an extensive valley, all green and fertile, formed a surprising and interesting contrast to the rude scenery on which I had now turned my back. I entered the valley not by the usual road, but by one farther east; this gave me a view of the village of Hope on my right, while Castleton, the great object of my journey, appeared on my left.

One of the first objects which struck me, on entering the valley, was an ancient castle, half broken down, and apparently tott ring to its fall. It stands on one of the mountains, upon the very edge of a rock, of more than two hundred and fifty feet in perpendicular height.—There is no certain account of its origin. It is said to have been known to the Romans, under the name of Arx Diaboli, and among its ruins, Roman coins and utensils have been found. Its walls are of free stone, and as there is no stone of this description on the mountains, the castle must have been constructed with vast labour and expense, by raising the materials up the mountains from the valley below. The castle is now a venerable ruin, and gives a name to the village of Castleton.

No. VII.—THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

Castleton—The winding gate—Valley of Castleton and the surrounding mountains—Ancient fosse—Castle—Mam Tor—Its ruins—Anecdote—Peculiarity of language—Guides—Peak's Hole—Description of, and adventures in it—Humour of the guide—Owdin Mine—Miners—Their cheerfulness, hardships and dangers—Speedwell Mine—Subterraneous voyage—Wonderful cavern—Spar Mine—Descent into it—Return to Buxton—Geological remarks on the Peak of Derbyshire—Ebbing and flowing well—Contrivance to save labour—Singular want of curiosity.

CASTLETON.

The usual approach to Castleton is through a narrow passage between the mountains, called the *winnetts* or the winding gate. Although I did not enter the valley through this defile, I visited it during my stay in Castleton. When a traveller approaches the valley through the WINNETTS, he finds himself, the moment before he discovers the village, winding down the hills, through a gap, where rude and broken rocks overhang the road, and a little way ahead, seem to cross the path, and bar it up completely. While he is engaged in contemplating a scene where every thing is wild, rude and forbidding, and affords no pleasure, except from the contemplation of grandeur, all of a sudden, the valley breaks upon his view, like a fine scene at the rising of the curtain. In the nearest part of the picture, Castleton appears at the foot of a mountain, which is one of a great number that surround the valley.

The form of the valley is that of an obtuse ellipse, and its diameter is three or four miles. Some of the moun-

tains are barren, but most of them are verdant to the very top, and fences slope from their summits down their sides, and are continued across the valley, dividing it into rectangular fields. The appearance of these fields is the most eminently beautiful, just where the steepness of the mountain declines into a rapid slope, immediately before they terminate in the plain. In those places the fields seem as if rising up to meet you.

Excepting the craggy passage at the Winnetts, and a few other similar openings, the surface of the mountains is almost free from rocks, and equally destitute of trees.—The collection of mountains of which I am now speaking, with all the rest in this northern part of Derbyshire, is called the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a common mistake to suppose that there is some one high mountain, bearing this name, by way of distinction.

Running along the sides, and on and near the tops of the mountains, is a deep fosse with a rampart, extending several miles; it is said even to cross the valley, and it may be distinctly perceived, going on to the castle; it is interrupted by chasms in the mountains, and its origin remains to this time uncertain: in all probability it was a military work.

Another thing which strikes one very agreeably in this general survey, is the number of sheep, horses and black cattle, which are seen grazing on the sides of the mountains, even where they are so steep that the animals seem rather to adhere to the hills by their sides, than to be standing on their feet. The sheep are the most adventurous and persevereing, in grazing upon these steep declivities, and it was curious to observe how, in the long progress of time, they had by constant treading, formed a suc-

cession of parallel paths, running round the hills in the manner of a belt, and continued at the distance of two or three feet, quite to their tops; so as, on the whole, to form a tolerably regular succession of steps. The same thing had been effected by the larger cattle, where the hills were less steep.

Immediately after you have discovered the valley when entering it by the Winnetts, you perceive *Mam Tor*, very near on the left.

This appellation is of Saxon origin.

This mountain has a singular appearance. It is supposed, that at some period of remote antiquity, it divided, probably all on a sudden, with a fissure, beginning at the summit, and proceeding to the bottom, in a direction nearly perpendicular, and that thus, the front of the mountain fell down into the valley, overwhelming every thing below in its ruins. This conclusion is founded on the fact that the side of the mountain next to the valley exhibits a perpendicular section of bare rock and earth, exposing all the strata, with great regularity, and, for a long way below the mountains, its ruins are to be seen lying in vast heaps. Under these ruins, at the depth of three hundred feet, trees, in a perfect state of preservation, have been dug up by the miners: there can be little doubt that they were buried at the time when the side of the mountain fell. And to this moment, whenever severe frosts, heavy rains and violent winds occur, the mountain, in the forcible language of the village miners, *shivers;* and new quantities of decomposed rock and earth fall into the valley. Hence its very expressive appellation of *the shivering mountain.*

An old man, belonging to the village, told me that as a party of gentlemen were *coursing*, one day, on Mam Tor,

the hare which they were pursuing, being closely urged by the dogs, leaped down the tremendous precipice; the dogs had too much spirit not to follow, and all were dashed to pieces. "I had a pair of gloves," (said the old man) "made of the skin of that hare." The top of Mam Tor is asserted to be thirteen hundred feet above the level of the valley.

The other mountains as well as Mam Tor are known by particular names.

The old man whom I have just mentioned, had one peculiarity of expression which I heard frequently in Castleton. Instead of saying lord such an one *owns* this field, he would say lord such an one *belongs* this field. This is one instance among very many peculiarities of language which I observed among the peasantry of Derbyshire. I had however no serious difficulty in understanding them, although they used many words perfectly local and provincial.

Castleton is an inconsiderable village, but the great number of strangers who constantly resort to it, attracted by the curiosities of the Peak, enable it to maintain a very good inn, known by the name of the *Castle-Inn.* At this house I obtained every refreshment, rendered necessary by a ride of twelve miles from Buxton, and after dinner, prepared to survey the wonders of the valley.

It is not the happy valley of Abyssinia, where ingenuity strives to add fresh charms to gaiety, and to renew the attractions of repeated pleasures; but the contest here is, who shall most enhance the horrors of frightful caverns, and magnify the wonders which are found amidst the trickling of incessant subterranean showers, and the gloom of everlasting darkness.

There are guides who make it their business to conduct strangers into these scenes ; and there is a distinct guide for each curiosity.

THE PEAK'S HOLE.

Having procured the proper guide, I went first to see the famous Peak's hole. As we approached this wonderful cavern, we crossed a bridge over a rivulet, which issues from the mouth of the cave ; this mouth is at the bottom of a perpendicular rock, that forms part of the front of the mountain. The form of this part of the mountain is like that of a book set on end, and half opened, the back of the book being from the observer. Near the angle is the mouth of the cavern. As we proceeded into the fissure, I looked up these rocky walls, and saw the old castle at a giddy height, apparently threatening to fall. The guide pointed out several veins of lead. The entrance into the cavern passes close under the right side of the two precipices, which meeting at an acute angle, form the fissure in the mountain. Impressions of sublimity are produced by looking up this precipice of two hundred and fifty feet, perpendicular height, and a kind of horror is added to the place by numerous jackdaws, which build their nests in the crevices, and find in these inaccessible cliffs a secure retreat; they were continually flying, in a black cloud, around the rocks, and disturbing the air with their croaking. These rocks are lime stone, filled with marine exuviæ. We now entered the cavern. It opens with a grand arch, almost mathematically regular, but the abutment on the left is considerably lower than that on the right. This arch is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and seventy feet high, reckoning from the level of the abut-

ment on the left. Under this magnificent portico, we entered the first cavern, which is one hundred and eighty feet long, the arch falling a little towards the farther end. I was surprised to find the cavern inhabited. A number of poor women and children carry on here a manufacture of cord and twine, and some of them live here permanently in small huts, sheltered by the impending mountain. Having arrived at the end of this first cavern, I looked back with feelings of awe and solemnity, not unmixed with something very much like dread. This cavern is only a continuation of the great arch at the entrance, falling as it recedes from the light, of which there is however, enough to enable one to see the whole of it, and to make him realize that a mountain is over his head. This arched roof, being of lime stone, abounds with calcareous concretions, and a remarkable one was pointed out, which, from its form, and the manner in which it depends from the roof, is called the *Flitch of Bacon.*

The end of the cavern is so much contracted in its dimensions, that it has been completely closed up, by an artificial wall, where there is a door, of which the guide has the key. The wall and door are intended to exclude impertinent visitors, and to secure to the guide the exclusive privilege of conducting strangers through the place.

My guide now took several lighted candles in his hands, and gave me one. He then disclosed the entrance of his infernal dominion; not with all that "impetuous recoil and jarring sound," which once "grated harsh thunder" to "the lowest bottom of Erebus," but with as much pomp as might be supposed to attend the opening of a door of rough boards, moving, reluctantly, on creaking hinges.

After entering the door, the passage became narrow and low, and we proceeded, stooping, till we arrived in a place called the *Bell House*, from some resemblance between its form and that of a bell.

Beyond this, the cavern became again low and narrow, till it was almost closed, leaving only a small orifice of about three feet diameter. Here the rivulet, which we had followed up from the mouth of the cave, spread into a little lake, occupying the whole of the bottom of the cavern. But we were not stopped; there was a ferry boat all ready. The bottom of it was spread with clean straw, and by the direction of my guide I got into it, and lay down flat on my back. My guide stepped into the water up to his knees, and pushed the boat before him through the narrow aperture, which was merely high enough to permit the boat to pass, and the guide to crawl after it. It would be impossible for one to pass if sitting up in the boat. It required no very vivid imagination, nor much familiarity with classical literature, to find in this adventure the *Charon*, *Styx*, and *Avernus* of poetical fable.

We had now arrived in a new cavern, much larger and more majestic than any which we had yet seen. A flood of light was necessary to render it all visible, for it was one hundred and twenty feet high, two hundred broad, and two hundred and fifty feet long. Its walls were lime stone, filled as before with shells. Crossing the rivulet on stepping stones, we next found ourselves in a smaller cavern, which, on account of the constant exudation of water from the roof, is called *Roger Rain's House*.

A large cavern, called the *Chancel*, came next. Its appearance was broken and rude, and the lights discovered some stalactites. When the guide has notice that a party

is coming to view the cavern, he causes a piece of deception to be played off in the Chancel, which I, being a solitary stranger, had not the pleasure of witnessing. When the party arrive in this cavern, they are, all on a sudden, astonished and confounded, at hearing from the roof of this solitary mansion, which, a moment before, was dark as midnight, and silent as the tombs, an instantaneous burst of human voices, multiplied by a thousand echoes. While they are, in vain, looking for the cause of this seeming enchantment, a blaze of light from the roof of the cavern discovers a number of figures in white, singing and bearing torches in their hands. Those who are not in the secret, are almost persuaded that they are in an enchanted cave, where the scenes of romance and fable have real existence. The delusion vanishes, however, when they are informed, that a number of people from the village, equipped on purpose, have gone up a secret passage to the roof of the Chancel, with concealed lights, which, at the concerted moment, they suddenly produce.

We travelled on to a fissure in the rock, called the *Devil's Cellar*, and, after descending gradually one hundred and fifty feet, we came to the *half way house*. The roof now assumed greater regularity; three parallel arches were in view, and, beyond these, a cavern like a bell, called *Tom of Lincoln*. Proceeding, we found the cavern very various both in height and breadth; the rivulet appeared perfectly transparent, and its bed was white with calcareous spar, brought down and rounded by the water.

At length we reached the end of this grand subterranean wonder; its whole length is two thousand two hundred and fifty feet, or nearly half a mile.

My guide assured me that he had put pieces of bark into a particular water four miles from this place, and had found them afterwards floating down this rivulet, whence he concluded that there was a subterranean connection. He was very intelligent, extremely attentive to my safety, and although an unlettered man, had no small share of humour. He entertained me with an account of distinguished persons who had visited the cavern in his time, among whom he named Dr. Solander, Sir Joseph Banks, and the Prince of Wales.

I inquired whether ladies ever visited the cave? He replied, "O yes! two ladies to one gentleman!"

"Ah, how is that?—Have the ladies more curiosity, or more courage than the gentlemen?" "I don't know; *the ladies have a deal of curiosity!*"

I then asked him whether he was afraid the French would come? He answered, "No; but I wish I had Bonaparte in my power."

"What would you do with him?" "I would chain him at the end of my cavern, and keep him for a sight: I should then have visitors enough."

We now retraced our steps. I was again laid in the little boat, and ferried through the narrow passage;—we travelled back as fast as we could with safety, and with candles burnt down to our fingers, again reached the wooden door, and opening it, I beheld the light, with a *little secret joy*, which, had I been questioned, I might have been too stout-hearted to acknowledge.

We returned to the village; and, having procured another guide, I went, in a heavy rain, nearly a mile on foot, to see the most ancient and productive lead mine in Great Britain.

THE OWDIN MINE,

to which I allude, is believed to have been wrought by the Romans and Saxons. However this may be, the enormous mass of rubbish, collected near its mouth, demonstrates that it has been worked for a very long period. It is situated near the foot of Mam Tor.

The first thing that attracted my attention on entering the small huts around the mine, was the beating of the ore. This is performed by women; they break it to pieces with a kind of mallet; it is then sifted, washed, and sent away to be smelted.

My guide conducted me into his *ward-robe*, where I put on a miner's dress. It consisted of an old tow-cloth pair of breeches, coarse and dirty; a woollen short jacket in the same condition, and an old hat, with the brim all cut off, except three or four inches, and that turned behind.

With a lighted candle stuck into a piece of clay, I now followed my guide into these dark, damp and solitary regions. He carried a lighted candle in his hand, and two more were suspended from his neck.

The mine opens into the side of the mountain, between two walls of lime stone; the entrance is about two feet wide and five feet high. Of course we went in, stooping, and with very little room to spare on either side. In this manner we proceeded through a passage always narrow, and varying in breadth according to the breadth of the vein. The descent was gradual, and the bottom of the passage being every where deep, with mud and water, was rendered somewhat more practicable, by boards and timber, which were, however, generally buried in the mire.

We went forward, stooping;—sometimes almost creeping, and often through passages so narrow, that it was necessary to go sideways.

Over our heads was a flooring of boards laid on wooden rafters, to support the loose earth and stones: from this roof the water was every where dropping and trickling down the walls, so that we were kept constantly wet.

Our path frequently led us over pits sunk forty or fifty feet, like wells, down to another gallery, similar to that in which we now were. Through this lower gallery the water of the mine runs off. Some care was of course necessary, in passing by these shafts, lest we should step into them; but they are generally in some measure covered with boards. In this manner we travelled on half a mile into the bowels of a mountain.

When we had reached the end of our journey, we ascended into a great cavern, which they had excavated to the distance of forty feet above our heads. The ascent was by means of timbers fixed in the crevices of the rock, like the rounds of a ladder. Here I took hold of the pick axe, and broke off some of the lead ore to bring away as specimens.

We returned a part of the way, and then took an excursion into another vein which diverged from the principal one at an acute angle; this vein has been explored for a mile, but we contented ourselves with going only half this distance.

In our progress through the mine I had the satisfaction of seeing, in their native situations, the most important ores of lead; the beautiful crystalizations of fluor spar, and calcareous spar; the sulphat of barytes, native copperas, and extensive strata of limestone, filled with the

most curious petrifactions. The scene was to me extremely interesting and instructive, and two hours passed rapidly away in the mine. The ore is conveyed to day light by means of small waggons. The nature of the situation necessarily precludes the employment of any domestic animal, and the miners therefore act in their stead; they are literally harnessed to the waggons, with collars and traces, and thus travel back and forward through these dismal regions. They are obliged to go at least half a mile with every load, and all the way through darkness, and very often their load is nothing but rubbish, for it is indispensable that this be constantly removed, otherwise the gallery would be so obstructed, that no work could be done. Yet they usually spend their whole lives here, and seem a very cheerful class of men. My guide had been twenty-five years in the mine, and his father and grandfather had consumed all their days in the same place.

We now returned to the light, bringing with us specimens of the different productions of the mine, which I hope at some future day to shew you. The terrors of such places are not all imaginary. Sometimes the roof falls in, and the miners are buried beneath a mass of stones and earth; sometimes a sudden flood of water drowns them, and at other times they are destroyed by the gun powder blasts with which they rend the rocks. These occurrences are not frequent, and yet they have all happened in the Owdin mine.

The greater part of the inhabitants of Castleton are miners. Their condition seems as unchangeable as that of the Hindoo casts, for although not made hereditary by the compulsion of law or the influence of religion, it becomes so by a kind of necessity, and thus men, women

and children, from generation to generation, are all, in one way and another, employed about the mines.

Having thrown off my miner's dress, I went with another guide to see

THE SPEEDWELL OR NAVIGATION MINE.

This mine proved to be a very different thing from that which I had just left, and I found no difficulty in wearing my usual dress.

We entered a wooden door, placed in the side of a hill, and descended one hundred and six stone steps, laid like those of a set of cellar stairs, The passage was regularly arched, with brick, and was in all respects convenient.

Having reached the bottom of the steps, we found a handsome vaulted passage cut through solid limestone.—The light of our candles discovered that it extended horizontally into the mountain, and its floor was covered with an unruffled expanse of water, four feet deep. The entrance of this passage was perfectly similar in form to the mouth of a common oven, only it was much larger. Its breadth, by my estimation, was about five feet at the water's surface, and its height four or five feet, reckoning from the same place.

On this unexpected, and to me at that moment, *incomprehensible* canal, we found launched a large, clean and convenient boat.

We embarked, and pulled ourselves along, by taking hold of wooden pegs, fixed for that purpose in the walls. Our progress was through a passage wholly artificial, it having been all blasted and hewn out of the solid rock. You will readily believe that this adventure was a delightful recreation. I never felt more forcibly the power of

contrast. Instead of crawling through a narrow dirty passage, we were now pleasantly embarked, and were pushing along into I knew not what solitary regions of this rude earth, over an expanse as serene as summer seas.—We had not the odours nor the silken sails of Cleopatra's barge, but we excelled her in melody of sound, and distinctness of echo; for, when, in the gaiety of my spirits, I began to sing, the boatman soon gave me to understand that no one should sing in his mountain, without his permission; and before I had uttered three notes, he broke forth in such a strain, that I was contented to listen, and yield the palm without a contest. His voice, which was strong, clear and melodious, made all those silent regions ring;—the long vaulted passage augmented the effect;—echo answered with great distinctness, and had the genii of the mountain been there, they would doubtless have taken passage with us, and hearkened to the song. In the mean time we began to hear the sound of a distant water fall, which grew louder and louder, as we advanced under the mountain, till it increased to such a roaring noise that the boatman could no longer be heard. In this manner we went on, a quarter of a mile, till we arrived in a vast cavern formed there by nature. The miners, as they were blasting the rocks, at the time when they were forming the vaulted passage, accidentally opened their way into this cavern. Here I discovered how the canal was supplied with water;—I found that it communicated with a river, running through the cavern at right angles with the arched passage, and falling down a precipice twenty-five feet into a dark abyss.

After crossing the river, the arched way is continued a quarter of a mile farther, on the other side, making in the

whole half a mile from the entrance. The end of the arch is six hundred feet below the summit of the mountain.—When it is considered that all this was effected by mere dint of hewing, and blasting, it must be pronounced a stupendous performance. It took eleven years of constant labour to effect it. In the mean time the fortune of the adventurer was consumed, without any discovery of ore, except a very little lead, and, to this day, this great work remains only a wonderful monument of human labour and perseverance.

During the whole period of five years that they continued this work, after they crossed the cavern, they threw the rubbish into the abyss, and it has not sensibly filled it up.

They have contrived to increase the effect of the cataract by fixing a gate along the ledge of rocks over which the river falls. This gate is raised by a lever, and then the whole mass of water in the vaulted passage, as well as that in the river, presses forward towards the cataract. I ascended a ladder made by pieces of timber fixed in the sides of the cavern, and with the aid of a candle elevated on a pole, I could discover no top; my guide assured me that none had been found although they had ascended very high. This cavern is, without exception, the most grand and solemn place that I have ever seen. When you view me as in the centre of a mountain, in the midst of a void, where the regularity of the walls looks like some vast rotunda; when you think of a river as flowing across the bottom of this cavern, and falling abruptly into a profound abyss, with the stunning noise of a cataract; when you imagine, that by the light of a fire work of gun-powder played off on purpose to render this darkness visible, the foam of the cataract is illuminated even down to the sur-

face of the water in the abyss, and the rays emitted by the livid blaze of this preparation, are reflected along the dripping walls of the cavern, till they are lost in the darker regions above, you will not wonder that such a scene should seize on my whole soul, and fill me with awe and astonishment, causing me to exclaim, as I involuntarily did—*marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!*

After ascending from the navigation mine, I attempted to go up the front of one of the mountains, with the double purpose of obtaining a view of the valley from an elevated point, and of reaching the ancient castle. But, my labour proved fruitless; the mountain, which from the valley seemed not difficult to ascend, proved to be exceedingly steep. I toiled on, two thirds of the way up, still finding it steeper and steeper, and still resolved not to relinquish my purpose; in the mean time it grew dark, with the decay of twilight, and I was suddenly enveloped in mist and rain; the steep side of the mountain became very slippery; I fell frequently, and, at length, a deep and abrupt chasm torn by the floods, completely arrested my progress, and compelled me to make the best of my way down, which I did with no small difficulty. In the midst of darkness and rain, I reached the Castle-Inn, completely drenched, and exhausted with fatigue.

May 16.—THE SPAR MINE was the only curiosity of the valley of Castleton which remained to be explored. I rose with muscles somewhat rigid from the fatigue of yesterday, and immediately repaired to the mouth of the mine. It derives its name from its being the place where they obtain the beautiful minerals, known to mineralogists by the appellation of fluor spar, and to the Derbyshire miners by that of blue John. The mine is situated near the Win-

netts. It was first opened for lead, but, being found to afford very little besides the fluor spar, was neglected, till this substance, by the discovery of a new art, acquired a value which it had never possessed before. During the last forty years the mine has therefore been wrought for the fluor spar alone, since ingenuity has contrived, by the assistance of the lathe, to convert this very brittle mineral into candlesticks, pillars, pyramids, artificial grottos, urns, vases, and other ornamental and useful productions, which now form some of the most splendid and exquisitely beautiful decorations of the halls of nobility, and of the palaces of kings.

The mouth of the mine is situated in the side of a high hill, and is closed with a door furnished with a lock. This door I found shut, and was not able to obtain admittance till two o'clock in the afternoon, owing to a misunderstanding as to the hour, between me and my guide. The intervening time was spent in making up for the defeat of last night, by clambering the mountains, and taking views of this interesting valley from several points. On the heights I found a gentleman and lady, who, like me, had come to see the curiosities of the place. People who are on the same adventure easily become acquainted; I found them very affable and polite; we were familiar at once, and formed a little party up Mam Tor. We found the ascent steep and laborious, nor had we quite reached the summit, when I descried the people coming up out of the door of the spar mine, which they had closed, and locked after them, when they descended to work in the morning. While I hastened down, and secured the guides, the gentleman and lady followed more deliberately, but when they arrived, and saw the mouth of this gloomy *Acheron*, the

lady's heart failed her; the husband, as might be supposed, would not leave his wife alone, and I proceeded without them. Having lighted our candles, we descended more than an hundred wooden steps, under a vault of stone; we then proceeded through passages generally narrow and low, and rendered muddy by the constant oozing of water from the roof and walls, but occasionally, they were wide and lofty, presenting numerous caverns of various shapes and dimensions, where rocks and cliffs projected and hung in every grotesque and threatening form.

We descended perpendicularly into a deep pit, where they were at that time mining for the spar; we made our way down by stepping on pieces of wood, fixed in the crevices, and on such projections of the rocks as came in our way. At the bottom of this pit, there were several veins of the fluor spar, and I dug some of it up with the pick axe. These veins were visible also in several other parts of the mine; they are imbedded in lime stone, which contains numerous petrifactions of shell fish, and animals of various species.

Near the bottom of the mine, we entered a lofty cavern, where the calcareous incrustations on the rocks, and the numerous crystals and stalactites, exhibited a splendid reflection of light from our candles.

We next crawled through an aperture so narrow that I was obliged to lie almost down, resting my weight on the points of my elbows, and thus making my way, inch by inch, feet first, through the mud. But, I did not regret the attempt, for we found ourselves in a beautiful cave, ornamented like the one which I have already described, but, presenting stalactites larger, more numerous,

and more perfect, than I had seen before. In one place they had extended from the roof to a horizontal projection in the rock, and formed an assemblage very much resembling the pipes of an organ, hence this place is called *the organ.*

Nothing can be of a purer or more dazzling white, than were some of these stalactites and incrustations. The miners think they are produced by a petrifaction of the water, and hence they call them *watericle*, from an evident and natural allusion to icicles. The process of their formation is precisely that of the production of icicles and incrustations of ice on the sides of mountains, except that the latter arise from an actual congealing of the water by cold; the former from a gradual deposition of the lime which water, under certain circumstances, had the power to dissolve. As it filters through the rocks, the lime is gradually deposited in a crystalline form, and generates stalactites if it fall perpendicularly, or incrustations when it runs down an inclined plain, or adheres to a perpendicular one.*

My guides pointed out the mouth of a cavern into

* Lime stone is not soluble in pure water, but when the water is impregnated with carbonic acid, (fixed air) it dissolves the lime stone with sufficient ease. When water, thus charged, oozes through the roofs of caverns, the carbonic acid, being a gaseous acid, evaporates, and the earthy matter which it held in solution is thus deposited in the various grotesque forms which are common in the caverns in lime stone countries. The western and south western states abound in fine examples of this sort, and some of them have been explored for miles. Wier's cave in Virginia is one of the most celebrated. Its stalactites are as large and beautiful as those of Derbyshire, and the cavern is more extensive.

which they throw all their rubbish; they said they had traced it up more than a mile without finding its termination.

I had now surveyed all the subterranean wonders of the Peak, and reached in safety the surface of the ground.

On returning, I found at the inn my late companions, who had relented at the mouth of the mine. They seemed to have taken a strong interest in my adventure, and to feel some regret, and a little mortification, that they had so readily relinquished the undertaking.

A little after five I proceeded for Buxton. Ascending the Winnetts, I observed a heavy cart, deeply laden, descending the hill. The driver had taken off three of his horses, which are usually harnessed here, as in Pennsylvania, in a single row, and not abreast, and had fastened them in the same order behind the cart. The animals, it seems, are trained to know, that in this situation they must hang back, with all their power, and thus relieve the horse in the fills, from a weight which it would be impossible for him to sustain.

GEOLOGICAL REMARKS ON THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

Although most of the topics of this Journal are rather popular, than professional, I do not hold myself bound entirely to abstain from scientific digressions, provided they are on subjects in their nature interesting and important, and are not unreasonably extended. In any event you can omit reading them if you choose.

Most persons, believing that the globe was created by the fiat of the Almighty, (a position which none but an atheist will question,) content themselves with the admission of this general truth, and do not even dream that in

this rude earth, seemingly made up of mere brute materials, fortuitously assembled, and presenting only an emblem of chaos, there is a real though concealed order of arrangement;—a structure according to fixed laws,—a natural association of particular mineral substances and strata,—and in short, abundant displays of the same wisdom, power and goodness, which are so apparent in the two other kingdoms of nature. The study of these facts constitutes the object of modern geology, a science of very recent origin: in short, it is the natural history of the globe, and as such, it is a branch of study, rich in interesting facts, and abundantly applicable to human wants.

We must not confound it with those speculations, often distinguished for boldness and brilliancy, and arrayed in the charms of a splendid and fascinating eloquence, which some theorists have clothed with the name of geology. It could no longer be asserted, without the hazard of incurring extreme ridicule, even among those who are not anxious to reconcile nature and revelation, that the earth and the other planets were struck off from the sun by the tail of a comet; that they acquired their globular form by motion; and, after cooling through ages, became fitted for the habitations of living beings.* It would be easy to fill a volume with the dreams of philosophy on this subject; but with dreams we have at present no concern; we will confine ourselves to facts. Even facts, however, without theory, have so multiplied upon us, that the whole extent of this Journal would be inadequate to a full statement of them.

We will at present advert to no more than are necessary to render the Peak of Derbyshire intelligible.

* Buffon in his Natural History.

The greater part of our globe is made up of rocks. Those rocks which seem to form as it were, the nucleus of the globe, which lie beneath all the others, and therefore form their basis, and which occasionally push through all the others, and form the highest peaks and ridges; which frequently present strata almost perpendicular, and occasionally quite so, and which, if not seen on the surface, there is every reason to believe always exist below: the rocks of this description are composed mainly of crystalized materials, and never contain any organized remains; no impressions of leaves, fish, shells, or in short, any remnants of living beings, and, in general no fragments of other rocks.

To this class of rocks the name of *primitive* has been applied.

Immediately superincumbent upon this basis, we find another description of rocks, which are often highly crystaline in their composition, but are usually more or less, and sometimes very much, mixed with fragments and portions, which have been mechanically broken from other rocks, and more or less worn by attrition. In their position, they are neither flat nor vertical; they occupy an intermediate position; they rarely form an angle with the horizon of less than *30°, or more than 45° or 50°; they are occasionally filled, more or less, with impressions and remains of plants and animals; usually, however, of extinct races and species, such as are not now to be found living, or, if the animals are in any instance such as we now find, they are of the humblest orders of existence, evidently possessed the prerogatives of life in the lowest

* In some instances this angle is as small as 10°.

degree, and were generally incapable of locomotion.—This class of rocks has been called the *transition* class.

It is not always present in every country, but when it is, its position will be found to be such as has been described.*

The upper rocks of the globe, those which repose upon one or the other of the preceding class s are, in their composition, much less crystaline; earthy materials and fragments prevail much more in them, and frequently they are almost entirely composed of these: in their position they are nearly or quite horizontal, in general do not rise into peaks and ridges, but form the lower and flat portions of the surface. They often abound, to an astonishing degree, with the remains of animals; seeming as if they were one vast cemetery of the beings of former periods. In the more superficial and more loosely coherent of these strata, we frequently find just such animals as are now living—shells and fish, and even plants of known genera, and in some instances even of known species. These rocks are called *secondary*.

There is a fourth class of much less importance, composed evidently of the mere fragments of the preceding classes, sometimes very coarse, at other times finely divided, and either coherent or loose in different cases.

Their position is of course flat; they have no appearances of crystalization; they frequently contain animal and vegetable remains; sometimes entire trees; quadrupeds, and the largest animals, such as elephants, mammoths, &c.

* That is, they are never *under* the transition and primitive, and when they appear at all are at the top, but in many extensive districts primitive or secondary rocks are at the surface.

This class of rocks is called *alluvial*, and all our soils belong to it.

There is another and a still more limited class of rocks, which have been formed by volcanic fire and by eruptions of volcanoes; they, however, are usually local and partial in their extent.

Now the object of all these remarks is to ascertain to which class the rocks of the Peak of Derbyshire belong.

They are evidently, not primitive, for the whole Peak presents fine examples of those strata of lime stone, which have been obviously formed since the creation of animals, for in the rocks on the surface, in the stone fences, in the materials of the houses, and in the depths of the caverns and mines, (in some instances a mile from day light,) we find vast assemblages of animals entombed in lime stone, and lifeless and solid as the rock which contains them.

It is true that small animals, such as toads and frogs, have been occasionally found alive in solid masses of earth or stone, but examples of this kind have been extremely rare, and indeed they do not come under the case to which we are now adverting. For, such animals have not undergone any change in the constitution of their bodies; they have not been mineralized, and therefore do not partake at all of the nature of the matter which surrounds them, and however difficult it may be to account for it, they have on exposure to the air usually revived and lived a short time.

But, the animal remains which are found at the Peak, are completely *mineralized;* they are converted into lime stone, although still retaining their organized form. They must have been wonderfully numerous, for these rocks are filled with them, for miles. The animals must evidently

have existed before the formation of these mountains, and the materials of the mountains must have been either in a previous state of solution, or of mechanical suspension in some fluid, otherwise they would not have been at liberty to concrete around the organized bodies, in such a manner as to enclose them on all sides, and to receive their impressions exactly. The animal remains at the Peak are often encrinites and entrocites; the lime stone although not highly crystaline, is very considerably so, and it is probable that it belongs to the very highest of the secondary, or perhaps more properly to the transition class, and, to this class I believe the British Geologists are inclined to refer it.

The submersion of the globe beneath an incumbent ocean, is proved most abundantly by the records which it contains within itself. In sacred writ this submersion is distinctly stated to have occurred twice; first at the primeval period of chaos, when the earth was "without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," and secondly at the deluge of Noah. The structure of the earth is clearly reconcileable to these two great events, and were this the proper time and place, it could be satisfactorily evinced, that the more geology is investigated, the more it confirms the truth of the Mosaic history.

THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL,

reckoned among the curiosities of Derbyshire, lay near the road, and I stopped, half an hour, to see it. When I first alighted, it was boiling violently with much noise; within one minute it began to subside, and, at the end of twelve minutes, it had fallen four or five inches, and was perfectly quiet, with a smooth surface.

At this moment, a gentleman on horseback, with a servant, was riding by, and, checking his horse, looked at me with an air of curiosity, and inquired whether this was the famous tide's-well? I answered, that I believed it to be so. He dismounted and came to me, and, in the course of three minutes, the water began again to boil, and rise, and very soon regained the same height, and all the violence of motion which I had at first observed. When we left it, the water was again subsiding. The phenomena of this well are most remarkable in damp and rainy weather, such as had prevailed for a day or two.

I had the pleasure of this gentleman's company about six miles, in which distance we passed through the stone village of Chapel on Frith. The country on this road was much pleasanter than that by which I went to Castleton.

Soon after passing this village we came to a hill, where there were lime pits on the summit, and a canal leading to Manchester at the bottom. The lime goes to this town to market, and the coal, which is necessary for burning it into quick lime, is brought to the foot of the hill on the canal. To effect the exchange they had a very ingenious contrivance. There was a double road from the lime pits on the top, to the canal at the bottom of the hill. By means of ropes, fastened to machinery at the summit, one row of carts, loaded with quick lime, was made to descend, and, at the same time, to draw up another row of carts, moving in a way parallel to the first, and loaded with coal. The coal is discharged at the top of the hill, and the lime at the bottom, and then the coal cart takes a load of lime, and the lime cart a load of coal. The former being made the heavier, now descends, and the latter rises, and thus they move up and down the hill, perform-

ing an important service without any other aid than the power of gravity.

My companion proved to be a pleasant man, and contributed not a little to the pleasure of my ride. He discovered a strong disposition to know something of my history, and I was disposed to gratify a kind of curiosity which I found was not peculiar to New-England. Nor had I any reason to regret that I had not adhered to that cautious reserve, which is more safe than amiable, and which, although it may sometimes secure one from imposition, may also prevent him from forming those transient intimacies which contribute not a little to the enjoyment and instruction of a traveller. I frankly gave my companion all the information which he appeared to desire, and in return he gave me his name and residence, and invited me to share the hospitality of his house in Nottinghamshire, when I should visit those parts.

He seemed much astonished that an American should take so much pains to visit curiosities, which he had passed by, for more than thirty years, without once looking at them, and now wisely determined that he would go and see them.

He was a warm friend to the American revolution, and a great admirer of Washington.*

Our roads soon parted, we shook hands, and I reached Buxton soon after nine o'clock at night.

* This gentleman admired Mr. Jefferson also, and considered his last speech in particular as an admirable thing. I have frequently heard this speech highly extolled since I came to England. It seems to be the general impression here that Mr. Jefferson has conducted with magnanimity and impartiality in his treatment of foreign nations, and the English are charmed with the idea of a state of things where "tax gatherers" are so rarely seen.

No. VIII.—BUXTON TO LEICESTER.

Buxton—Situation—Climate—Its mineral waters—Ride to Ashburn—Singular hills—Sudden contrast—Leicestershire—Great beauty of the country—Curiosity—Leicester—Bosworth fields—Richard III.—Singular use made of his coffin.

BUXTON.

May 17.—Buxton is a neat village, situated in the valley, in the edge of Derbyshire. It is surrounded by lofty hills and mountains, in some of which are numerous lime pits. It was a Roman station, and its celebrated warm springs are believed to have been known to the Romans. It was one of the residences of Mary, queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment in England.

The country in which Buxton lies is dreary and barren, except the valleys, which are verdant and beautiful, and generally have a stream of water running through them. The climate here is rainy and tempestuous, yet Buxton is much resorted to for health by invalids, and still more for amusement by the nobility and gentry, many of whom spend the summer at this and other watering places.

For their accommodation, the Duke of Devonshire has erected a magnificent crescent of stone. It is a very extensive range of houses and shops, with a grand colonnade and piazza extending along the front, so as to form but one whole, which strikes the eye of a traveller very forcibly, when descending from the neighbouring hills. In the crescent is every accommodation which real suffering can need, or the caprice of idleness, health, and affluence de-

mand. There is also a vast appendage of stables, which forms another crescent scarcely less magnificent than the first.

The water hardly deserves to be ranked among mineral springs, because its impregnation is extremely weak. A gallon of it does not contain more than fifteen grains of saline matter, most of which is common lime stone; there is also a small proportion of plaster of paris, and a still smaller of marine salt. It contains no gaseous matter, except one part in sixty-four of azot. Its solid contents are therefore such as are commonly found in spring water, and I could not perceive any thing peculiar in its taste. Yet this water is used with great benefit by invalids, especially by rheumatic, dyspeptic, and nephritic patients, and it is probable that its efficacy is derived principally from the temperature, at least in cases of external application; for the water is invariably at the temperature of 81° or 82°, and as there is a copious supply, fine baths may be constantly had at Buxton. They are both private and public; some of the latter are magnificent, and sufficiently large to swim in. The Buxton waters can hardly be denominated hot; they are rather tepid.

Dr. Saunders (Treatise on mineral waters, p. 141,) remarks: "As the temperature of 82° is several degrees below that of the human body, there is a slight shock of cold felt on the first immersion into this bath, but this is almost immediately succeeded by a highly soothing and pleasurable glow over the whole body, which persons often express to be, as if the skin was anointed with warm cream, and is entirely the effect of temperature combined with that of simple moisture."

He informs us also that the term Buxton Bath, has now become generic, being used as a general expression for tepid baths.

At nine o'clock in the morning, I resumed my seat in the stage, and proceeded to Ashborn, where our party dined. Our route, for the first twelve miles, lay through a country as dreary and barren as I have ever beheld.—Bleak sterile hills, destitute of verdure, and, excepting a few recent plantations, without a tree or a shrub, attended us continually. Many of these hills were lofty, and might properly be denominated mountains. They were extensively covered with a dark brown furze, which gave them an appearance as desolate as if they had been swept by the blasts of a polar winter, and arid as though they had been scorched by the lightning of heaven. But just before we reached Ashborn, the scene was completely reversed. As we descended into the charming vale, through which flows the river Dove, on whose banks Ashborn stands, we were gratified with an exhibition of extensive meadows, and all the beauty, which clear streams, green grass, and exuberant foliage, could bestow.

The same scenery continued to Derby, which is thirty-three miles from Buxton. The town was full of soldiers, and not a bed could be procured at the public-houses. I was therefore compelled to abandon the design which I had entertained of remaining there a day or two, and immediately proceeded in the stage for Leicester.

Derby is a handsome, although ancient town, containing about ten thousand inhabitants. It is celebrated for its extensive silk mills.

The Scotch rebels in 1745 made no farther progress south than this place. The celebrated Dr. Darwin resided here.

Our route to Leicester was through a most enchanting country. The distance from Derby is twenty-eight miles, and the scenery in every part of the way was beautiful in the extreme. The surface was generally level, adorned with frequent groves, neat hedge rows, and verdure so deep and rich, that it resembled rather green velvet than grass. The fruit trees were in many instances in blossom, and gave an air of gaiety to the villages and towns through which we passed. Among the chief of these were Loughborough and Mount Sorrel.

Leicestershire is a county of great agricultural wealth, and celebrated for an excellent breed of sheep; they are not of the largest species, but very fat, with abundant fleeces of fine wool.

LEICESTER.

May 18.—I rose at 6 o'clock this morning, and having some little time to spare, before the setting out of the coach, I employed a part of it in walking around the streets of Leicester. I cannot, however, pretend, from such very limited observations, to give an account of the town. Most of those streets through which I passed, were narrow, but there was a tolerable number of good buildings. I regret that I had not time to see the remains of an ancient and very extensive castle, formerly belonging to the great Duke of Lancaster, and it would have given me still greater pleasure to have visited Bosworth Fields, near this town, where you will remember that Henry VII. then Earl of Richmond, gained the crown of England,

and Richard III. lost it with his life. There are few events in English history, which excite a more general interest; the stake was a kingdom,—the characters of the combatants were splendid,—and that of Richard, especially, was surrounded with a kind of atrocious and sanguinary greatness. Besides, the genius of Shakespeare has added a fascination to the subject, which makes us imagine that we listen to the groans which disturbed the slumbers of the royal murderer, on the night before the fatal contest, and causes us to hear him exclaim, amidst the din of battle,—my kingdom for a horse! After one has been delighted with a fine historical drama, or poem, he is always prone to conceive of the facts as the poet, and not as the historian has related them. Who has not substituted the paradise which Milton has painted, instead of the strong but incomplete sketch of the scriptures; and who does not conceive of Richard as Shakespeare and not as Hume has drawn him?

Leicester contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants: it sends two members to Parliament, and is the capital of Leicestershire. Cardinal Wolsey died here, and here Richard III. was buried. At the beginning of the last century his coffin was converted into a trough for horses to drink out of, and was actually used for that purpose at a public-house in this town.

No. IX.—LEICESTER TO BIRMINGHAM.

Ride to Coventry—Ladies and band-boxes—Coventry election—Crowd—Confusion—uproar—Drunkenness—Ludicrous scene—Violence of English elections—Stage coach conversations.

RIDE TO COVENTRY.

At 7 o'clock, A. M. I stepped into the coach for Birmingham. It was a small vehicle, capable of carrying four passengers inside with convenience, and six with difficulty. Although I had a priority of claim, I found five ladies already seated in the coach, and some of them were such beauties as Addison says are estimated at Haarlem by weight. Four of them carried huge band-boxes in their laps, and the fifth an infant. In so small a carriage, and under such circumstances, you cannot but suppose that an additional one must have occasioned some inconvenience. I was obliged to sit sidewise, with one arm out of the coach, and I found my companions so little disposed for conversation, and the situation so uncomfortable, that, before we had travelled a mile, I relinquished my seat in favour of the ladies, and mounted the roof of the coach.

Three or four miles from Leicester we passed Bosworth Fields at some distance; the coachman pointed them out to me. We passed through Nuneaton, a considerable town, and as we approached Coventry, the country became luxuriantly beautiful. We saw frequent coal mines, and while they changed horses we looked at the mouth of one. The access was down a pit, precisely like a well, only much wider; through this opening the

coal is drawn up by means of machinery, and the people and implements are let down.

COVENTRY ELECTION.

When we arrived at Coventry, we found the street leading to the inn where we were to dine, so obstructed by crowds of people, that we were compelled to stop the coach at a considerable distance from the house, and to make our way as well as we could, with no small inconvenience, and some hazard of being pressed more than was perfectly agreeable. The greatest crowd was immediately before our door, and we learned that it was occasioned by a contested election, at that moment held, for a member of Parliament for Coventry. I had heard much of English elections, and thought myself very fortunate in having an opportunity to see the bustle of such an occasion. But I am quite satisfied with one exhibition of the kind, nor do I wish ever to behold another. For, never before did I witness such a scene of drunkenness, uproar and riot. The genius of M'Fingal or of Hudibras alone could convey to you an adequate idea of a state of things, in which was most forcibly exhibited the majesty of the sovereign people exercising the right of *unbiassed* suffrage.

The candidates were a Mr. Mills of Coventry and a Mr. Parry of London. The friends of Mr. Parry alledged that Mr. Mills was a friend to the rich;—that he was in favour of enclosing the common land, which would injure the poor; and in short, that he was an aristocrat, and did not care for the people. In favour of Mr. Parry they said that *he* was the people's *friend*.

It seems that the voters at English elections do not necessarily reside on the spot; many live in remote towns, and

when the period of the election arrives they are transported to the place by the candidates whose cause they espouse, and are maintained by them free of expense during the contest, which frequently lasts two or three weeks. It is stated, in extenuation of this practice, that some of the electors, and especially mechanics and labourers, cannot afford to leave their homes and pursuits, to travel to a distant county, and remain at their own charge during a contested election, and that therefore it is but reasonable that the candidates should sustain this expense. However plausible this statement may appear, it is certain that it is only an apology for an indirect species of bribery, not less effectual than the direct giving of money. For, under the pretence of maintaining their voters, the candidates buy them with wine, whiskey and dinners, for he is always the best patriot who gives the people the most good things.

In this instance the adherents of the two rival candidates were distinguished by papers on their hats, having the names of the men whom they supported written upon them. The poll was held in a building, which appeared to be the market, and the respective parties were striving each to prevent the other from getting up to the poll to give in their votes. For this purpose they did not hesitate to use every degree of violence short of blows. The contest was principally in pushing; the two contending parties were arrayed in opposition, like two armies, and when they came up to the poll, the two fronts met, and in every instance a violent contest ensued; hands to hands, face to face, shoulder to shoulder, and when one party gave way, the other would press tumultuously on, till all fell in a promiscuous heap. Then the victorious party, rising from off their fallen antagonists, would shout, vociferating huz-

zas, throwing their hats into the air, and making it ring with Mills! Mills! or Parry! Parry! according as one or the other prevailed. In these contests, which appeared to be, in the main, rather good natured, individuals occasionally kindled into rage, and bloody noses, and torn coats and shirts were usually the consequence. I saw one man who had lost his coat and half his shirt, and his bleeding back and face were marked with the talons of some rival voter. Although it was a lamentable picture of human nature, one could not but consider it as a well acted farce, and notwithstanding the regret which one educated a republican would feel at the gross abuse of the highest republican privilege, it was impossible to help laughing at so ludicrous scene. The mob were all monarchs, for they were "all noisy and all drunk." The alternate victors, in the intervals of the contests, sung a kind of chorus, with loud acclamations, frantic gestures, and convulsive expressions of joy in their features. The bottle went merrily round, over the heads of the populace, and it was amusing enough to see the address used to get it to the mouth.—The crowd was so great, and such the eagerness to seize the bottle, that it was constantly held up, at arm's length, above the head, and thus it moved on in the air, one man wresting it from another, and sometimes half a dozen hands had hold of it at once. At length some one more resolute than his neighbours, or less drunk than they, would grasp the bottle, and when, with much effort, it had acquired a determinate direction towards a particular throat, so great was the justling and shoving, that the wide mouthed expectant would sometimes make several unsuccessful attempts to close his lips upon the nozzle, and

in the mean time, the liquor would be running in streams into his face and bosom.

Even the softer sex seem to be inspired with the madness of the occasion. They were to be seen standing on heads of barrels, on the street-railings, and wherever else they could find situations a little more elevated and secure than the ground; and occasionally they mixed with the crowd, joined in the strife and acclamations, and encouraged their husbands, brothers, and lovers by reproaches and praises, frowns and applauses, according as the parties whose cause they favoured were victorious or defeated.

The parties were very nearly equal in numbers, the contest had already continued several days, and it was thought it would cost Mr. Parry £20,000. He was present and was pointed out to me, standing among the crowd. I know not whether this election is to be regarded as a fair sample of similar things in England, but I recollect to have heard a gentleman say, at Liverpool, that these contests sometimes end in blood; that he had seen them, on some occasions, unpave a whole street, when every window and lamp would fly to pieces. Such violence of course endangers life, and if no fatal consequences ensue, it is not because they might not have been expected.

They informed me at Coventry that Mr. Parry was supported by a powerful money interest, and might therefore prevail, but that Mr. Mills was universally preferred by the more considerate and substantial part of the community.*

At 3 o'clock we proceeded through a country less fertile than that which we had passed in the morning; the village

* I understood, after my arrival in London, that Mr. Mills gained the election.

of Meriden came in our way, but no town of any importance occurred before we reached Birmingham, which we did at half past 5 o'clock, P. M.

STAGE COACH CONVERSATIONS.

A stage coach is a place where all are, for the time being, equal, and therefore every one feels at liberty to indulge his own particular humour, since the laws of this mode of travelling impose no other restraints than those of general civility. My short experience thus far, exhibits English manners as being in this respect very similar to those of our country. The English stage coach is however much better adapted to conversation than the inconvenient vehicles in which we travel. In the former the passengers always sit, facing at least a part of their companions. In the long coach, the door is behind, and two seats, one on each side, extend along the whole length of the coach, so that the company is divided into two parties which look each other in the face. In the other coaches there are, more generally, two seats arranged like those of a private coach and intended to accommodate six persons. Occasionally there is an intermediate seat. As we were riding, not far from Loughborough, I believe, and passing by a country seat, a gentleman in the stage, remarked to me; "There sir, is the seat of Lord Petersham, who was dispatched by Gen. Burgoyne to carry home the news that *you rebels* would not permit him to conquer your country." The gentleman was correct.—Lord Petersham was actually sent on this service, and although the remark was made with an assumed air of pleasantry, it was obviously uttered with something very much like chagrin. Indeed, this gentleman, a man of a liberal pro-

fession, that of the law, discovered, during the day, no small disposition to sneer at America. Numerous enquiries were made on the part of my companions, who appeared not less solicitous to be informed concerning my country than I was concerning theirs. An intelligent and modest quaker, discovered much curiosity on the subject of American manners and institutions, which led me to explain them to him at some length, and he seemed delighted that a transatlantic country should so much resemble England; he appeared never to have formed any very correct ideas of the state of society in America, having doubtless concluded, with too many of his countrymen, that as we are young, we must be ignorant, and, as we are a great way from England, we must be barbarous. In this worthy man, I found however much candour, which made him treat me with kindness and confidence, while his own intelligence enabled him to impart, valuable information concerning the country through which we were passing. He was a citizen of Manchester, and we found that we had both been present at Mr. Dalton's lecture, on Monday evening, a circumstance which excited some little interest, and afforded conversation. The gentleman of the law listened to me with an air of incredulity and contemptuous irony, which was manifested by occasional remarks, inuendoes and questions. Particularly, he enquired what was the general price of good land in America rented for twenty one years, and I replied that rents were scarcely known in my country, and therefore it was not easy to answer his question, since most of those who cultivated the soil owned it *in fee simple*, for which reason the subordinate estates which were so common in England, such as life estates, and estates for terms of years and at will, rare-

ly existed with us. The people were in general too independent to be under the necessity of holding land on those terms. This information he appeared to consider as at once incredible, and a reflection on England. At dinner, the conversation was continued with the same unpolite manner, till I checked it by remarking to him in answer to one of his questions, that I thought it quite useless to attempt to impart any information to him concerning America, especially if the latter country were represented as in any respect equal to England, and much more, if superior, for, in such case the narration was considered as of course incredible, and nothing less than an eulogium on the one country, and a satire on the other, would answer the purpose. For the time the conversation was interrupted by that unpleasant silence which usually succeeds the first indications of offence, till wine again relaxed our features into a smile, and smoothed over the asperities of the moment. In the progress of the afternoon however this gentleman resumed his former strain, but feeling no disposition to indulge it, I asked him whether he was not astonished to see an American, actually walking erect, like Englishmen, and whether he was not surprised that my hands and feet were not fledged or covered with hair, and my toes and fingers armed with talons or claws. I expected to offend him, but he assumed much more propriety of manners, and in the end behaved with delicacy and modesty.

After supper at Leicester, he sent a servant to invite me to his room; ordered a bowl of warm punch, and solicited me to partake; we became social; conversation flowed, and he owned that when I said I was not an Englishman, he was surprised, and when I answered no, to the

successive remarks: "if you are not an Englishman then you are a Scotchman; and, if not a Scotchman certainly an Irishman," his surprise was increased to astonishment, for it seemed never to have occurred to him that one born out of the British Isles could possibly be so much assimilated to a native in speech and deportment. Incredulity is often founded on ignorance, and no where is it manifested with more strength than in the blind preference given to one's own country, without a knowledge and proper estimation of the claims of other countries. In the lower orders of society, whom incessant labour precludes from information, we more naturally expect and more easily pardon a degree of ignorance and consequent prejudice which disgraces a gentleman, and especially a man of letters.

We were about to pursue different ways in the morning, and, on parting, my companion made me acquainted with his name and place of residence, which was in Lancashire, and invited me to visit him. He bore the name of a distinguished author,* (long since dead) and informed me that he was of the same family.

In the course of this day's ride, I was directly interrogated concerning my name and personal history. This kind of curiosity is probably common to every country, except in those places where much familiarity with strangers has produced an equal indifference to all. A man might live fifty years in a great city and no one would enquire who he was, but he could not reside three weeks in a village without being interrogated as to his private history, and criticised on every topic from his religion to his dress. Although this curiosity is in some measure

* One of the most celebrated of the English Essayists.

impertinent, it is really harmless, and ought to be treated with good nature and indulgence.

At Hinckley, a gentleman belonging to the medical department of the British army, took a seat with me on the roof, and I had the pleasure of his company to Birmingham. He has just returned from the West Indies, where he had been stationed seven years, and was now hurrying to Cork to join a secret expedition fitting out there.

The conversation naturally turned on the state of the British army. He represented the practice of purchasing commissions as very general, and thought it had a pernicious tendency, as raw and inexperienced youths, who have money and patronage, can, in this way, supercede veteran officers whose merit alone will not enable them to rise. The consequence must be disaffection and resentment on their part, while the army is thus badly officered, and the soldiers must disdain to be led to action by beardless boys. Perhaps the statements of my companion might have been exaggerated, but I remember to have seen a stripling who was not more than sixteen years old, in the military dress of a lieutenant, and belonging to the British army. He was very small and effeminate, and exhibited a striking instance of the mock heroic, as he paraded under an enormous cocked hat.

The medical gentleman contrasted the British army with the French, in which merit and services alone are the criterion of promotion, and he thought that the Duke of York was not competent to lead the nation in a crisis like the present, when the veteran legions of Bonaparte, commanded by the finest officers in the world, are, every moment, threatening the country with invasion. It was

his belief, that on the accession of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York must retire in favour of the Earl of Moira.

No. X.—BIRMINGHAM TO LONDON.

Birmingham—Watt and Bolton—Dr. Priestly—Ride to Oxford—Stratford on Avon—Caution in descending hills—Woodstock—Oxford—Costume of the academies—Grandeur and beauty of the town—Ride to London—Henley—Beauty of the country—A beggar—Approach to the metropolis—Equipages—Hounslow heath—Arrival in London.

BIRMINGHAM.

The environs of this town, which stands on a side hill, are very beautiful. As we approached, we discovered it to be a great city, apparently equal in extent to New-York or Philadelphia. Its population is about 73,000. The lower town, which is the old part, is crowded and dirty; it is filled with work-shops and ware-houses. Indeed, had we not known that we had arrived in a great manufacturing town the fact would have been sufficiently announced, by the disagreeable fumes and mixed effluvia which loaded the air as we drove into the thicket of houses, and by the fuliginous tinge which every thing had acquired. You will doubtless think it strange that I have seen almost nothing of the manufactures of Birmingham, celebrated as it is all over the world for its curious productions, especially those formed from the various metals. The highly characteristic designation of Mr. Burke is not

less trite than it is just, for Birmingham is not merely the toy-shop of Europe, it is almost the toy-shop of the world. It is needless to remind you that it is in this town that Watt and Bolton have, by means of the steam engine, given a facility and expedition to manufacturing industry, which was totally unknown before. I had however no hopes of seeing their establishment, as they deny admittance to all, without distinction. It is said that the Duke of Norfolk lately made a journey from London, on purpose to see these works, but was denied admittance. It was however my plan to have staid at Birmingham several days, but circumstances, which it is unnecessary to mention here, rendered it indispensable that I should proceed immediately to London. From personal observation, I know therefore nothing more of Birmingham than what could be learned in somewhat less than two hours, which were spent principally in walking about the streets. The higher part of the town contains many new streets, in which the buildings are regular and handsome. In the vicinity of the city, they pointed out to me the ruins of a country seat, destroyed by the mob which burnt Dr. Priestly's house. Such Vandalism is disgraceful to the age, and has left a serious stain on Birmingham.

After tea, finding a stage coach just setting out for Oxford, I took my seat in that, at seven o'clock in the evening.

The night was dark and inclement, but four of us rode very comfortably inside, while our fellow-travellers, on the roof, (among whom were several females,) were drenched by a cold rain. It was a subject of serious regret that I was compelled to go through any part of England in the dark. Of the country through which I thus

passed, without seeing it. I shall say little more than that we supped in the town of Stratford on Avon, memorable as having been the birth place of *Shakspeare*. They pointed out the cluster of houses, in one of which he was born. It was midnight when we arrived in the town: except at the inn, the inhabitants were all asleep, and therefore I could not visit Shakspeare's monument, which is still standing in the church.

We passed through many towns and villages, and over a country in some places very hilly. They took the wise precaution of chaining a wheel* at the top of every steep hill, a practice which is common in England, and which is rendered doubly necessary by the great weight of people and luggage which an English stage coach carries on its roof. I have been one of a party of eighteen, twelve of whom were on the top.

May 19.—The day had dawned when we drove into Woodstock, and, through the grey of the morning, we glanced at the magnificent palace of the great Duke of Marlborough, erected for him by the nation, to commemorate the most splendid of his victories, and distinguished by the triumphant appellation of *Blenheim Palace*.

We feel strongly the vanity of military glory, when we remember that this great man now lies as low as the thousands who died on the fields of Blenheim!

* One method of securing the wheel is this, an iron shoe, shaped like a trough, bent to suit the curve of the wheel, and just large enough to receive its rim, is attached to a chain, and this is made fast to the hind part of the frame work of the carriage. When it is desired to stop the motion of a wheel, this iron is simply dropped on the ground behind the wheel; the motion soon drags the iron shoe under the wheel, and the latter rides in it without subjecting the wheel to injury.

Napoleon, in his turn, will follow those whom he slew at Marengo and Lodi, and his course, like the path of a meteor, luminous for a while, will fade on the eye, and ultimately be obscured by the oblivion of ages.

Oxford is sixty-three miles from Birmingham. We arrived in the former town a little after four o'clock in the morning, and I found a comfortable bed at the Angel inn.

OXFORD.

The same causes which prevented me from remaining some time at Birmingham, will render my stay in Oxford so short, that I shall disappoint the reasonable expectations which you will form of receiving information concerning it. I however regret the circumstance the less, because I have it in view to visit Oxford again, when I am more at leisure.*

The fatigue of travelling through the night prevented my rising in season for the morning service; but, in the afternoon, I went to the church of St. Mary, an ancient Gothic structure, belonging to Queen's College.

The officers and students of this college attended, and we had the best sermon which I have heard in England. I suppose the gentleman who delivered it was the Professor of Theology. His discourse was, in sentiment, correct, and in style manly, perspicuous, and elegant.

The officers and students all wear a loose black gown over their dress, which is like that of other gentlemen.—They wear a black velvet cap, fitting the head exactly, like the crown of the hat before the modern high hats came into fashion. This cap is destitute of a rim or bor-

* This purpose was frustrated by subsequent events.

der, of any kind, either for ornament or use, and thus the face and eyes are completely exposed to the weather.—On the very pinnacle of the cap is fixed a square board, covered also with black; it looks as a thin book would do, if laid on the crown of the head. From the middle of this, a tassel falls over on one side of the head. This is usually black, but, in the case of noblemen, it is of gold, and there are other variations in the singular costume which I have described, intended to designate academic as well as civil rank. The effect of the whole is somewhat ludicrous, at the same time that it is grave and even solemn. When the members of the university are out of Oxford, they throw of this garb, and appear like other men.

At the inn where I lodged, I accidentally met Mr. D———. We had been at Yale College together, some years ago, and neither of us, I believe, would have thought of our meeting at Oxford. We of course became associates; for it was an interesting discovery to find an old acquaintance where one supposed himself surrounded only by strangers, and we agreed to travel to London together.

Towards evening we made, in part, the circuit of Oxford and its environs, and viewed the exterior of most of the academic buildings, and the interior of some. The buildings are generally in the form of a hollow square; the included space forms a court which is commonly verdant and beautiful.

In one of the chapels we saw a curious production of art. It was the picture of a man, made by tracing the lines on a board with a hot poker. We were informed that one of the fellows, by amusing himself with burning a

board with this instrument, gradually passed to attempting rude delineations, and ultimately acquired so much skill, as to leave this monument of his singular taste behind him; it is by no means deficient in elegance and effect.

Oxford is a place of great grandeur and beauty. It is situated in the midst of a country whose verdure is very rich and luxuriant. It stands at the intersection of the Thames and Cherwell, and these rivers and the canals are bordered by gravel walks, and rows of ancient, lofty, and venerable trees; these are so numerous in the town, that the buildings are often overshadowed by them, and appear as if in a forest. The whole town has an unrivalled air of magnificence and dignity. No place ever impressed me with such feelings of admiration and awe, and I presume it is without a parallel in the world. Instead of the narrow and dirty lanes of trading towns, and the confused noise of commerce, there are spacious and quiet streets, with fine houses of stone, built in a very good taste. But what produces the principal effect is the great number of academic buildings, in a style of much grandeur, and rendered venerable by strong marks of antiquity. The effect is very much heightened by the frequent avenues of lofty forest-trees, and by the historical associations naturally connected with a university which claims *Alfred the Great* for its founder. The most considerable of the colleges here is that of Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey; and the most extensive and beautiful walk is in the rear of this.

Oxford contains nearly twelve thousand inhabitants. It was distinguished for its strong partiality to Charles I. who held his court here during the whole of the civil wars. It is built principally on two streets, which cross each oth-

er at right angles, and the high street is considered as one of the finest in Europe. It is terminated by a beautiful bridge. The circumference of Oxford is said to be three miles, and its form circular. My travelling book says that there are thirteen parish churches, but I did not see them all. The number of colleges and other similar institutions is twenty-five. They informed me that the number of students in the university was about one thousand two hundred, and that Christ Church college has more than any other. There is a fashion in these things, and the nobility and men of fortune are found principally at Christ Church.

May 20.—At seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. D———— and I proceeded on the roof of the coach for London. We passed through several inconsiderable places—Nunchani, Shillingford, Bensington, Nettlebed, and Bix, and stopped to change horses at Henley, a considerable town on the banks of the Thames. The country from Oxford to this place did not appear to be naturally very fertile, but it is highly cultivated, and presents much picturesque scenery of hills and dales, rivers and extensive tracts of wood. We were surprised at seeing so much wood in so old a country. It appeared however to be principally of modern planting. Beds of chalk were very common along the road; there is much flint imbedded in it, in fantastic nodules:—with the latter they repair the roads—it is broken into small pieces, for this purpose, and covered with gravel.

At Henley we crossed the Thames. The country is here extremely beautiful—the banks of the river were highly verdant;—a dense wood, belonging to a country seat of Lord Malmsbury, formed a fine green slope on the declivity of a hill, which rose gradually from the river, and

its shades were enlivened by the notes of the nightingale, and other birds of song, which we heard although we could not see them. Every thing around us was arrayed in the beauty of spring, and amidst the gaiety of flowers and verdure, it was easy to see that Thompson painted from nature in the first of his delightful poems on the seasons. As we slowly ascended the hill, a blind boy, led by a little girl with a string, played the violin by the side of the coach. It was a decent mode of asking charity, which he obtained more readily in this way, than he would have done by begging.

We travelled through a beautiful country, and passed the villages of Hurley, Maidenhead, Salthill, and Slough, leaving on our right the lofty turrets of Windsor Castle. From Slough onward, the crowd of post chaises, coaches and six, and splendid equippages of every description, indicated our approach to the capital. There was on this occasion, as we were informed, a more than ordinary crowd, because the Queen gave, that night, a splendid ball at Windsor, and the nobility and gentry were flocking to the royal presence. There is a carriage recently introduced into England called *the barouche;* it is a kind of elliptical coach, of which the top falls on springs like a calash, and leaves the inside entirely open for air and prospect. We saw ladies half reclining in such carriages, and reading elegant volumes, while the slow motion, over very smooth roads, seemed to interrupt them as little as the rattling of our stage coach or the cracking of the coachman's whip as we hurried by.

From Slough we went to Colnbrook, and thence over the dreary tract of Hounslow heath, a mere desert, of five miles extent, covered with black furze. It is almost desti-

tute of cultivation and of habitations;—only a few sheep are to be seen, here and there, grazing upon it, and, but for the constant travelling and the absence of trees, it might be taken for a part of an American wild. Yet the whole of it is within ten miles of the capital. We soon began to perceive a cloud of smoke hanging over London, and designating its situation. We arrived at Brentford, a large town, seven miles from London, and thence the houses formed almost a continued row, so that one might have supposed himself riding through a street of the city,

Hyde Park, with its extended fields, fine forest trees. and promiscuous assemblage of pedestrians, coaches and horsemen, soon came into view on our left;—we whirled rapidly by it, and, at Hyde Park corner, abruptly entered the Metropolis of the commercial world. We drove through Piccadilly, and were instantly involved in the noise and tumult of London. We were obliged to hold fast as we were driven furiously over rough pavements, while the clattering of the wheels, the sounding of the coachman's horn, and the sharp reverberations of his whip, had there been no other noises, would have drowned conversation, and left us to admire and wonder in silence, at the splendour of the English capital. I had long been anticipating the emotions which I should experience on entering London. But I was not a little disappointed at finding myself perfectly unmoved, and was disposed to conclude that one great city is very much like another, and does not suddenly impress a stranger with an idea of its magnitude, since only a small portion can be seen at once. We were driven through the Strand, Temple Bar, which is one of the ancient gates of the city, and Fleet-street. The coach stopped at the Bell Savage on Ludgate

Hill. The coachman, by a short turn, drove us, with astonishing swiftness, through a narrow opening, where the least deviation would have overturned the coach, and we were set down in a large back yard, full of coaches, horses, servants, and baggage.

No. XI.—LONDON.

The Bell Savage Inn—St. Paul's—Lodgings—Manner of living—Boarding-houses almost unknown—Expense and convenience of lodgings—London intricate—Eating houses—Letters—The monument of London—Opening of the new dock—Ceremonies on the occasion.

May 20.—To have arrived thus happily in London, after almost two months of travelling, by sea and land, was certainly a subject of joy and gratitude. It was five o'clock P. M. when we stepped down from the coach, and took lodgings for the night at the *Bell Savage*. This was a public-house a century ago, and gave occasion for the wit of Addison to investigate the derivation of its name. He informs us that it alludes to a French story of a very beautiful woman found in a wilderness, whence the romance, built upon this incident, is entitled *La Belle Sauvage*. This was probably at first the sign of the house, but the allusion has been so long forgotten that even the orthography is changed, and we find it no longer *La Belle Sauvage*, but the *Bell Savage*.

After dinner we went into St. Paul's Church, which was within a few rods of our lodgings. It is a sublime

building, and when I looked up through its stupendous dome, I saw an exhibition of architectural grandeur, which I had never witnessed before.

I shall now, my dear brother, cease for some months to be a traveller, and shall become a settled resident in London. Of this city of cities, you will not expect me to attempt any thing like a regular and full account. As volumes would not suffice for the purpose, it would be arrogance in me to suppose that a residence of a few months can qualify me for the task, even if entirely at leisure for observation. And when the daily calls of business, with engagements of ceremony and civility, are taken into the account, it will become me still more to be modest in drawing general conclusions concerning so vast a city as London. But it may perhaps be still in my power to impart some information which will be interesting to you, since one cannot well mistake concerning facts passing daily before him, and needing only the faithful use of his senses. During my residence in London, I shall therefore endeavour to give such notices of the objects which occur in my daily walks, as shall exhibit to you the most striking outlines of the picture, although it is probable that I shall rarely be able to add all the colouring and shades necessary to fill it up completely.

May 21.—Not being engaged in commercial business, I took lodgings near Cavendish Square, in a part of Westminster, which is at once airy, clean, and quiet. The recommendation of a friend in New-York, who had resided in the same house, gave me entire confidence in the people, and a letter of introduction from him, (for he had been a great favourite there) procured me all the kindness and sedulous attention which I could have wished.

The method in which men without families usually live in London is very different from that which prevails in our great towns. Here, boarding-houses are unknown, or, if known, are hardly reputable places of residence.—Single men therefore reside in lodgings, that is, they have furnished apartments in private houses, commonly a bed chamber and a parlour; sometimes they have a third room for a dressing chamber; but this is an unnecessary appendage. The apartments will cost from half a guinea to three or four guineas a week, according as they are more or less splendid, or are situated in a fashionable or obscure part of the town, and their location is a matter of no small importance to the reception of a stranger. The Londoners will not call on a man who resides in some dirty alley or dark court, for the impression is at once that he is not genteel. In general, lodgings sufficiently comfortable and respectable may be obtained from one to two guineas a week. In them it is expected that the tenant will take his breakfast and tea, which is procured for him by the servants of the house, at his own expense, over and above the rent of the rooms. The articles are purchased for him, and he pays the neat cost without any additional bill for the labour of preparing the food. He is expected to dine out, either at a coffee-house, or wherever business or engagements of civility may lead him. In some houses they will prepare an occasional dinner for you, when ill health or bad weather renders it inconvenient to go abroad, but this is regarded as an extra indulgence, which you cannot claim as a right. This method of living is much more comfortable than ours, and it secures to one the command of his own time, with all the retirement of domestic life.

Mr. D——— and I feeling impatient to get something like a general idea of the appearance of London, set out and walked at random. We passed street after street, and turned corner after corner, till our little knowledge of the town, (his, gained from having once before been here, for a short time, and mine from an inspection of the map,) was enhausted, and we wandered on, till our heads were completely turned, and we were lost in endless mazes of shops, houses, courts and streets. When we enquired the way to Cavendish Square, the directions were even less intelligible than the town itself; no hackney coaches were to be found, and we at last concluded that, as even London must have an end, we would persist till we should find it, and then endeavour to correct our reckoning, and start fairly for a return. We rambled on, a tedious length of way, till we found ourselves at Spa Fields, a watering place, with a chalybeate spring and tea gardens, just on the border of London. The refreshments of the place were rendered welcome by extreme fatigue, and after being, again and again, bewildered, we at length reached our lodgings, with the wholesome lesson which experience had taught us, that a stranger should not trust himself in London without a guide, or ample directions. A method which we soon found it necessary to adopt was to plan every excursion with the aid of the map, and to make out on a pocket card, in their proper succession, a list of the streets through which we wished to pass.

May 22.—The number of eating houses in London is immense. You can hardly pass through a street without finding one, and in the earliest excursion which I had occasion to make for dinner, I went into the first house of this description which I saw. I cannot say that it was

very cleanly or comfortable, and accordingly, a charge of only one shilling and sixpence was made for the dinner.—On returning to my lodgings, I was beginning to boast to Mr. D——— how cheaply I had dined, but he soon silenced me by declaring that he had just dined for six pence. You will not suppose that I shall be solicitous to extend my experiments very far in this way, but these facts will tend to evince, how completely, in London, a man may accommodate his living to his wishes or circumstances. He may, if he pleases, dine at the London Coffee-house for a guinea, or he may descend into a cellar and dine for three pence.

May 23.—The business of delivering my letters of introduction, and of imposing upon strangers an obligation to be civil to me, was what I now found it indispensable to set seriously about. From the unpleasant nature of the duty I wished to defer it to the latest moment, and, still more, that by becoming a little acquainted with the streets, I might be enabled to take my new friends, as much as possible, by house rows; so that, in delivering letters to people scattered all over this immense town, I might not cross my track more frequently than was necessary. The ceremonies connected with introduction in England are precisely the same with ours. Most of those to whom I had letters were not at home. This circumstance with the aid of a coach enabled me to despatch the business within a moderate period; cards were left with most of the letters, and as this is the *legal service* which the customs of society have every where established, I have nothing more to do than to wait the result.

THE MONUMENT,

erected by Sir Christopher Wren under the direction of Charles II. to commemorate the great fire in 1666, coming in my way, I ascended to the iron gallery near the top. This monument is a fluted column of the Doric order; its diameter at the base is fifteen feet, and its height two hundred and two feet. The ascent is by three hundred and forty-five stone steps winding spirally along the inside. Such constant turning and turning, for such a length of way, makes ones brains giddy, and his knees totter beneath him.

The tubular form of the monument in which there are openings to admit light and air, wonderfully increases the noise of the city and of London bridge, and the roaring of the wind, so that I was almost deafened with the incessant and confused din of wheels and cries.

The English consider this monument as the most beautiful pillar in the world. Unfortunately it stands in an obscure situation on rather low ground, near the bank of the river and within two hundred yards of London bridge. On an eminence it would be a most commanding object. But its situation is nevertheless proper, as it stands on the spot where the fire broke out which destroyed a great part of London.

On the pedestal of the monument, there is a Latin inscription, giving an account of the event and of the manner in which the expense of erecting the pillar was defrayed. All this is very well, but no one will believe the charge which is added, that the fire was kindled by the Roman Catholics.

The day being clear, I enjoyed from the iron gallery near the top of the monument, a fine view of London and its environs. It is indeed a vast city; it is a world.—Southwark alone would make a great figure if placed by itself, but, connected with London, it is only the hem of the garment.

OPENING OF THE NEW DOCK.

May 25.—By the politeness of Mr. Williams I was admitted this morning to see the ceremonies at the opening of the new dock at Wapping. Wapping is quite at the lower extremity of London, contiguous to that part of the river where the ships lie in great numbers. It is the resort of sailors, and people connected with navigation, and is not considered as being within the limits of gentility and fashion. We found the streets narrow and dirty, and they were crowded for a mile or more with men, women, and children hanging about the doors and windows, with the delusive expectation of seeing the king, queen, and royal family, who, as fame had reported, were to attend the opening of the dock. These people were more ragged, filthy, and apparently wretched, than any class whom I have ever seen. Yet they were eager to gaze on the king, who does not often honour the lanes of Wapping with his presence.

It was the Sabbath of the Jews, and *this despised* people formed a considerable part of the crowd in the streets. Most of the graver men wear their beards at full length, and some among them, distinguished by full robes, were said to be Rabbis. In the reproaches and ridicule every where poured upon the Jews, we observe a living and striking fulfilment of the prophecy of their great legislator,

that they should become "an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all nations."

The docks which we went to see are precisely like those at Liverpool, except that they are much larger, and are enclosed by a high brick wall, the object of which is to prevent thefts. These docks have been constructed at a vast expense, by removing many hundreds of houses to make way for them, and by making them of such extent as to contain more than five hundred ships with room to shift places. There are within the walls very extensive ware-houses for the reception of goods, and the tobacco ware-house, which covers six acres of ground, is said to be the largest in the world. All this great accommodation for ships is so much added to the capacity of the river, which is always exceedingly crowded, and the dock has a very great superiority in point of safety.

Some distance below the Wapping dock is another in the Isle of Dogs. The Isle of Dogs* is a marshy peninsula, formed by a large curve which the river takes in a course almost circular. They have cut through the neck of this peninsula, and formed the cavity into an extensive dock for the West-India trade. This trade therefore deposits its cargoes at a considerable distance below London, and as it usually arrives in fleets, much damage, which was formerly sustained when it lay in the bed of the river, is now avoided

The West-India docks cover between fifty and sixty acres of ground; they can receive many hundreds of ships, and have immense ranges of ware-houses within the walls.

* It is said that a royal kennel was once kept here which gave origin to the name.

Such magnificent proofs of commercial prosperity the world has never seen before.

So great was the crowd that it was a long time before we could gain admission within the walls of the new dock. We had to pass through a small door where only one or two were permitted to enter at once. A railed passage led to the door, and we were jostled and pressed for an hour amidst heat and dust, before we could advance one hundred yards to the gate. At length we entered, and, soon after, the Lord Mayor and other distinguished personages arrived in their coaches. The great doors were thrown open, and the gaping crowd flocked around to pay their silent homage to office, rank, and splendor.

The precise object of the ceremony of the day was to celebrate the admission of the first ships into the dock, which was then just finished.

Accordingly, at the appointed moment, the water gates of the dock were thrown open, and two ships, decorated with the colours of all nations, entered, under the discharge of cannon, and with martial music from two bands on shore. Some thousands of spectators were looking on. The colours of France were hung beneath the bowsprit, and dragged along in that situation, half immersed in water. The American colours were suspended from the mizen top-mast stay, a place of about middle honour; those of Denmark and Sweden were above them.

We have been disobedient children, and our good mother, although seemingly reconciled, suffers, now and then, a shadow of displeasure to pass over her mind. This was the whole ceremony of the day, except the patriotic conclusion of dining.

No. XII.—LONDON.

The tower—Origin—Extent—Yeomen of the guards—Tower guns—the Spanish armoury—Queen Elizabeth—Walking-stick of Henry VIII.—An ancient axe used at executions—Small armoury—Ancient cannon—Beautiful arrangement of small arms—Horse armoury—Kings on Horseback—Armour of distinguished individuals—The regalia—Crowns, sceptres, diadems, &c.—Their great beauty and value—Wild beasts of the tower—Incidents—A hospital—Missionary Society—Panorama of Gibraltar.

THE TOWER OF LONDON,

so famous in the history of England, is situated near the Wapping dock, and naturally attracted our attention next. Although it has been asserted that there was a fortification here in the time of Julius Cæsar, the tower is generally believed to have been erected by William the Conqueror. He trusted so much more to the fears than to the affection of his subjects, that he built the white tower to overawe the neighbouring city. The structures which now go under the name of the tower are numerous and various. So many alterations and additions have been made by successive monarchs, that it is probable no portion of the buildings remains as the conqueror left them. The white tower presents a number of lofty turrets, which are visible from every elevated point in and about London. All that now passes under the name of the tower comprehends a great number of buildings, enclosed by a wall, which is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch. The space within the wall is more than twelve acres, and the surrounding ditch has a circuit of more than three thousand feet. A

little town is included within the precincts of the tower; it is divided by a number of streets, and has a considerable population connected with the various public offices. Although the tower was originally built as a fortress, it would not hold out an hour against the assaults of modern war. Still the appearance and parade of a garrison are maintained; the gates are opened and shut with much formality;—a few cannon are mounted on the walls, and a considerable military force is maintained within. A part of this force consists of a corps of men called Yeomen of the Guards, and distinguished by a peculiar uniform, which is the same that was worn in the time of Henry VIII. They are a curious and ludicrous remnant of antiquity. "Their coats have large sleeves and flowing skirts, made of fine scarlet cloth, laced round the edges and seams with several rows of gold lace, and a broad laced girdle round their waists. On their backs and breasts are the king's silver badge, representing the thistle and rose, on which are the letters G. R. Their caps are round, flat at top, and tied about with bands of party-coloured ribbands."

The principal uses to which the tower is now appropriated, are for the mint, as a state prison, as a menage—as a deposit of some ancient records, of arms, and of the regalia of England. We often see, in the newspapers, accounts of the firing of the tower guns. These are not the cannon on the walls, as one would naturally suppose. The tower itself stands on the northern side of the Thames, immediately on its bank. Without the wall and the ditch, upon the side next the river, is a spacious and handsome wharf or platform, upon which are mounted on iron carriages, sixty-one nine-pounders. They are almost level with the

river, and are fired only on state holydays, and other occasions of public rejoicing, especially when victories are announced.

With one of the yeomen of the guards for our guide, we entered the tower to view its principal curiosities. The venerable dress of this antique looking soldier produced a singular impression of solemnity and ridicule. We could scarcely avoid the persuasion that our guide was really two or three centuries old, and had ministered in person to the great champion of jealous husbands, the capricious and uxorious Henry.

The first apartment which we visited was the Spanish Armoury, for so they call the room in which are deposited the arms taken from the Spaniards, at the defeat of the famous Armada, so long the terror of England and the boast of Spain. These arms are kept in excellent order, being very bright, and so arranged as to exhibit them to much advantage. They appear perfectly sound, although the hands which wielded, and those which took them, are long since mouldered into dust.

They consist of spears, swords, battle-axes, shields, pistols, and other implements of war. It was a high gratification to behold these authentic remnants of that celebrated expedition. In viewing the curiosities of the tower, one has the agreeable reflection, that he may rely with perfect confidence upon the genuineness of all the antiques, without the danger of imposition, so common in similar cases; for England has never been plundered, nor in the power of an enemy, since the Norman invasion, a period of more than seven hundred years, and during all that time the tower has been under the immediate control of government.

In the same room are shewn the thumb screws, and other instruments of torture, which the overweening confidence and fanatical cruelty of the Spaniards induced them to bring.

Their cruelty was not however without an object: they intended to compel the English to confess where their treasures were hidden, as their countryman Cortez did the heroic Montezuma.

Our conductor next raised a curtain at the end of the room, and we discovered a wax figure of Queen Elizabeth, standing by her horse, which is held by a page. The furniture of the horse, and the dress and armour of this Amazonian queen, are the same with which she appeared at the head of her brave army at Tilbury fort, where she addressed them, in contemplation of the Spanish invasion, in the year 1588.

The horse is cream-coloured, and the queen is dressed in a white silk petticoat. Her dress seems more adapted to a ball-room than a camp, for it is sprinkled with pearls and spangles; the page holds her majesty's helmet, and the whole group, independently of historical truth, is very well executed.

Several other interesting articles are deposited in this room. There is a curious walking-stick here, which has four pistols so artfully concealed in one end of it, that, on a hasty view, no one would suspect this latent magazine. With this instrument Henry VIII. when a youth, used to patrol the streets of London by night, in disguise, ready to engage in any broil or mad adventure in which he might distinguish himself; for Henry was not less a bully than a tyrant. In this manner it is said that he was engaged in occasional rencounters with the watch. One may laugh

at this ridiculous spirit of low-minded bravery, but emotions of a very opposite nature are excited by another instrument which is kept here. I allude to the axe with which the beautiful and innocent Ann Boleyn was beheaded, to gratify the jealousy of this same Henry. The history of this unfortunate lady has deeply interested posterity, and perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of more pathetic and moving eloquence, than is exhibited by her in the last letter which she addressed to her inexorable lord, while she was confined in the tower under sentence of death. The axe is shaped very much like a large cleaver. It has been more than once stained with noble blood, for with it, the Earl of Essex, so distinguished as the object of Elizabeth's weak partiality and subsequent severity, was also beheaded.

We next visited the small armoury, which is in another building, erected by William and Mary for its reception. In the lower room there was formerly a vast collection of artillery, the greater part of which is removed a little way down the river to Woolwich, now the principal deposit of the royal artillery. This lower room is nearly four hundred feet in length, by fifty in width, and twenty-four in height. It still contains a considerable collection of artillery, and a great many trophies obtained in different wars. Among these are two curious pieces taken at the battle of Ramillies by the great Duke of Marlborough, besides a number captured from the Spaniards, and other nations at various times.

Here is one of the earliest invented cannon: it is composed of bars of iron, welded together and bound by iron hoops. It has no carriage, but was moved by iron rings. Such is its size, that it is incredible it could ever have been

fired, unless the gunpowder of the age in which cannon were invented was wretchedly bad, for a small man might crawl in at the muzzle of the gun. Among a great variety of engines of destruction kept in this room, are the instruments with which grenades are thrown, and a mortar of astonishing size, with one of the bombs belonging to it.

Above stairs, in a room of nearly three hundred and fifty feet in length, we were forcibly struck with the beautiful arrangement and dazzling brightness of one hundred and fifty thousand stand of arms, disposed in parallel rows, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. This was a sight of great beauty and splendor, for the muskets are all burnished, and in the finest order. It is said that there are usually about two hundred thousand stand of arms in this room.

Besides the muskets there is usually a great collection of swords, pistols, bayonets, and in short, almost every implement of death. The pistols, swords, and other of the smaller instruments, are fancifully arranged on the walls, so as to represent circles, church windows, gorgons, hydras, &c. and thus produce a ludicrous effect, notwithstanding the really solemn reflection that all this formidable apparatus is prepared expressly for the destruction of mankind. On the walls are suspended a number of muskets taken from the Irish rebels at the bloody battle of the Boyne, and a collection of Highland broad swords and other arms, captured with the Scotch insurgents, who followed the fortunes of the Pretender. The walls are decorated with flags taken from the French at Malta, and there is a curious Maltese cannon, six feet long, and covered with the most exuberant ornaments.

This room undoubtedly affords one of the finest exhibitions, of the kind, in the world.

The horse armoury is still more interesting than the room which has just been described. In it is a great collection of ancient armour, such as was worn during the reign of the Conqueror, and from his period onward, till the introduction of fire arms made a total change in the art of war. The first thing that strikes one on entering the room, is the line of English kings from the Conqueror down, all mounted on horseback, arrayed in complete suits of armour, equipped with the weapons of those times, and attended by a long line of common soldiers, armed and clad in the fashion of the days of knight errantry. These suits of armour are no models or modern imitations, but the very authentic armour of the dark ages, and, ascertained, in many instances, to have belonged to particular distinguished individuals. For instance, the suit in which William, Prince of Orange is arrayed, is the same which was worn by Edward the Black Prince, at the glorious battle of Cressy. Edward V. has the crown suspended over his head. You will remember that he was proclaimed, but never crowned. The horses are very well executed, and the faces of the monarchs are no contemptible imitations of their portraits. There is the gigantic armour of John of Gaunt, seven feet high, with his sword and lance of correspondent dimensions. It seems scarcely credible that such a suit of armour was ever worn, yet one can hardly suppose that it would have been made, unless there had been a man to wear it. Such a suit would have rendered "him of Gath," invulnerable by the sling and pebbles of the youthful shepherd. There is a suit of armour here rough from the hammer, as it was beaten out for Henry VIII. when eighteen years old; it is six feet

high, but as it proved too small for him, it was never finished.

This collection of ancient armour is very interesting, and although it was extremely gratifying to my curiosity, I felt it to be still more important as illustrating history. One is thus enabled to form a very perfect idea of the appearance of European armies before the invention of gun powder, and of the modern art of war which has resulted from it. In some instances, the armour is so complete that it covers every inch of the person, even the feet, hands, and face; the very boots are burnished steel, and the whole man exhibits a brilliant surface of the same materials. It is easy to conceive that in a bright day, an army thus equipped must have made a very splendid appearance, for, not the riders only, but the horses too were clad in armour. The common horses probably were not, and the common soldiers were covered only in part. This armour was very properly laid aside when the invention of artillery rendered it not only useless but dangerous. Possibly a musket ball might pierce the thinnest parts of it, although it would resist a sword or a spear.

The most splendid of the suits of armour is one presented by the city of London to Charles I. when Prince of Wales. It is polished steel, inlaid with gold, formed into elegant figures. Indeed the suits of most of the kings are more or less ornamented with gold, except that of the Conqueror, which is quite plain. The armour of Edward VI. is divided into compartments, in which are curiously represented portions of scripture history, commemorating battles and other memorable transactions.

We visited next, the jewel office, containing the regalia. We were fenced out, by strong iron bars, from this almost

sacred deposit of the crowns, sceptres, diadems, jewels, and plate of the ancient and modern kings of England; it is contained in a strong stone room, which appeared to have no windows, for the regalia were exhibited by candle light, by an old woman, who presented the articles to our view without permitting us to touch them, she remaining within the grate and we without. This was indeed a splendid display, for most of the articles are of gold, in which are set precious stones of the greatest beauty and value. The precious stones, as they are commonly seen in cabinets of mineralogy, and even in the shops of the jewellers, certainly do not equal the expectations which we have been accustomed to entertain concerning them, and the reason is, that in such places, we usually find only middling or inferior specimens, and of a small size, because the finest specimens are too costly to be owned by any but nobles and princes. But here, my expectations were fully answered. The imperial crown is kept in this room. The part which immediately covers the head, is a purple velvet cap, lined with white taffety, and turned up with rows of ermine. The crown itself is of gold, and richly adorned with pearls, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. It is used at coronation ceremonies, and has been placed on the heads of the kings of England successively for more than seven hundred years. Beside this there are three other crowns, one of which is the crown of state, worn by the king in Parliament. It has an emerald of seven inches circumference, besides a ruby and a pearl of very great beauty. Another crown is used as a memento to the Prince of Wales; it is placed before him when he is in Parliament, that he may be reminded of his high destiny, and at the same time may be admon-

ished that he is still a subject. There is also Queen Mary's crown, diadem, globe, and sceptre. There is a golden globe, which is used at coronations; the king holds it in his right hand before he is crowned, and after the crown is placed upon his head, he bears it in his left hand, and the sceptre in his right. This globe "is about six inches in diameter, edged with pearl and ornamented with precious stones. On the top is an amethyst of a violet colour, in height an inch and an half, set upon a cross of gold, and ornamented with diamonds, pearls, &c. The whole ball and cup is eleven inches high." There are several sceptres—two silver fonts for christenings, a gold salt-cellar of state, a sword of mercy, *without a point*, which is carried before the king at coronations, between the two swords of justice spiritual and temporal, and a pair of golden spurs and bracelets of very great antiquity, and worn at coronations. The golden eagle is an interesting object. It contains the holy oil, used to anoint the kings and queens of England. The bird is hollow—the oil is introduced by screwing off the neck, and the bishop, when he performs the ceremony of anointing, pours the oil out of the beak of the bird into a golden spoon.

The staff of Edward the confessor, one of the Saxon kings, is a fine remnant of antiquity. It is more than four and a half feet long, and nearly four inches in circumference. It is of beaten gold. This is used in the ceremony of coronation, being carried in the procession before the king. Besides these articles, there is in this office a great deal of curious antique plate, and all the crown jewels worn by the royal family on coronation days. It is said that these articles are worth from eight to ten mill-

ions of dollars, independently of several particular jewels whose value is very great.

It is not easy perhaps to form a correct idea of the appearance of the regalia, without seeing them, but when it is considered that the gems are set in gold, not of the pale colour of the trinkets of the jewellers, which are half copper, but of the deep yellow hue which is characteristic of gold, it will easily be conceived that the resplendent white of the pearl, the fine blue of the sapphire, the beautiful grass green of the emerald, the rich yellow of the topaz, the deep red of the ruby, and above all the clear transparency and unrivalled splendor of the diamond, must afford an exhibition of magnificence and beauty not to be surpassed by any object of nature or art.

Since the famous attempt of Colonel Blood, to carry off the imperial crown in the reign of king Charles II. in which attempt he was frustrated by the courage and activity of Mr. Edwards, keeper of the regalia, a very old but intrepid man, I believe the crowns and other articles of the regalia which are occasionally wanted at Westminster, are carried thither privately, in a common hackney coach, without any parade, or any circumstance whatever which may serve to distinguish the transaction. The king and prince of Wales array themselves in the palace of Whitehall before proceeding to the parliament house, and when they return, the crowns are carried back to the tower in the same private manner as they were brought thither, the distance is about three miles.

The mint, which, with the houses for its officers, occupies one third of the tower, we were not permitted to see.

You will wonder perhaps that I have said nothing of the wild beasts, for, from our infancy, in America we hear so much of the lions confined in the tower that we never think of it without this association. We did not pass them over. They are confined in dens in an open yard; an image of a lion is over the entrance, and a bell calls the keeper. The dens are furnished with strong iron gratings; they are spacious and cleanly; each den is divided into two apartments, one beneath, in which the animals sleep at night, and the other above, where they remain during the day. The beasts are generally healthy, notwithstanding their confinement, and appear more active and lively than one would expect to find them.

The principal animals which we saw were lions and lionesses, leopards, panthers, tygers, bears, wolves, hyenas, and racoons. There was a white polar bear of astonishing size, and untameable ferocity. When the keeper pointed a stick at him, he flew at the bars with incredible fierceness, rose upon his hind legs (for the dens are lofty) and threw open such a mouth as made me shudder. He had very large and strong teeth, and might have embraced the body of a middle sized man within his fangs. A beautiful black leopardess attracted my particular attention. Her form was exceedingly delicate and elegant, and although black, her skin was distinguished by spots of a still deeper black. She was from the coast of Malabar. Some of the animals were very tame, particularly a fine tyger which had contracted an intimate friendship with a little dog.

There was one old lion whose mane was full grown; his appearance was truly majestic, but, it is a remarkable fact that two lionesses which were whelped in the tower,

are the fiercest animals there, while most of the lions which were taken wild are quite tame.

The most beautiful and at the same time majestic animal which we saw, was the royal tyger of Bengal. His skin is superbly variegated, with yellow and black, and his form is more graceful and majestic, and better adapted to strength and activity than that of the lion. The palm, I am sensible, has been usually, but I think unjustly, given to the lion.

Perhaps it is not easy to say why a menagerie should be considered as an indispensable appendage of royalty. One can discern, it is true, a kind of allegorical allusion to dominion, in the character of the monarch of the forest, but it will not do to follow up the similitude, for here he is ingloriously caged, deprived of all liberty, as well as dominion, and even exhibited as a show; a miserable plight for a monarch. Still less can one see why inferior animals, distinguished only for ferocity, cunning or ludicrous feats, should be included in the catalogue, for, till lately, even a number of monkeys, those disgusting caricatures of the human form, were kept in the yard, and suffered to go at large, till they were removed by his majesty's command, one of them having attacked and lacerated a boy. Such collections are however so gratifying to curiosity, and so instructive to those who study natural history, that every one must approve of the practice of forming them.

On leaving the tower, one of us was required to write his name and address in a book, for the obvious reason of creating a responsibility in case any thing should be missing.

INCIDENTS.

Ever since I arrived in London, I have been occupied more or less, from day to day, in delivering my remaining letters of introduction, and in receiving and making the consequent calls. Details of this kind cannot be very gratifying to you, I therefore pass them lightly over, reserving the mention of any interesting circumstances which they may produce for the period when they shall occur. In delivering a particular letter of introduction to-day, at Paddington Green, a village in the vicinity of London, on the North-west, I met with a little embarrassment. I had come all the way, more than two miles, on purpose, and was duly admitted by the porter, when lo! on putting my hand into my pocket, I could not find any letter. It was in vain that I examined every part of my dress, no letter was to be found. There I was, in the hall of a great man's house, while the porter stood waiting my commands, and I had none to offer. To go in was impossible, and to retreat was not easy, but I left my card and an apology, with the servant, and made the best of my way home, regretting that imperfection of our natures, which, while we are bent on accomplishing an interesting object, suffers us to forget the necessary means of attaining it.

On the road to Paddington, Hyde Park came in my way and I stopped a few moments, to see the volunteer regiments which were passing under review. I should imagine there were about two thousand men; the day was fine, their arms glittered in the sun, and their whole appearance was splendid. These are a part of the men who are pledged to meet Napoleon whenever he may arrive.

May 26, *Sunday*.—Not having as yet formed an acquaintance with any one, by whose means I might be conducted to church, I went alone, at the hour of morning service, to St. Margaret's Chapel. Being aware that London Churches are not famous for civility to strangers, I entered with a sixpence in my hand, intending to give it to the door keeper to procure me a seat should none be offered. I could find no attendant, and stood for some time in the alley, looking for some one to offer me a seat in one of the numerous pews which were either partially or wholly empty; numbers saw me, but no one troubled himself about the stranger, and after standing among the footmen and servants, till I was tired, I withdrew. At Oxford I was similarly situated, and finally went and sat, through the service, among the servants under the pulpit. The pews, at least in London, are generally locked when unoccupied, so that a stranger cannot intrude, if he would. I attempted to obtain a seat at another church this morning, but with no better success. I fell in with a regiment of soldiers marching out of the park, fully equipped and dressed, and with martial music. Indeed this seems to be a favourite day for military exercise; for, wherever I have been on this day in England, I have not failed to see military spectacles.

A HOSPITAL.

May 27.—There are a number of fine hospital establishments in London, and although they are interesting principally to medical men, I shall occasionally visit them, among the various objects of interest and curiosity which this vast metropolis presents.

I have been this morning to one of the minor hospitals under the auspicies of a physician, of great note, both at home and abroad. Through his civility, I saw every part of the establishment, which however, I think decidedly inferior, to the hospitals of Philadelphia and New-York, both in extent of accommodations, and in cleanliness. Dr. ——— was so polite as to request me to walk around with him to hear his prescriptions.—They were, no doubt, wise and proper, because they were given by a man of experience, talent, and skill, but they were wonderfully rapid and peremptory. If the Dr. prescribed melted lead, melted lead, it must be. Why, cried the Dr. (calling aloud to the head nurse,) "why is not that man's head shaved?—(the man had an eruptive complaint.) "Because sir he does not choose to have it."—"I tell you to have his head shaved *immediately*—and I tell *you*, (turning to the patient) if I see you about tomorrow, without your head shaved, I will have you put into strait jacket."

It was receiving and prescribing day for the poor, and the genius of Crabbe* alone could do justice to the unfeeling precipitancy with which these poor sufferers were disposed of. The Dr. was seated at a table, in a large hall, with the house apothecary in attendance. The door was opened, and an attendant ushered in, a crowd of unhappy people, bowing under many forms of decrepitude and disease. The Dr. called them to him, one by one, and demanded their names and complaints; the former were taken down, but, the latter, I am persuaded could

* See his poem on the country poor house; like most of his poems it lacks refinement but presents a wonderful likeness to real life. 1818.

hardly have been heard at all; for the miserable speaker had scarcely begun, (with that minuteness and fidelity, which all observe, when their bodily sufferings are the subject of narration) to relate his complaints, when the Dr. sometimes inspecting the tongue and feeling the pulse, and sometimes not, would cut them short with a prescription, and the apothecary received the irrevocable mandate to sweat or vomit, bleed or blister, starve or stimulate as the case might be, and it was in vain, that the patient sometimes protested against the treatment, as not adapted to his case, because he could not bear it, or the Dr. had not understood him; the remonstrance was ended by a loud call for "the next," and thus, in half an hour, a score or two of people were *done up*, and the Dr. hastened to his coach to perform the tour of London, and prescribe for patients of a higher order.

I do not say that he did not do all that the case admitted of; his dispatch was truly admirable, and with such rapid firing, no doubt he must sometimes have hit the mark, but, who, putting it to his own case, would not prefer the kind considerate prescription of any experienced person, even an *old woman*, if you please, to such giddy haste, however scientific and learned.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It is not many years since a missionary society was formed in London, for the conversion of the heathen to christianity. Amid the confusion and distractions of war and politics, and the engagements of commerce and business and pleasure, there are men in this hurried capital, who find time to think of the heathen, and are willing for their good to contribute both of their time and money.—

Through the kindness of Mr. Hardcastle, I found myself this afternoon in such a circle. It was composed of the directors of the missionary society to the number of nearly twenty, assembled at Mr. Hardcastle's apartments and embracing both clerical and lay men, and among them men whose names are well known on the western side of the Atlantic. Their discussions were carried on, conversation-wise, and with very little formality, although with much decorum. Tea was served to the gentlemen in their places. They were occupied with the state of their missions in the South Sea and Pacific Islands, and I listened for two or three hours, with a high degree of interest, to communications, which as they were chiefly confidential, and some of them relating to topics of considerable delicacy, I cannot with propriety divulge. London manners, probably with truth, are commonly said to be cold and repulsive, but the fact appears to be otherwise with the christian community; they appear to be separated from the irreligious world, by a stronger line of demarcation, than with us, and their deportment, both towards each other and towards those strangers in whom they have confidence, is very cordial and even affectionate,* at the same time I am not aware that they are less amiable and obliging in their deportment towards the world at large, than those people who occupy their minds less with religious subjects.

* I was afterwards present again at the meeting of the same board of directors, and both then and on every similar occasion, both public and private, had occasion to verify the truth of the remark in the text.

PANORAMA OF GIBRALTAR.

There are few objects of public exhibition, so splendid and interesting as panorama paintings; it is probable you will find me sometimes among them. They are the triumph of perspective, and absolutely put one in possession of the scenes which they represent.

Few scenes could be more interesting than the rock of Gibraltar and the surrounding objects, of which, I have this day, seen a panorama.

The stupendous and frowning cliffs themselves, with parapets and embrasures cut out of the solid rock; the heavy artillery pointed from them—rising, tier above tier, and peeping out of every rocky nook; the water batteries, less formidable, but more distinctly in view; military life, active and exhibiting its proud array, upon the wharves and promontories; the contiguous coast and country of Spain; the celebrated strait of Gibraltar; the remote coast of Africa constituting the other side of the ancient pillars of Hercules; the vast expanse of the Mediterranean, and the interesting historical associations of the whole scene, and especially those which have been immortalized by the pencil of our countryman, Trumbull;* such an assemblage of objects, if painted with competent skill, must surely arrest the attention of any man, who has the smallest sensibility to moral or natural beauty and grandeur.

Still, there are those who view such things with indifference, and there are those, also, to whom the beauty and grandeur of landscape and the splendors of the starry canopy are displayed in vain.

*It is scarcely necessary to name this gentleman's celebrated picture of the siege of Gibraltar.

No. XIII.—LONDON.

Adelphi—Distribution of prizes there—Alien office—Cause of its institution—Restrictions imposed on foreigners there—Rudeness of some of its officers—Westminster Abbey—Its solemnity and grandeur—Monuments and inscriptions—Difference of the ancient and modern taste—Incidents—Pidcock's Menagerie.

ADELPHI.

May 28.—By the attention of a friend I received a ticket entitling me to attend the distribution of prizes at the rooms of the Adelphi. At 11 o'clock I repaired to the splendid apartment, where every year they make a public distribution of prizes to those who have distinguished themselves most, in the cultivation of the fine or useful arts, for the encouragement of which their society was instituted. Their rewards are not confined to the elegant arts of painting and sculpture, but are conferred equally on the inventors and improvers of the most humble machines and contrivances for facilitating the most common operations of life. For instance, I saw a machine at the Adelphi, for enabling shoemakers to stand at their work, by which means they may be relieved from the painful and injurious confinement in which they are now compelled to sit.

I derived very little satisfaction from my visit, for the apartments were already so thronged with fashionable people, and with strangers of all ranks, from the Russian ambassador down, that after struggling a long time in making my way into a crowded passage, and after being there pushed, elbowed and pressed, on every side, for an hour, I

found that I was still no nearer to entering the door than at first. I obtained only a very imperfect view of the fine paintings which adorned the walls, and witnessed absolutely nothing of the ceremonies of the day, except the pleasure of a fashionable squeeze, from which, although I had the honor of being shoved by lord and lady, I was sincerely glad to make my escape.

I saw more beautiful women here than I had seen any where else in England.

ALIEN OFFICE.

Two or three days after my arrival in London, I went to the alien office, and presented the credentials with which I was furnished at Liverpool. The alien office is of recent establishment, and was instituted in consequence of the abuse of the almost unrestrained liberty which foreigners had, till then enjoyed in England. It is said that some French emissaries were detected in surveying the principal ports, and in other machinations against the safety of the country. In consequence of this, foreigners of every description are now registered at the alien office in Crown-street, Westminster, and the government possesses a history of them from the moment of their arrival till their departure out of the kingdom. On making my appearance at the office, I was reprimanded in the first instance, for having remained several days in London without reporting myself. I made such excuses however as were accepted; and after writing in a book which they gave me, my name, profession, age, place of nativity and residence in America, business and views in England, and in short, every circumstance which was necessary to exhibit a succinct history of myself, I was next directed, for

ensuring my good behaviour, to name sponsors residing in London. I was then dismissed on sufferance only, and directed to call *or send* within two or three days, when I was promised a permission to reside. Accordingly, it being inconvenient for me to go, I despatched a servant at the appointed time, who was sent back empty, and with a message that I must come myself. I have been there to-day, and found an angry endorsement upon the note which I had sent by the servant, the purport of which was, that I must not presume to send, but must come in person. I remonstrated on the impropriety of the censure, as they had themselves offered me the alternative, but I received only a very short answer, and indeed I might think myself very fortunate in obtaining so soon my written permission to reside, for persons are sometimes subjected to vexatious delays at the alien office, and no class of people is so impatient of these delays, or of the rough treatment which sometimes attends them, as Americans. An American gentleman of the first respectability, and of high standing in his own country, not long ago applied to the alien office for his license. He was kept for a long time, standing in a lobby, among a crowd of coarse people, till his patience was quite exhausted, and he remonstrated with one of the petty officers, alledging with much point and spirit, that he was a gentleman, and had not been accustomed to usage of this kind. The officer heard him with much *sang froid*, and then very coolly ordered an attendant to turn him out of doors, which sentence was executed accordingly. The adventure was a subject of some mirth among the gentleman's American friends in London. It was only a strong instance of the kind of

treatment which is too often experienced from the petty servants of the alien office.

I am restricted to London and the country within thirteen miles of it, for three months, with directions to communicate every change of lodgings, and to apply for a renewal of my license at the proper time, and for a permission to travel whenever I shall go beyond my prescribed limits. Were it not however, for the inconvenience which might attend leaving the country, an American might, without danger, disregard all these petty regulations, because, if he chooses to keep his own secret, he will never be known from an Englishman, and should he be found to be an American, nothing but the grossest indiscretion on his part, would induce any one to trouble him.

Such are the mildest restrictions imposed on every foreigner; it must be confessed they are not unreasonable, but strangers are not treated at the alien office with that mildness and lenity which becomes the character of the nation. There is a set of inferior officers who behave with rudeness, and exercise a sort of petty tyranny over those who are waiting for their favours. But so far as I have seen the superior officers, they have conducted with dignity and politeness, and although they ought not to be censured for the rudeness of their substitutes, they ought to teach them better manners.

The irritation of mind produced by the petty vexations of the alien office, was effectually removed by a visit to Westminster Abbey.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In this venerated sanctuary of heroes, poets, orators and kings, I lingered nearly two hours among the monu-

ments of princes and illustrious men, whose virtues and talents relieve the painful gloom of history with here and there a luminous spot. Do not suspect me of affectation in this matter, when I declare to you, that I never was in so solemn a place. The combined effect of this master piece of Gothic architecture, and of the numerous monuments of the great, the celebrated and the good, whose ashes moulder here, fills the mind with melancholy, *sublime*, and *awful*, yet grateful and serene. Of this grand remnant of Gothic architecture, I shall not attempt a description. It would be useless without the aid of drawings, and there are prints of Westminster Abbey,* from which one may obtain a very correct idea of its external appearance, but nothing short of actual inspection can raise in the mind those conceptions of solemnity and grandeur, which it is impossible not to feel on entering this great asylum of the illustrious dead. When a boy, I was strongly impressed, by some of the papers of Addison, with a wish to behold Westminster Abbey, and it was no small addition to my pleasure here, that I was contemplating the same objects which had long before excited in him, those reflections with which he has instructed and delighted mankind. Wesminster Abbey contains too many interesting things to admit of adequate description, within any moderate limits. I shall, without doubt, visit it again, but, in the mean time, I shall mention a few objects.

The monument erected to the memory of Major Andre, although a small one, naturally attracted the attention of

* Ackerman's (I *think* this is the author's name) magnificent work on Westminster Abbey, will now supply every thing that can be desired, both in prints and description, and the same remark will apply equally to his no less splendid works on the two univerities. 1820.

an American. I was gratified to see that the inscription contained no reflection on General Washington, notwithstanding the injurious aspersions which were so liberally thrown on his character at the time. Now, I believe, he is universally allowed to have done only his duty. The monument, which is of white marble, exhibits an historical sketch of the last scene of Andre's life. They are leading him to execution, and General Washington is represented as refusing to receive a message which is at that moment brought him by a flag of truce from the English general. The countenances of the surrounding American officers are expressive of the deepest sympathy in the sufferings of the gallant victim; but it is well known that General Washington was not present at the execution.

The mob have knocked off the heads of Andre, Washington, and another American officer, which gives the monument a deformed appearance.

In the Poet's Corner, among many other monuments, are those of Gay and Ben. Jonson. I was much displeased with the inscriptions upon them. On the latter is:

"O rare Ben. Jonson!"

On the former—

"Life is a joke, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Surely a sepulchral monument is the last place on which a witticism ought to appear.

The chapel of King Henry VII. is a splendid piece of Gothic architecture. In one niche of this chapel lie the coffins of a Spanish and a Savoyard ambassador, whose bodies, after death, were seized for debt, and having never

been redeemed by their friends, have lain here, unburied ever since the reign of James II.

For some purpose of state, the coffin of Edward I. was opened, about thirty years ago, and his body was found undecayed, retaining its form. The coffin has not been again deposited in the vault, but remains above ground. It is now however, closed. The exterior coffin is of stone.

The ancient monuments, I mean chiefly those which are at least two or three centuries old, generally exhibit an image of the person whom they commemorate, lying at full length. Many of them are clad in suits of armour, with boots, helmets, and swords: they lie on their backs, and frequently the brave knight is attended by his faithful consort, who reposes by his side in all the stiff drapery of the age, rendered stiffer still by unskilful sculpture in marble. Nothing can be more precise and gravely ludicrous than such an exhibition, and it required all the solemnity and pathos of the inscriptions to induce a proper gravity of thought. Indeed, it seems that the taste was altogether an erroneous one. Had they placed the knights on their feet, all armed cap-a-pie, it would have been a representation of life, and the impression would have been a natural one. But what has the knight in armour to do on his back? He cannot be supposed to be slain in combat, or reposing in the field of battle; still less in the bosom of his own castle, or even in the tomb, for knights are neither buried, nor do they go to bed in armour.

The same kind of affectation is occasionally exhibited in the monuments of others, not distinguished by military appendages. There was a maid of honour who lost her life, in a former reign, by the puncture of a pin in her finger. She is represented in marble, sitting upon her own

tomb, and raising her bleeding finger, as if to excite compassion, while she is looking at it, with a dismal expression of pain and fear.

The modern monuments are much more dignified; they represent living men in natural attitudes and situations, and excite interest, sympathy, and impressions of solemnity.

Among these I was particularly pleased with the monuments of Lord Mansfield, Lord Chatham, General Wolfe, and Captain Montague. From these scenes I returned home, meditating on the vanity of human pursuits, the emptiness of sepulchral glory, and the poor rewards of fame, even when its object is enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

London already begins to grow to a considerable degree familiar, and I now find my way from one part of the town to another without difficulty. But the place is hugely overgrown. If one has concerns of business, or engagements of civility of any considerable extent, the probability is, that he must travel eight or ten miles a day, and often more.

May 30.—London is justly renowned, all the world over, for its charitable institutions. As I was passing by St. Paul's this morning, I found no small difficulty in winding my way through an immense crowd, assembled around the church, to see the procession of the charity children, who, to the number of six or seven thousand, assemble annually at St. Paul's, on the last Thursday of May.

I met several companies of them dressed in uniform; they appeared neat, healthy, and cheerful, and were of both sexes, and generally under twelve years of age. I regretted that I had no means of procuring admission to

the religious exercises of the day. It was a thing which money would not buy, and which I had no one to procure for me.

On my way back, I stopped an hour at Pidcock's Menage in the Strand. This is by far the most extensive and interesting collection of living animals that I have ever seen. It exceeds that in the Tower. But it is impossible for me, my dear brother, to give any thing like a complete description of the various collections and curiosities which every day brings to my notice. *You* would not have patience to read, nor have *I* time to write such long details. All that I can do is to connect with the history of my life in this country, general notices of the interesting things which I see, with descriptions of such particulars as strike me most forcibly. Even this will perhaps be tedious, but my apology must be, that my principal motive for writing this journal, was to comply with your wishes, and to gratify a few other friends, whose affectionate partiality will induce them to overlook the unavoidable *egotism* of a performance, in which the writer must constantly speak of himself, if he would be faithful to the truth. One may, it is true, like Cæsar, substitute the third person for the first, but this is a *mere parade of modesty*, and, in any man less famous than Cæsar, would be justly considered as evincing the very thing which it would seek to hide.

Among the large animals at Pidcock's, are two royal tigers from Bengal; a lion and a lioness; two large and fierce panthers from South America, elegantly spotted like the leopard; a hunting leopard or tiger from the East-Indies, a small but beautiful animal which is used by the Asiatic princes in hunting; it is said that they carry

them on the pommel of the saddle, from which they spring upon their prey, particularly the antelope. There were two hyenas, animals which no degree of kindness or familiarity with man can at all soften from their native ferocity; a *nhyl-ghaw*, a large animal resembling the elk in form, but having a head like that of a horse, except that it is crowned with horns.

The elephant held the first rank in size. This animal was nearly nine feet high, and looks more like a huge rock than a living animal. It is wonderful with what ease he "wields his lithe proboscis." It answers him all the purposes of a hand, and as Buffon remarks, he carries his nose in the same organ, and thus unites touch, smell, and the power of grasping, all in one member. Without it he certainly could not subsist. I threw a small key among the straw on the floor, when, by the direction of his keeper, he found it with his proboscis, and gave it to me. Being asked how many gentlemen there were in the room, he gave as many short breathings as corresponded to the number, and the same for the ladies; in the same manner he told the ages of two children that were present;—he bolted and unbolted the doors, picked up my cane and gave it to me, took off the keeper's hat and put it on, thrust his proboscis into my waistcoat pocket, and took out a piece of money that was there, &c. Well might Mr. Pope call him "half reasoning elephant."

Among the smaller animals were several kangaroos; they have very short fore legs and very long hind ones, on which they stand erect, and one of them had been taught to box with his keeper, while in this attitude, and might have made a very tolerable pupil of Mendoza, with at least as much that was human about him.

There was a very great collection of monkeys and baboons; but with this burlesque on the human form, I am always disgusted, and feel disposed to say, as the king of England, under the title of king of the Brobdinags, is represented in a late caricature print, as saying of Bonaparte, under the character of Gulliver. The king, with an opera glass at his eye, looks intently at the little invader, whom he holds up between his thumb and finger, while he petulantly exclaims, "I am of opinion that it is a most odious little animal!"

I must not omit to mention the little bull taken from the menagerie of Tippoo Saib, at Seringapatam. He is only two feet seven inches high, and is kept in a garret, around which he runs like a cat.

No. XIV.—LONDON.

Mr. West—His sentiments on the progress of the fine arts—Anecdote of the King and Mr. West—An excursion into the country—Singular whim of a Dutchman.

MR. WEST.

May 31.—I dined to-day at the house of Mr. West. At his table I unexpectedly met the author of the Vision of Columbus.

Mr. West is a venerable old man of 70. His head is white as snow, but he exhibits no other marks of age. He has much ease, affability, and simplicity of manners, with a kindness of deportment which enables one to be immediately unembarrassed in his society. His house is

adorned with a profusion of fine pictures, but I did not take the liberty of inquiring which were his. I endeavoured to draw him into conversation upon the subject of the fine arts, in one department of which, that of historical painting, you know he has gained the first rank. He very obligingly yielded to my wishes, and gave me an interesting and instructive historical sketch of the rise and progress of the fine arts in England. With this subject he seemed to be perfectly acquainted. He dates their origin from the time of the third Edward, and he enumerated the painters, architects, and sculptors, who had flourished in the different reigns. But, so little progress had these things made, even at the close of the reign of George II. when Mr. West came to England, that he declared the country was at that time almost destitute of the cultivators of the fine arts;—more destitute in his opinion than America now is. But, he added, that England could now boast of more than three hundred distinguished painters and sculptors. Along with this progress in the fine arts, he had traced a growing refinement and humanity in the manners of the people. Formerly, every young gentleman was obliged to learn boxing, to defend himself against the insults of the mob, which he was sure to receive in walking the streets; but now, there is universal decorum and civility in the manners of the lower ranks.

He inquired concerning the state of society in America, and particularly of the progress of the fine arts. He thought that they had already attained a great degree of attention, considering the age of the country, and seemed very much gratified with the introduction of the plaster casts of the celebrated statues of antiquity, into New-York. He said he would not relinquish the idea of revis-

iting his country, from which he had now been absent more than forty years, as he was prepared to be very much gratified in witnessing its improvement. He spoke very highly of young Mr. Malbone of your town, and pronounced him to be, in his opinion, a first-rate miniature painter.

Mr. West, you know, has long held a high rank in the favour and patronage of the king. As this patronage began before the American war, it was natural to expect either that it would have been withdrawn when that crisis came on, or, that at least, all sympathy with his countrymen must have been studiously concealed on the part of Mr. West. But, much to the credit of this gentleman and of his royal patron, no such disgraceful compliances were either conceded or required. I have heard an anecdote on this subject, which ought to be mentioned for the honour of both parties.

During the American war, Mr. West was employed at Windsor Castle, in painting an historical piece for his Majesty, who often attended in person to observe the progress of the work. The etiquette of the court is, it seems, that no man speaks loud in his Majesty's presence, unless first spoken to by him;—all other conversation is conducted in whispers. The King was in the painting room, one morning, as usual, and a number of the courtiers were present, among whom was a particular nobleman, who had long been envious of Mr. West's high standing with the King, and was using every artifice to wound his fame. It happened that a gazette extraordinary had, that morning, been sent down from London, giving an account of the battle of Cambden, in South Carolina. This, the nobleman thought, would be a good opportunity to attack

Mr. West in presence of the King. Accordingly, without paying any regard to the propriety of the occasion, he addressed Mr. West in a loud voice, and a short dialogue ensued, in nearly the following terms.

Mr. West, have you heard the news from town this morning?

No, sir, I have not seen the papers of to-day.

Then, sir, let me inform you, that his Majesty's troops in South Carolina have gained a splendid victory over the rebels, your countrymen. This, I suppose, cannot be very pleasant news to you, Mr. West!

Mr. West saw the snare that was laid for him, and determined that if he must die, he would die like a man. He therefore replied—no, sir, this is not pleasant news to me, for I never can rejoice at the misfortunes of my countrymen.

The King, who, till this moment, had not appeared to regard the conversation, now turned, and said to Mr. West—sir, that answer does you honour! and then immediately addressing himself to the Lord, added—sir, let me tell *you*, that, in my opinion, any man who is capable of rejoicing in the calamities of his country, can never make a good subject of any government!

Such sentiments as these are characteristic of a magnanimous and superior man, and must certainly go far towards invalidating unfavourable popular impressions concerning the present King of England.

AN EXCURSION.

June 1.—London, you know, is surrounded by villas and country seats, where the opulent citizens reside a greater or less part of the year. I have dined, to-day, at

one of these beautiful places, about three miles from town, on the Kent road. It is the seat of Mr. Hardcastle, a wealthy merchant, the particular friend of our celebrated countryman Dr. Mason. I found Mr. Hardcastle walking in the grounds back of his house, in company with a young clergyman from Ireland. We had a large party at dinner. Among the ladies were several who were young and pretty, and whose features had much softness and delicacy of expression. Our circle, besides being distinguished for that elegance of manners and cultivation of mind which the first people of every polished country exhibit, was remarkable also as being composed principally of religious people. There were several clergymen at table, and among the rest Mr. BURDER, the author of the Village Sermons, an intelligent and pleasing man. But the young clergyman from Ireland annoyed us very much by his extreme loquacity. Forgetting what was due to older men, to strangers, and to ladies, he talked almost incessantly, and that notwithstanding the fears kindly expressed by some of the ladies, lest his exertions to entertain the company should injure his health, which, it seems, is bad; but hints would not do, for, with the utmost self-possession and assurance, he continued to pour down "the wordy shower" till every one was heartily tired.

Mr. H. is a man of very mild pleasing manners, of a sound and cultivated mind, and apparently a warm Christian. He is distinguished in England, and not unknown in other countries, as an active friend of religion, in support of which he contributes not only his time and exertions, but very liberally from his income; for the religious people of England make greater exertions than those of any other country in support of the cause which they es-

pouse. You have heard, perhaps, that during the late short peace with France, a committee of English gentlemen went over to Paris, for the purpose of taking steps to supply the French with the Bible in their own language. Of this committee Mr. Hardcastle was one, and he assured me that the fact which was published, was literally true, that they searched Paris for several days, before a single Bible could be found.

The seat of this gentleman was built by a Dutchman, who manifested the strong effect of national habit on private taste, by surrounding the house with a very broad and deep ditch filled with water, like the canals of Holland, and furnished with a draw-bridge like a fortification. I know not whether he really intended to fortify the house, like an ancient castle, or to make the scene somewhat resemble Holland, for the country was such as to render a ditch perfectly unnecessary.

This place is a delightful retreat, in the midst of green fields, groves, and flowering shrubs, and every thing bears the marks of opulence and ease. But, great opulence is so common here, and all the works of utility, beauty and magnificence, which result from it, that one would be ready to conclude, as did Rasselas, when he entered Cairo, that every body is happy; did not the numerous wretches in the streets, from whose pressing solicitations for relief, enforced by rags, sickness, blindness, maimed limbs, and the emaciation of hunger, it is scarcely possible to escape, convince him that even England has its full share of human misery, and that it no where exhibits more distressing spectacles than in London.

No. XV.—LONDON.

Mr. Barlow—Mr. Fulton—Sub-marine explosions—French Flotilla—Earl Stanhope—His republican sentiments—His mechanical ingenuity—An invention of his—His sentiments on the state of the country—A dinner—Reserve of the English.

INCIDENTS.

June 2.—Among my introductory letters addressed to Paris, I carried one to our celebrated countryman, Mr. Barlow. In the mean time he had come over to London, and I unexpectedly met him a few days since at Mr. West's. I have experienced from him much civility and very useful attentions.

He has entered with zeal into the professional views which have brought me to Europe, and has furnished me with several letters to the *Scavans* of Paris, and others.

This evening, I went by invitation to take tea at his apartments, where I met Mr. Fulton, and Earl Stanhope: Mr. Fulton I had before seen at Mr. West's. This gentleman is at present the subject of considerable conversation in England, on account of his projects of sub-marine explosion, by which he hopes to put it in the power of all nations to defend themselves against naval attacks: since if a ship of war can be approached below water, and blown up without warning, it is obvious that the more ships of war a nation has, the worse she will be off. This project of Mr. Fulton's is at present the subject of some apprehension and of a good deal of asperity and ridicule in England.*

* August 1818.—The history of Mr. Fulton's experiments on the torpedo warfare is now so extensively known in this country, that

With the character of Earl Stanhope, as a distinguished opposition member of the house of Lords you are well ac-

it is unnecessary to dwell upon it. Mr. Fulton was supposed in England to have been the contriver of the infernal machines, sent in the summer of 1804 to destroy the French flotilla. This I have heard strenuously denied by a member of Parliament, and he denied also that Mr. Fulton ever received any patronage from government.

With respect to the destruction of the French flotilla, there can now be no impropriety in mentioning the following fact, which was communicated to me confidentially in the summer of 1805. An eminent chemist stated, that he was sent for by the ministry, and consulted as to the most efficient means of burning the French flotilla. The result was, that he contrived a kind of cannister, containing, in different compartments, phosphorus and the superoxigenized muriat of potash† ; these tremendous ingredients, which every chemist knows, cannot, even in a carefully conducted *experiment*, be exploded together, in a quantity of more than a few grains, without the most imminent hazard, were here packed *by ounces* and *pounds*. At the instant of their being thrown on board, they were, by a particular contrivance, to be mingled and ignited; the effect, in such large quantities, must necessarily be, an explosion of the most awful energy, and the dispersion in every direction, of a fire of such unrelenting fury, that nothing but the instantaneous sinking of the vessel could cause its extinction.

Perhaps it is not to be regretted that, owing to extraneous circumstances, (currents, winds, &c.) none of these infernal cannisters ever got on board the French fleet, but those that were thrown, exploded short of their object. It is certain that the means of human destruction, as actually used in modern war, are so dreadfully effectual, that there is no need of increasing their number or energy.

The interest temporarily felt in the torpedoes, has already gone by, but the steam boat navigation of the United States, which great as it is, is only just commencing, will cause Mr. Fulton's name to be held in long and deserved remembrance.

† Now called chlorate of potash.

quainted; he is also distinguished in this country as a great patron of political and mechanical projects. He is particularly partial to Americans because they are presumed to be, of course, *republicans;* and men of science and of inventive genius meet with his particular attention, because he is really a distinguished mechanician, and generally a patron of improvements whose object is practical benefit to mankind.

His lordship's appearance was perfectly plain, and would never have led any one to suspect that he was a nobleman; his deportment was very affable, and removed all embarrassments to conversation. In this he took a leading part, and it turned principally on topics connected with chemistry and mechanics. With these subjects he appeared to be extensively acquainted.

There was a German lady present belonging to his family; she was performing upon the piano, and his lordship informed me that such were her talents for musical composition, that she would often play off the finest airs, extempore, and thus these delightful effusions of genius were irrecoverably lost, for she could never repeat them without variation. To arrest these fleeting touches of harmony, he had invented a musical instrument similar to the piano, with the keys of which he had connected a mechanichal contrivance which necessarily noted down the music as fast as it was played, the same movement of the keys producing both effects. If this invention is not as important to mankind as that of the infernal engines, it at least has the merit of innocence.

His lordship is in the opposition, and is very well known to have strong republican tendencies. He told me that he considered the ruin of this country as now inevita-

ble, and he spoke warmly against the right of primogeniture and the vast difference between the condition of the rich and of the poor in England. I must confess I find it no easy task to reconcile myself to the profusion, frivolity and splendour of too many of the English gentry, contrasted with the inevitable poverty and wretchedness of great numbers of the lower classes; but I should never have expected to hear, from the mouth of an English nobleman, a declaration that primogeniture is unreasonable. It is not easy to see how his lordship reconciles his republican notions, with his aristocratical practice. He said that all would have been well in England, if the French revolution had not taken the unhappy turn it did, but now, they were going on with one unnecessary war after another, and the country was groaning under six hundred millions of debt, a sum which all the land of Great-Britain and Ireland, if sold, would not produce.

June 3.—At a dinner in the city, to-day, I met an embarrassment which is too often experienced in England.—The party was large, and, as usual, began to converse on their own personal topics, and I to look forward to the entertainment of my own reflections.

But, I soon came to a resolution to attempt a share in the conversation, and accordingly addressed myself to a young Englishman, who sat next to me; but I was not fortunate in the choice of my subject, for the conversation was not supported; I asked him, next, concerning the ceremonies of the king's birth-day, which is to-morrow, but of this he knew nothing—and then, whether his majesty was not an excellent horseman. I now found that I had touched the right string, for, the young gentleman belonged to a volunteer corps of cavalry; from that moment we

entered into a very spirited conversation upon horses—horsemanship—the volunteer system—Bonaparte and the invasion, and in the event, the conversation became general, and the evening one of the most pleasant that I have spent in this country. The young officer of dragoons gave me his address and invited me to attend one of the reviews of his corps, and to visit him at Clapham.

The truth seems to be that the English are often reserved and will not trouble themselves to converse with you, if you are willing to remain silent. The reasonable modesty and diffidence of a stranger, they appear to mistake for stupidity or ignorance, and although they do not want discernment to discover, or spirit to repress impudence and vanity, they will not think much of you, if you have not a good share of self-possession and confidence in yourself.

Returning home, about ten o'clock at night, I observed one of those little circles which are very common in the streets of London; I allude to the audiences which gather around the ballad singers. These are usually poor women, or little girls, with every appearance of extreme poverty, who collect a few pence by singing ballads at the corners of the streets, under the bow-windows of shops, and the porticoes of public buildings. Although their voices are usually harsh, from being so often exerted, and their performances in every respect indifferent, they immediately draw a circle around and detain them a long time. Some stop from curiosity, some from pity, and some to pick pockets; the latter class hardly ever fail to find subjects in every crowd, for, although those who know London never trust themselves in throngs, with much property

about them, there are always novices enough whom curiosity attracts, and ignorance of the arts of pick-pockets renders insensible to their danger.

No. XVI.—LONDON.

The king's birth day—Palace of St. James—Court dress—Embarrassment from hoop petticoats—Contest of coachmen—Procession of mail coaches—Splendid equipages—Pressure of the crowd.

THE KING'S BIRTH DAY.

June 4.—This is his majesty's birth day, and after dinner I followed the current to St. James' palace to see the parade on the occasion. The palace makes but an indifferent appearance; it is a plain brick building of an irregular form in some parts, and where it is regular, it has only one story; this part extends a considerable distance and gives it the appearance of a manufactory, or range of low ware-houses. The palace was erected by Henry VIII. and is now used only for state purposes, as the royal family never reside in it. During their winter residence *near* town, (for they never live actually in London,) they reside in Buckingham house, which is known by the name of the Queen's palace.

On this occasion, St. James' street and all the streets leading to St. James' palace, were crowded with splendid equipages, cavalry, sedan chairs, soldiers, and thousands of common mortals. I had not taken any steps to obtain

admission into the palace, and therefore saw nothing more than what every body in the streets might see.

As the nobility came out of the palace to get into their coaches, I had an opportunity of seeing them in their court dress. On common occasions the nobility are not distinguished by their dress from other men, but, on the King's birth day, and other great days of state, their appearance is very splendid. Bag wigs, full-sleeved and flowing coats, and long waistcoats superbly embroidered, large shoe-buckles, set with gems or imitations of them, and swords by their sides, were the principal peculiarities which I observed.

The ladies wore hoop petticoats; the hoop was not a circle, but a large oval. The petticoat was not suffered to flow in natural folds, but was distended by elliptical rings, like a scoop-net, and glittered all over with gems and spangles. But there was a serious difficulty attending the position of the hoop. The longest diameter was at right angles, with the lady's path, and she must therefore necessarily require no small space to walk in; but, this space was not to be had, for, the gaping crowd, being wedged as close as they could stand, and pressing forward to gaze on the face of nobility, would open only a narrow lane for the courtiers. In this dilemma, ingenuity stood ready at the call of necessity, and the ladies, as they passed through the crowd, contrived to twist the whole machinery round, so as to bring the shortest diameter across the path. But, with all this aid from ingenuity, it was no small achievement to deposit one of the ladies safely in her coach; a soldier, with fixed bayonet, and two or three footmen went before to clear the way, and two or three footmen followed to close it; in some instances both lords

and ladies were borne to their carriages, or even quite away, in sedan chairs.

It was amusing to hear the speeches of the mob, on the occasion; they seemed to consider it as a *spectacle*, exhibited for their diversion, and they made very free with the gentry as they passed. An officer apparently of rank in the army, when closing the door of his sedan chair, had the misfortune to shut it upon the top of his gallant feather, which drew the hat off from his head as he sat down; the women in the crowd raised a broad laugh, looking in at the windows, and grinning in his face, but, he had the good sense and good nature to laugh with them, while he adjusted his hat, and moved on in much good humour.

There was a great procession of coaches, extending a mile or two, and there was much emulation among the coachmen who should be first. I saw a contest of this kind, which lasted a great part of the way down St. James' street. Two coaches were contending for the precedency, but they were abreast, and so completely wedged on all sides by the throng, that neither could gain the advantage, although every time the flood moved on a little, the coachman whipped and pushed the horses, which were spirited and ready to fly away with the carriages. At length the thing became so dangerous to the safety of those around, that the dragoons rode up, and with their broad swords, arranged the point of honour.—The fellow who was ordered into the rear, submitted with a sullen air, while his competitor triumphed, and the mob raised a loud laugh.

Beside the private carriages, there was a showy procession of all the mail coaches in the city; the coachmen, guards, and servants were dressed in scarlet; the trappings

were of the same colour, and all were fantastically trimmed and decorated. This ceremony always takes place on the king's birth day, because the post-office department, with all its servants, is considered as an appendage of the crown.

The coaches of some of the nobility were extremely splendid; some of them were newly made, on purpose for the occasion, and were covered with spangles and gold, in the glittering style of toy-shop finery. The livery of the footmen was also gaudy and fantastical to the last degree. They wore lace not only on the borders, but on all the seams of their garments, and their large cocked hats were surrounded with broad fringes of silver or gold. On such occasions as these, it is a point of great ambition to display the finest equipage, and the contending claims of the competitors are usually adjusted by a decision, which is made known in the next day's gazette. One great point of emulation is to excel all rivals in the number of footmen. Some of the coaches had two, three, and even four footmen, standing up, and holding on behind the carriage, not to mention occasionally a supernumerary one on the coachman's box. These footmen are frequently very handsome young men; personal beauty seems to be one important qualification for their stations. London contains a prodigious number of them;—I have heard it asserted that there are twenty thousand.

I did not see the royal equipage. It was on the other side of the palace, and it was impossible to get to it through the crowd. Indeed as it was, I felt myself happy to escape without injury, for such was the tumult, and the pushing and striving, that there was no small danger of being hurt. I never was so sensible of the dreadful pres-

sure of a city crowd; the streets terminating at the palace all poured their thousands to one centre, and it was my fortune to find a place just at this point. Perceiving that the pressure was fast becoming greater than was either pleasant or safe, I endeavoured to withdraw, but in vain; I was precisely in the situation in which the mechanical philosophers inform us that a body will remain at rest, that is, I was equally pressed on all sides, and remained fast enclosed in this great mass of human bodies, till the stationary tide of flood began to ebb, when I was borne along with the general current, and escaped.

We were exposed to some danger from the horseguards, which were stationed in St. James' street, to keep the passage open for the coaches; for, while we were urged forward, by the accumulating crowd in our rear, we were repressed by the cavalry in front, who, when we had pushed on too far, rode in among us, with drawn swords, and it was our concern, to see that our plebian feet were not crushed.

This evening the windows of his majesty's tradesmen are brilliantly illuminated with lamps of various hues, so arranged as to represent crowns and other appropriate figures. The tradesmen who have the honour of his majesty's patronage, or who at least boast of it on their signboards, are so numerous, that the streets look very gay on the occasion.

No. XVII.—LONDON.

Review of volunteers—The parks—Exhibition of paintings at Somerset House—How estimated by those who have seen the Louvre—The Lancasterian school--Oddity of punishment there—Cooke in Richard III.—Foundling hospital—Dr. T——'s Temple of Flora—Dr. Shaw—Mrs. Knowles—Her talents and attainments.

A REVIEW.

June 6.—I spent several hours this morning in attending a review of volunteers in Hyde Park. By some, this system of volunteer defence is regarded as a national palladium, and by others as a mere pageant, calculated to amuse the country into a false security. Probably the truth lies between them, but no one can question that it must be an excellent thing to provide so many men with arms and to teach them their use.

The review to-day afforded little which is not usually seen on such occasions. The weather was warm, and the regiments were involved in clouds of dust. This prevented my obtaining a sight of the King, who was present, but I had a glimpse of the Prince of Wales, who was on horseback, surrounded by attendants. He wore a blue uniform, and his person is now large and corpulent.

Hyde Park is a fine place for reviews. It contains between three and four hundred acres of ground, and it formerly occupied about six hundred, before Kensington Gardens were taken off from it. The parks which lie at the west end of London are delightful retreats from the noise and confined air of the city. All together I imagine they must occupy eight hundred or one thousand acres of

ground, which is diversified with fine rows of trees;—single trees here and there—gravelled walks—lakes—canals—palaces on their confines, and frequently an innumerable multitude of carriages and people.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

June 7.—I have been, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Guest, to see the paintings in Somerset House. Somerset House is a vast quadrangular building of stone, so arranged as to form a complete hollow square. It was formerly a palace, but is now used by the government for a great variety of public offices, and in it are the rooms of the royal and antiquarian societies, and of the royal academy.

In the apartments of the latter there is an annual exhibition of all the productions of the pencil for the preceding year, which have any claims to distinction, and of such others as have never been exhibited before. They are suspended principally in one vast room, the walls of which are completely covered with them, not to mention several smaller apartments. This year, the separate pieces amount to about eight hundred, and they are said to be less numerous than in former years. The object of this display appears to be to gratify public curiosity, to excite emulation, by a comparative exhibition of the works of different artists, and to promote the sale of the pieces, by exposing them to public view. I was highly gratified with this collection, which I have visited once before, and probably shall visit again. England has now a great many painters, and the fine arts generally are much cultivated. Our countrymen who have recently visited Paris, and seen the glories of the Louvre, affect to despise the paintings in England, and speak of the exhi-

bition at Somerset House as a trivial thing. They assert that no one can have a just idea of the perfections of the art without visiting Paris. Of this matter I am not a judge. I have ventured however to run the risk of being pleased with the paintings of Somerset House, and, as Americans claim liberty of all sorts as their birthright, I hope I may enjoy the privilege of being pleased, and of saying so, without being compelled to give reasons for it.

Among the pictures that interested me most, were a full length portrait of Mr. Fox;—one of Milton, blind, and dictating Paradise lost to his daughters, who act as amanuenses;—a domestic scene—a grave aunt fallen asleep in her chair and her truant neice eloping; and the imprisoned debtor, and morning, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL.

From Somerset House we went over Blackfriar's bridge into Southwark, to see the celebrated Lancasterian School. It derives its name from its founder and present conductor, a Mr. Lancaster, whose highly benevolent, meritorious, and successful exertions, have procured for him the applause and patronage of some of the first men in the kingdom. He is a quaker, who, taking pity on the deplorable condition of a large class of children in London, and especially in the borough of Southwark, voluntarily undertook their instruction and reformation, as far as it is possible for one man to do it. The class of children for whose benefit the Lancasterian School was instituted, are those, who, from extreme indigence, are given up to idleness, ignorance, and vice, candidates for every crime and every punishment. The great excellence of Mr. Lancaster's plan consists in its affording instruction at so cheap a rate,

that about one thousand children can receive it for a sum not exceeding one thousand four hundred dollars per annum, including, as I understand, all their stationary, books, rewards, &c. I saw assembled, in one great room, nearly seven hundred children, of which number the school now consists, and it has contained one thousand.—All these Mr. Lancaster superintends and instructs in person, without any other aid than that which he derives from placing the elder boys over the younger. For this purpose his school is divided into companies, like a little army, so that there is a regular gradation of instruction and command from himself, as commander in chief, down to his little lieutenants and sergeants. The minute particulars of his novel and curious establishment, will be best learned from a book which he will soon publish on the subject. I will mention a few circumstances which struck me during our visit.

The school is held in a very plain but extensive building, the cheapest that would possibly answer; even the beams and rafters are naked below, and upon them are suspended a variety of toys and other things, which are occasionally distributed as rewards, and, being constantly in view, have a tendency to promote emulation. As cheapness of education is the great object, economy is studied in every thing. The young boys are not suffered to waste pens, ink, and paper, in their first attempts to learn to write. Every table is provided with a narrow bed of sand extending through its whole length; this is smoothed by the hand or otherwise, and in this the boys make their first rude attempts at writing and ciphering, using the end of the finger, or of some blunt instrument, instead of pens and pencils.

There is a curious police in this little republic. I believe whipping is not practised at all, but the discipline of the institution consists principally in motives held out to their ambition, and sense of shame. Of the first, the rewards which I have already mentioned are an example, and I saw a whimsical, and I should think not perfectly judicious, instance of the latter. The boys came up in little squadrons, headed by their respective leaders, to their master, to exhibit the results of their industry. One of the youngest classes came up while we were conversing with Mr. Lancaster, and when any boy had not acquitted himself well, his next neighbour, upon a signal from the master, pulled him smartly by the ear. This was particularly mortifying in the presence of strangers, and I thought their little faces were coloured quite as much with indignation and resentment as with ingenuous shame.

Mr. Lancaster is a man of mild manners and of an intelligent mind. Although he belongs to the society of Friends, he does not attempt to imbue the minds of his pupils with his own principles, or to form their manners upon the Quaker plan; insisting merely upon the essential principles of religion and morals.

It is said that the boys in his school learn faster than in the common way, and the plan is capable of being extended to other countries, and of being executed by other men.

Returning into the city, the kindness of my good friends constrained me to dine and take tea with them, and I had already breakfasted there that morning, so that I made out the day in their society. They are of that class of people who seem to receive an obligation by conferring it, and to give one a new claim to their kindness by hav-

ing already bestowed it in the the most generous manner.

In the evening I went with Mr. G—— to the Covent-Garden Theatre, and witnessed the masterly powers of Cooke in Richard III. This play is too well known to need a recital, and the talents of Cooke in doing justice to its principal character are scarcely less known in England than the play itself. In this instance, the night scene, in which the slumbers of Richard are disturbed by death groans, was admirably performed, and even the trite exclamation: "my kingdom for a horse," produced its full effect on the audience.

Between the play and afterpiece, I wandered through the house, and was convinced that European theatres have not been defamed on the other side of the Atlantic.

There can be no doubt that they are frequented by multitudes, not so much for the pleasure of being present at the performances, as because they afford the most convenient of all possible rendezvous, for engagements which it is unnecessary to name.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Sabbath, June 9, 1805.—Among the many charitable institutions of London, there is a fine hospital for the education and support of foundlings. I attended divine service to-day at the church of this institution, and had a good view of the children reared by the charity. There were about five hundred of both sexes, neatly dressed in a decent uniform, and apparently very healthy and cheerful. They were seated in a gallery, where the rising of the seats exhibited them to great advantage. The preacher

gave a superior discourse, in which the excellency of the Christian religion was inferred from the existence of charitable institutions in Christian countries and in no other.

He alluded in a very pathetic and interesting manner to the children before us, and they, with one accord rose, as he feelingly asked, what would have been their situation, but for this institution, since they were deserted by their parents—without a name—without a habitation, and with no ligament to connect them with society.

There was no illiberality in this gentleman's discourse towards other denominations; not long ago, I heard an anathema from the same desk, against all those who dissent from the established church of England; the preacher was not, however, Mr. More, the one of whom I have now spoken so advantageously.

The church of the Foundling Hospital is elegant—the altar piece is ornamented with an appropriate painting by Mr. West, which he gave to the charity; no subject could be better adapted to the place; it is our Saviour receiving the little children that are presented to him.

This church is much frequented by the nobility and people of fashion; every one contributes something at the door, and he is sure that it will be applied to the best purposes only, while his gratuity procures him a seat, to which he is very civilly conducted by an attendant.

INCIDENTS.

June 10.—I have been favored to-day with an introduction to Dr. Thornton, well known by his work entitled Medical Extracts, and better still by his recent production the Temple of Flora. I was at his house, and he was so

obliging as to show me the superb picturesque coloured engravings, which have been executed for this work. It is a botanical production, intended to illustrate the principal classes of Linnæus, but more perhaps, to exhibit a splendid proof of the state of the arts in England. In the latter point of view the work is admirable, as it is undoubtedly unrivalled in the beauty of its engravings and the richness of its colours, but it has probably contributed very little to the advancement of science, and still less to the fortune of its author, for it costs, I believe, about fifty guineas, and there is not as much reading as in a common half guinea book. The work is accompanied by engraved heads of the principal naturalists, and by poetical quotations adapted to the different botanical subjects. It is in a very large folio, and the printing is diffused over a vast extent of *hot-pressed* and *wire-wove* paper; I need not therefore inform you that it meets with only a very heavy sale. Posterity will probably wonder that a work so splendid and beautiful could ever have been executed, and still more perhaps that one so unprofitable should ever have been undertaken. The author is a man of frank and pleasing manners, and hardly arrived at middle life.

An introductory note gained me access also to Dr. Shaw, of the British Museum. As my object was merely to make a few enquiries of him as a professional man, I can say little more of him, than that his manners, like those of most of the men of literature and science, whom I have seen in this country, are affable and polite. He is distinguished for an extensive and accurate knowledge of Zoology, on which branch he is now publishing a great work, illustrated by very fine engravings, taken principal-

ly from original subjects preserved in the great Museums of London.

The kindness of my friends Mr. and Mrs. Guest, has procured for me to-day an introduction to a celebrated literary lady, Mrs. Knowles. They are on terms of familiarity at her house, and took me there to dine. Mrs. Knowles is a venerable old lady of seventy, who has all the simplicity of manners and dress which characterize the society of Friends, of which she is a member, without any thing of their peculiarities.

She has been long celebrated in England for her literary accomplishments and her attainments in the fine arts, not less than for the masculine vigor of her understanding. Of the latter, Dr. Johnson is said to have had a proof, which must have been somewhat mortifying, to one accustomed to dictate with dogmatical decision, and to triumph in every contest. I allude to a dispute which the Dr. held with this lady, upon the principles and habits of the Quakers, in which he is said to have been fairly worsted by her, and driven from the field.

Mrs. Knowles gratified us with a sight of the numerous productions of her pencil and her needle, with which her apartments are adorned. Many of them are exquisite in their kind, and do equal honour to her industry and ingenuity. The productions of her needle are particularly interesting. Those which I saw, consisted principally of representations of objects of natural history, such as various animals, flowers, fruits, &c. In this branch of the imitative arts she has attained such excellence as almost to rival the pencil itself, for some of the animals represented, seemed absolutely alive, as if ready to spring forward.

In the same style, Mrs. Knowles has executed the best likeness of the King that has ever been taken, and his Majesty has paid her very particular marks of respect.

No. XVIII.—LONDON.

British Museum—Egyptian and other antiques—Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great—Roman arms and relics—Likeness of Chaucer—Magna Charta—Pope's Homer—Drury Lane—Strong curiosity to see the Royal Family—Their reception at the theatre—Appearance of the King and of the Family—The play and entertainment—Opinions concerning the King—Anecdotes of him—An incident.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

June 12.—In order to see the British Museum it is necessary to make application on a previous day. I made the necessary arrangements yesterday, and was this morning admitted to see this celebrated repository of curiosities.

In this instance, as in most former ones, it will be my object, my dear brother, to notice only a few of those things which interested me most. Indeed, if the principal purpose of this Journal were description, I might as well spare myself the trouble of doing that which will be found in many instances, to have been better executed by others. But, I write chiefly because it is myself that have seen, and you and a few other of my most particular friends that will read. I cannot doubt that you will be warmly interested in every occurrence of my travels and residences abroad, and therefore what I have seen, thought, and

felt, will form to you and the other friends for whom I write, not the least interesting circumstance of the story.

In the yard before the Museum, beneath temporary sheds constructed to defend them from the weather, till they can be removed into a building now erecting for their reception, are the celebrated *antiques*, taken from General Menou at Alexandria. The French had brought them from Cairo and other places, with the intention of transporting them to France, but the catastrophe of the late war in Egypt placed them in the power of the English. Among them are several Roman statues, a pillar of porphyry of extreme hardness, an ancient obelisk and several images, supposed to have been intended to represent the Egyptian goddess Isis; but a number of sarcophagi are justly reckoned among the greatest curiosities.

They are made of stone, and were used as the exterior coffins of the Egyptians. The mummy was first wrapped in cloth; it was then enclosed in a wooden coffin, opening with hinges, like a case for spectacles, and those mummies which I saw in the Museum, as well as their coffins, were richly ornamented; last of all, the wood coffin was deposited in the sarcophagus. The latter are covered with inscriptions and designs of various kinds, which I leave the antiquaries to explain.

The largest and most ornamented of these sarcophagi is believed to have been the exterior coffin in which the body of Alexander the Great was deposited.* Giving way to the impression which I strongly felt to believe the fact, I was forcibly struck with the humiliating lesson which it

* Although Alexander died at Babylon, it is well known that his body was afterwards removed to Alexandria

reads to human ambition, and especially to the thirst for martial glory.

> Say, mighty chief, was this the boasted end
> Of triumphs and of toils like thine renown'd!
> Did he, who sway'd from Indus to the Nile,
> And claim'd, presumptuous, to be call'd a god—
> Did this dread hero find his last abode
> Within this narrow house! Thy very tomb,
> Great conq'ror of the world, derides thy claims,
> And shews its marble sides by time unhurt,
> While winds have blown thy ashes o'er the world!

With similar emotions I beheld a collection of arms found on the place where the great battle of Cannæ was fought, and supposed to have belonged to the parties who contended on that memorable spot. There is also a collection of rings and of other ornaments for the fingers and ears, which are believed to have been worn by the combatants at *Cannæ*. In spite of the disposition which is so naturally felt to ridicule an enthusiastic and extravagant admiration of antiquity, one cannot remain unaffected when he realizes that *these* rings have been worn on Roman fingers;—*this* helmet covered a Carthaginian head, and *that* spear was thrown by a Roman hand in the presence of the victorious Hannibal. Similar emotions were excited by the numerous Roman vases;—the amphoræ in which their wines were kept, and especially by the relics of the unfortunate Herculaneum. These consist of utensils, vases, gods, &c. and among other things are the very hinges of their doors. By the sight of these authentic remnants of this illustrious nation, a powerful impulse is excited towards the study of their antiquities.

Among the numerous and highly interesting mineral specimens, there is an Egyptian pebble, which, being accidentally broken, discovered, on both faces of the fracture, a striking likeness of the poet Chaucer. It is a most singular lusus naturæ.*

They shewed me Oliver Cromwell's watch, and a horn which grew on a woman's head; her portrait with this singular appendage was also preserved there.

The zoological department was not so extensive as I should have expected. The principal glory of the museum is the vast collection of manuscripts, ancient and modern; but the rapid manner in which they hurried us through the different apartments did not allow me time to examine many of these. I had however the satisfaction of seeing the renowned original Magna Charta, the very instrument which the inflexible barons extorted from king John. It is considerably mutilated and defaced, but still, in the main, legible.

I was delighted with a sight of the original copy of Pope's Homer, in his own hand writing. Although the sheets are now bound together in the form of a book, the work appears to have been written on loose bits of paper, often on the blank pages and covers of the letters of his

*Aug. 1818.—Mr. Stoughton, Spanish consul at Boston, has been so obliging as to shew me a similar lusus naturæ. It is a flint pebble obtained among ballast stone thrown from a vessel at an eastern port. When broken, it presented two complete half heads in profile; all the outlines of the features, and hair, were perfectly distinct, and the heads were of a darker colour than the rest of the stone. What is most surprising is, that one face was male and the other female; and even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sexes; they were situated in the stone, *face to face*.

friends; not unfrequently the lines run across *the superscription*, and *Alexander Pope, Esq. Twickenham*, is seen glimmering through some of Homer's finest strains. There are those who impute this to the poet's parsimony, while others consider it as a proof that he made the best use of his time, by writing down his thoughts at the moment when they occurred, on whatever scrap of paper happened to come first.

Pope's hand-writing was stiff but legible, and the numerous erasures evince that his first thoughts were not always in his own view, the best. I read as much of the book as possible in the short space allowed me, and left it with regret. I hope to visit this museum again.

DRURY-LANE AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

At five o'clock this evening, I went to the Drury-Lane theatre, with the double view of seeing this celebrated house, and their majesties, who were expected to attend that evening. It is known when the king and queen are to be at the play by the style of the bill for the evening, which, in such case always begins thus:

By command, their majesties' servants will perform, this evening, such a play.

This title always excites great interest, and it becomes necessary to go to the house at a very early hour, if one would obtain a seat, for there seems to be as much curiosity in the people of this country to see the king and queen and royal family, as if they were newly arrived, and were the first of their kind ever exhibited. This curiosity was evinced, this evening, by a very full house, and by a great crowd collected around the door, waiting the moment when it should open. When this took place,

the people poured in like a flood; the passage was narrow, and such was the strife and violence, that with the screaming and fainting of females, it was somewhat of a serious affair.

I took my seat in the pit, that I might be certain of seeing the king, for this curiosity was surely pardonable in one who had never before seen any sovereign but the people.

Every thing remained quiet, for a time, while they were waiting the arrival of the king and queen. During this interval, I had leisure to survey this spacious and magnificent theatre, of which I shall not however attempt a description, for mere descriptions of fine edifices without drawings, are of all attempts the least successful.

At length his majesty arrived, and, in an instant, the house rang with huzza! huzza! with loud clapping of hands and waving of hats; the applause was reiterated and reiterated, till they seemed as if they would never have done. The king bowed to the different parts of the house and took his seat. He is a noble looking old man, fleshy, yet not oppressively corpulent, and his countenance is so highly coloured that on the whole I think he appears younger than almost any man of his age whom I have ever seen. The outline of his countenance is very correctly delineated on the English guinea, and in many of the prints. He was dressed in a blue uniform, faced with red, with gold lace, epaulets, &c.

The royal box is directly over the left side of the stage, as one sits facing it, and is adorned with scarlet velvet, embellished with gold; over it is a canopy supporting a crown, and two yeomen of the guards stand below on the stage supporting spears.

Next came the queen at a short distance from the king; again the theatre rang with applauses, and her majesty having graciously acknowledged them by the usual civility, was seated at the king's left hand.

She is an old lady of a pleasant countenance, but bears the marks of age in a much greater degree than the king.

Immediately behind the king and queen stood the lords and ladies in waiting. They do not sit in presence of their majesties, and, whatever might be the honour, I did not envy them the pleasure of standing five hours in that situation, for honour will not keep limbs from aching.

Next came the princesses, Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. They were received with applauses, but less ardent than those bestowed on their majesties; they returned the compliment very graciously, and took their seats, the lords and ladies in waiting taking their stations behind them as behind the king and queen.

Their box is at the right hand of the royal box, and is richly ornamented with blue silk and silver lace. In a box immediately at the right of that, a number of female attendants were seated—I believe they were maids of honour; they wore those formidable hoop petticoats which I mentioned on the birth-day. Above the maids of honour were other royal attendants, lords, gentlemen, &c.

The princesses are not beautiful women; they are however, with one exception, ladies of fine stature and commanding presence, and have much dignity in their appearance.

Last of all, appeared one of the king's sons, the Duke of Cumberland, but he came into the box below the princesses, on purpose, I presume, to avoid applause, for it was not given till some time in the evening, when he rose

from behind a screen and shewed himself. He is a handsome man of about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, as I should suppose from his countenance.

Having finished the arduous business of introducing and seating their majesties and the royal family, we will proceed to the play.

First of all, the curtain rose, and discovered a throng of actors and actresses, on the stage, who sung "God save great George our king." The whole assembly, not excepting the princesses themselves, joined in singing the chorus, with a degree of zeal and animation, which could hardly be surpassed.

The play, which was the School for Scandal, was performed in a very admirable manner. Mrs. Jordan and Miss Pope among the women, and Elliston, among the men, particularly excelled.

If you have read the play, you will remember that Charles Surface, being reduced to extreme embarrassment by his own extravagance, as his last resource to raise money, brings the family pictures to the hammer, with the same gay levity which had plunged him into distress. He asks with whom one may make free, if not with his own relations, and as the pictures are *a going*, he relates who the originals were, and how they distinguished themselves. Here gentlemen, said he, here are two of the family that were members of Parliament, and *this is the first time that they were ever bought or sold.*

Such is the temper of the public mind, produced by the pending charges of peculation against Lord Melville, which, whether true or false, have excited great jealousy and indignation against the noble Lord, that this sentiment produced the loudest applauses, again and again re-

iterated, from every side. I thought from the king's countenance that he was not much gratified with this very distinct expression of the feelings of the house, for Lord Melville is a favourite with his majesty, who, in this business, has taken an active interest in his behalf.

The School for Scandal abounds with point, wit, and humour, for which the king seemed to have a high relish, for he laughed frequently and heartily.

After the play, *Rule Brittania* was sung by the whole house, with great enthusiasm, and the princesses joined in this chorus also.

There was a poetical prologue to the interlude, all the lines of which ended in *ation*, and Bonaparte, under the nick-name of Bony, by which appellation he is contemptuously and jocosely called in England, was severely satirized, as well as his long threatened invasion. The king seemed more delighted with this than with any thing; he laughed, almost continually, and the queen even exceeded him.

The after-piece was *youth*, *love* and *folly*, three personages which, it must be allowed, are usually found in company.

A leading circumstance in this play is, that a lady, falling in love with a youth who is required by a stern uncle, on whom he is dependent, to marry another, equips herself in the dress of a post-boy, and, under this disguise, attends her lover, on pretence of being his servant. In the beginning of the scene, the lady appears on the stage in her proper dress, and has an interview with her lover. The uncle, being announced by a servant, she precipitately retires into an adjoining apartment, and, to elude discovery, in a few minutes returns to the stage in a frock-

coat, jockey-cap, pantaloons, and boots, with whip and spurs, and the strut, stride and smart air of an equestrian; but although her delicate face and feminine voice betrayed the woman, she seemed perfectly at ease. This transformation is so common that it is hardly ever reprehended, but, if a modest woman can so far overcome the reluctance which she ought to feel to such an indecorum, as to appear on a public stage in masculine attire, she must at least belong to that class of virtuous women whom Addison calls Salamanders. She is, in the language of this acute discerner of human characters: "a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt."

The performances this evening were however tolerably correct with respect to delicacy, but there were still many things which a lady ought not to hear without a frown or a blush.

The truth is, the theatre is not a school for morals; it is idle to pretend any such thing; it is a splendid fascinating amusement to those who have no worse views in attending it, but to multitudes the theatrical entertainment is only a secondary object.

At the conclusion of the performances, the king, queen and royal family retired, with applauses, ardent as when they entered. The theatres always have soldiers in attendance to preserve order; a few sentinels with fixed bayonets walk constantly around the doors. I did not observe however that their number was increased, on the present occasion.

As to the opinions of the English concerning their own monarch, the most opposite impressions are conveyed by different persons. Some directly say, that he is in his

dotage, and without hesitation repeat his remarks with an air of ridicule, and laugh at his oddities. These things depend very much on the political prejudices of the individual. The truth is, however, that most persons in England have little knowledge on this subject, because they have few opportunities of knowing any thing, of the royal family. Peter Pindar's scurrilous muse has furnished every low witling with ridiculous anecdotes of the king, and they are retailed with as little knowledge and as little solicitude regarding their truth, as is felt in America. Some persons in the opposition make no secret of their ardent wishes for the elevation of the Prince of Wales, and earnestly look forward to that day.

A stranger will not be in haste to ally himself to the prejudices of any description of party politicians, or of their followers, but will attentively consider the evidence on both sides of the question.

The following anecdotes concerning the king will illustrate his firmness, his magnanimity, and his discernment.

When the king was shot at, a few years ago, in the theatre, instead of manifesting any weakness or fear, he merely turned to a lord in waiting, and said: "Sir, please to go back and tell the ladies* not to come in yet, *for there may be another*," and then quietly took his seat.

Towards the latter part of the American war, Col. Trumbull, who had borne arms, in a distinguished station, against the king, and whose father, the first Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, was well known in England, for his very active and efficient support of the American

* The queen and princesses who, according to custom were waiting in an adjoining room, and would as a matter of course, have come in within a few minutes.

revolution, came to London, to devote himself to painting. Through the indiscretion of a companion, he fell under suspicion of being a spy, and was thrown into the tower, where he underwent a confinement of eight months, and much anxiety was felt for his life. Under these painful circumstances, Mr. West generously interceded with the king in person, for his young friend.

But the anecdote is so interesting, that I will give it to you in Col. Trumbull's own words, he having obligingly furnished me at my request with the following statement:

"I was arrested at 12 o'clock at night of the 19th November, 1780, in London, *on suspicion of treason*—I was then principally occupied in studying the art of painting under Mr. West.

"He (Mr. West) well knew that his attachment to his native country gave offence to some individuals who were about the king's person.

"He therefore went the next morning early, to Buckingham house, and requested an audience of the king; it was granted, and he proceeded to state the origin and nature of his acquaintance with me, concluding that whatever might have been my conduct in America, he could conscientiously state to his majesty, that since my arrival in London, the principal part of almost every day had been passed under his roof, and indeed under his eye, in the assiduous study of his profession, leaving little or no time for any pursuit, hostile to the interests of Great Britain.

"The king after a moment's hesitation, made this answer:

"Mr. West—I have known you long; I have confided in you; I have never known you to mislead me; I

"therefore repose implicit confidence in this representa-
"tion.

"This young gentleman must in the mean time suffer "great anxiety; he is in the power of the law, and I can-"not at present interfere. But go to him, and assure him "from me, that in the worst possible legal result, *he has* "*my royal word, that his life is safe.*"

"Mr. West came to me with this message immediately, and you may well believe that it softened essentially the rigours of an imprisonment of eight months."

If you consider who was the king's prisoner, that he was, in his view, a rebel, and had just come from fighting in an elevated station against him; that his father was a most active and efficient head of one of the most actively and inveterately rebellious states, I think you will allow that the king's answer, which amounted to this—"should the courts of law condemn him to death, I will save his life by a pardon," constitutes one of the finest passages of kingly history, and could never have proceeded from a little mind.

Another anecdote which I have from a source equally entitled to confidence, illustrates the king's sagacity and presence of mind. Whatever may be the merits of the Irish question of Catholic emancipation, it is well known, that the king has always stated conscientious scruples as the ground of refusing his countenance to the various projects which have been started for effecting this object.

After he had in a great measure lost his eye sight, but before his mental powers were at all impaired, a new project was submitted to him, regarding Irish emancipation. A paper was read to him professedly containing this statement, and his royal signature was requested and expected,

but the document really contained very different things. The king immediately suspected that it was an attempt to impose upon him in consequence of his blindness; but, without discovering any suspicion, requested the person who had read the paper, to go to a certain office, and obtain another paper which was wanted. In the mean time having got rid of this man, he requested a third person, who had accidentally come in, to be so good as to read to him again the paper which the first person had professed to read, stating that he did not quite understand it. He did so, and it was found to be a very different thing from what it was stated to be, and directly contrary to the king's views.

He immediately declared that as he found he could not trust his servants, he would no longer employ them, and without delay turned out the whole ministry and ordered a new one to be organized.

AN INCIDENT.

As I was walking, the other day, near the Royal Exchange, I accidentally met an old acquaintance whom I had known several years ago, in America. I was passing rapidly through a crowd, and he also, but in the opposite direction. We caught each others features—both halted —looked—hesitated—went on—again looked back, and finally spoke. An unexpected incident of this kind in a foreign country electrifies one, and a higher degree of interest is excited than what would have been induced by a greater degree of intimacy at home. I dined with this gentleman to-day, and met there an English party.—Among them was an English physician, who was with lord Cornwallis' army, when it was captured at York

Town. This incident, of course, excited some interest and produced conversation. The gentleman to whom I allude spoke in the highest possible terms of General Washington; and indeed, concerning him, there appears to be but one sentiment in England. Even the king, who is said to have declared, during the whole of the American war, that if the Americans prevailed, Washington would finally prove the tyrant of his country, when he voluntarily relinquished his command of the army, pronounced that he was a great and good man.

The King is said also, when getting into his carriage at Kew, to have been overheard by two Americans, while he expressed himself thus, to one of his ministers: "We must persevere—we must persevere—*it was by perseverance that Washington and Franklin carried their points.*"

The subject of conversation was not understood by the gentleman who overheard this remark.

No. XIX.—LONDON.

Panorama of the battle of Agincourt—An interesting piece of private history—Du Bourg's Cork models of ancient temples, &c.—Representation of an eruption of Vesuvius—St. Paul's—Statues—Trophies of Blenheim—Prospect from the gallery around the dome—The whispering gallery—The great bell.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

June 14.—I spent some time to-day in viewing the panorama of the battle of Agincourt, painted by Porter.

Those of the battle of Alexandria and of the passage of the bridge of Lodi, by the same artist, were exhibited last winter in the city of New-York. The latter I saw there in January. It was a very grand painting, and so is this of the battle of Agincourt. The time of the battle is that in which Henry V. dismounts to defend his brother the Duke of Gloucester, who has fallen down wounded. There is one delightful effect produced by this painting. From the confusion, splendor, and dreadful carnage of the battle, you turn to the right side of the picture, where the river Somme, winding through a charming country, presents all the mild beauties of landscape, on which, the eye, turning with horror from scenes of blood, delights to repose.—This battle was judiciously selected by the painter, for it was one of the most splendid which the English annals afford.

It was fought by Henry against immense odds; the French lost ten thousand men slain, among whom was the flower of their nobility, while the English lost only a few hundreds. Their prisoners, after the battle, amounted to more than their whole army.

The painter has introduced one very interesting piece of private history. An English nobleman was followed into these wars by his wife, who, actuated by affection, accompanied him, in the character of an attendant; this she did, dressed in masculine attire, and clad in armour. After going through the campaign to that time with safety, the nobleman fell in this battle, and his wife is exhibited in the first paroxysms of grief, stooping over her dying lord, and directing the soldiers who support him to bear him away from the field. This battle was fought in Oc-

tober, 1415; the picture covers between two and three thousand feet.

I am fond of panoramas, especially of battles. Their magnitude, the consequent distinctness of the objects, and the circular position of the canvass, corresponding with the real horizon, all tend to give one the strongest impression of the reality of the scene. They are, at present, much in vogue in England. I have already mentioned a very fine one of the rock, fortifications, and bay of Gibraltar, with a portion of the adjacent parts of Spain and of the opposite coast of Africa. They are exhibited in buildings constructed on purpose for their reception; they are circular, like an amphi-theatre, and lighted only from above.

DU BOURG'S CORK MODELS.

June 18.—Since my arrival in London, I have met with some of my fellow-passengers in the Ontario. Probably there are a few accidental meetings which excite more interest than those produced by being fellow-passengers on board a ship, and I have not often been more gratified with any similar incident than in finding, in this immense wilderness of men, Dr. R—— and Capt. T——. They breakfasted with me this morning, and we went soon after, to see Du Bourg's cork models of ancient temples, theatres, mausoleums, &c. principally Roman.

This very ingenious man, Du Bourg, a Frenchman, from an actual residence of nine years in Italy, gained the information necessary for the execution of his wonderful work. It would be doing him great injustice to consider his exhibition merely as a display of ingenuity. In this view alone it must excite admiration; but, from the very effec-

tual aid which it affords in understanding the subject of Roman antiquities, it communicates much delight and instruction. He has contrived by the aid of cork alone, with a little cement and paint, to give perfect copies of some of the most admired ruins of antiquity.* Among these are,

Part of the sepulchral vaults belonging to the Aruntia family, under a vineyard near Rome.

The sepulchre of the Scipio family, near the Appian Way, three miles from Rome.

That of the Horatii and Curiatii, at Albano, twelve miles from Rome.

Virgil's tomb, at Pausilipo, near Naples.

The amphitheatre at Verona, said to be the most perfect now remaining. This is a most interesting model; it gives one a complete idea of a Roman amphitheatre.—It was capable of giving seats to more than twenty two thousand people, besides a gallery for twenty thousand more, and when crowded, it would hold fifty thousand.

In such places the ancient Romans assembled, to see those contests of wild beasts with gladiators, and of gladiators with each other, which disgraced the manners of that sanguinary although polished people.

The grotto and fountain of Egeria, and the Temple of Janus, I can merely mention, and I cannot entirely omit the celebrated Temple of the Sybils, exquisitely done on a scale of one inch to the foot; this is a most beautiful exhibition of architectural elegance.

* I was afterwards assured by an intelligent American, who has seen both these models and the originals, that they were very correct copies.

The great cascade of Tivoli, with the town and adjoining country, presents a very interesting scene. Here the artist has contrived not only to give correct copies of all the fixed objects, but he has represented the fall and roaring of the water in such a manner, that the allusion is complete. The water seems, to the eye, actually to pour down the precipice, with copious foam and spray; that is, machinery gives motion to something which has the appearance of water in violent agitation.

The last thing which I will mention is Mount Vesuvius, as it appeared in the eruption of 1771. We were conducted behind a curtain where all was dark, and through a door or window, opened for the purpose, we perceived Mount Vesuvius throwing out fire, red hot stones, smoke and flame, attended with a roaring noise like thunder; the crater glowed with heat, and, near it, the lava had burst through the side of the mountain, and poured down a torrent of liquid fire, which was tending toward the town of Portici, at the foot of the mountain, and toward the sea, on the margin of which this town stands. The waves of the sea are in motion—the lava is a real flood of glowing and burning matter, which this ingenious artist contrives to manage in such a manner as not to set fire to his cork mountain. The flames, cinders, fiery stones, &c. are all real, and it is only conceiving the scene to be at such a distance as greatly to reduce the scale of the mountain, and one will thus obtain not only a very impressive but probably a correct idea of its presence.

In the eruption of 1771, the lava ran down a precipice of seventy or eighty feet, and presented the awful view of a cataract of fire. This, also, by shifting his machinery, Du Bourg has contrived to exhibit in a very striking man-

ner. He has not forgotten to appeal to the sense of smell as well as to those of sight and hearing, for, the spectator is assailed by the odour of burning sulphur, and such other effluvia as volcanoes usually emit: I suppose they are set on fire by some one behind the scene, for the double purpose of producing the smell and the fiery eruptions.

The cork models are all very firm, and will bear a hard blow with the fist.

ST. PAUL'S.

From this instructive and interesting scene I went with Dr. R—— to St. Paul's, and took a view of this vast structure. From entire despair of doing justice to one of the finest and most sublime productions of modern architecture, I shall not attempt a description of St. Paul's.—There is an excellent one in the picture of London, and, so far as I can judge, it is extremely correct. In that account it is mentioned as a singular circumstance, that although it took thirty five years to erect this church, it was "built by one architect, *Sir Christopher Wren;* and one mason, *Mr. Strong;* while one prelate, *Dr. Henry Compton,* filled the see; whereas "St. Peter's at Rome was one hundred and thirty five years in building; a succession of twelve architects being employed on the work, under a succession of nineteen Popes."

St. Paul's is five hundred feet long, two hundred and fifty broad, and three hundred and forty high. It cost nearly 750,000 pounds sterling.

They are beginning to erect statues to illustrious men within St. Paul's. As yet there are but a few, and among them is that of Howard, so well known for his active and real philanthropy. Burke speaks of his travels as a grand

circumnavigation of charity, in which it was not his object to survey the grandeur of temples and palaces, but to take the guage and dimensions of human depression, misery, sorrow, and contempt.* Here is also a statue to Johnson, to Sir William Jones, and to Captains Burges and Falconer, who fell in battle. All these statues are executed in the finest style of modern sculpture, and are very ornamental to the church.

Within the dome of St. Paul's are suspended a considerable number of flags taken at different times from the enemies of England, *at the price of blood.*

Among these I viewed with strong emotions those which were won by General Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, in the decisive battle which gave him victory in the moment of death.

Here also hang the tattered trophies of the sanguinary field of Blenheim; they are six or seven in number;—now very much mutilated by time, but still serving to excite many a heroic and melancholy emotion.

With these interesting remnants of the dreadful conflict at Blenheim, one naturally associates the recollection of

* "He has visited *all Europe*, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, nor the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take guage and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of *philanthropy*—a circumnavigation of charity."

the ambitious, vain, and frivolous Louis, and of his illustrious scourge, the Duke of Marlborough.

We ascended to the gallery which surrounds the exterior of the dome, and took a view of this amazing structure, and of the immense city in which it is situated. London is too great for distinct comprehension at a single view; it is a world!

The objects most distinctly seen from this elevation are the church-yard of St. Paul's, immediately below;—Ludgate-hill;—Cheapside;—the river with its bridges;—all around, a confused wilderness of houses, whose tiled roofs present a rude and barren prospect for many a furlong; spires, cupolas, and turrets without number, and among these the Tower and Westminster Abbey, marking the two extremes of London, and, more remote, the hills of Kent on one side, and those of Hamstead and Highgate on the other, with a whole horizon of various intervening country.

From the roof of St. Paul's one cannot see much of the bustle of the city, because the houses hide most of the streets. The whole, however, seems like a beautiful reduced picture, and the carriages and people in Ludgate-hill, Cheapside, the church-yard, and other places which are visible, have an appearance of minuteness, and yet of distinctness and activity, which gives it all the air of a show.

Descending, we visited the whispering gallery. This is situated within the dome, at the distance of about one third of the way from the bottom to the top, and is an exact circle of one hundred and forty feet in diameter.

If you lay your mouth close to the wall, and whisper in ever so low a voice, even so that the person who stands

within a single yard cannot hear, such is the reverberation, that any one on the opposite side, one hundred and forty feet off, will on laying his ear to the wall, hear every word distinctly, as if some one were speaking in a *loud and audible* whisper, and it is not easy to be persuaded that some one is not concealed behind the walls, for the purpose of imposition. I could hardly banish this impression till Dr. R—— and I placed ourselves in opposite points of the gallery, and actually carried on a conversation of some minutes, although in very low whispers.—When the door of this gallery is forcibly shut, it sounds, to a person on the opposite side, like thunder.

Prayers are said publicly in St. Paul's, three times every day, and then any body may go in without paying a fee, which is demanded on all other occasions. The whole church is parcelled out into departments, for the sight of each one of which the visitor pays separately.

There is a library in the church, but it is not very extensive.

The great bell weighs more than eleven thousand pounds. It is tolled only on occasion of the death of one of the royal family, or of the dean of St. Paul's, or the bishop of London.

There is preserved in the church a beautiful model of the building which Sir Christopher Wren intended to have erected, for he was not permitted to follow his own plan entirely.

No. XX.—LONDON.

A painting room—Phæton and the solar chariot—Our Saviour at the last supper, &c.—An incident—Leverian museum—Birds—Monkeys—Whimsical arrangement of them—Minerals, &c.—A pastry-cook's shop—India-House.

A PAINTING ROOM.

June 19.—I have this morning called on Mr. West. I found this indefatigable man in his painting-room, with his pallet on his thumb, and his pencil in his fingers. I was conducted to this apartment through a long gallery of statues and paintings, the very appropriate decorations of the hall of a great master. In the room where Mr. West was, were many fine paintings. I was particularly struck with one which represented Phæton as soliciting the reins of the solar chariot; the hours, in the form of beautiful women, are leading out the impetuous coursers, to harness them to the chariot of the glorious luminary, while he is pouring out a flood of light on the opening heavens, and on the gods, who are assembled to witness this enterprise of youthful temerity.

There was another, representing our Saviour at the last supper. In the mild resignation of his countenance you may read, "not my will, but thine be done." A third exhibited Cicero, with the magistrates of Syracuse, ordering the tomb of Archimedes to be cleared of the shrubs and trees with which it was overgrown. But I may be tedious while I give only a faint impression of beauties, which must have their access to the heart through the eye.

At Mr. Wests', it was certainly pardonable in me to indulge a patriotic feeling while contemplating a native American, who, by the mere force of talent and industry, aided by the the most estimable social and moral qualities, had elevated himself to the highest eminence in his art—to distinguished royal favour, and to the most enviable honour which rival artists could bestow;* an honour which was enjoyed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom Johnson pronounced "*the most invulnerable man of his age*," and to whom Mr. West affords the fairest parallel in private worth, professional eminence, and public favour.

Mr. West received me with much kindness, and conversed with the most engaging freedom. He seems to be engrossed by his profession, and it is easy to see that *the state of the fine arts* makes a very conspicuous figure in all his estimates of national improvement.

He spoke in the highest terms of Trumbull. "His sortie of Gibraltar (said he) was done in this room; it is a great production—it is one of the great things of modern times. Trumbull has fine talents for painting, and he adorns them by the most finished manners."

As I retired from this interview, I lingered a while as I was passing through the gallery, to glance at its numerous paintings, prints, and statues.

What think you brother? Do not these painters and sculptors take rather too great liberties?

A God, or goddess, or deified hero or heroine, without mortal veil, now, even in private houses, often meets one

* Mr. West is president of the Royal Academy of painting, sculpture, &c. a station probably inferior in honour only to the presidency of the Royal Society.

in the hall, salutes him as he ascends the stair-case, or sits with him in the parlour.

There was a time when the heaven-born dignity of the human mind, as yet unconscious of sin in any thing which God had made, saw only images of purity and elevated contemplation, wherever it turned; but those days are no more, and while we have retained all our sin, the painters and sculptors have not always left us even our fig leaf.

I am aware that painters, sculptors, surgeons and anatomists, have all a similar claim to familiarity with topics which, as being strictly professional, must be contemplated without reserve.

As to the painters and sculptors, in their academies and painting rooms, we cannot object to their availing themselves of every aid, afforded them either by nature or art, and it is proper that the subjects which they study should be fully before them, without the intervention of "these light incumberances which we wear."

I would not pass for a barbarian, but, really, the exhibition of Venus de Medicis, of Apollo of Belvidere, and of other *unveiled* statues, as well as paintings, has ever struck me as a little *incorrect*, where *mixed* parties are to be the spectators; of such parties I have often been one in this country, but fashion affords the veil which the painter and sculptor have withheld, and the all conquering taste for the fine arts sanctions some petty deviations from that correctness, which public opinion would sooner give up, than abandon the claim to the possession of taste.

These things are now to be found in all collections of pictures and statues, and a real enthusiasm for the fine arts, or the affectation of it, has brought down the whole rabble of heathen gods and goddesses, with all the trumpe-

ry of Roman and Grecian fable, into the halls of the nobility and gentry of England.

I dined at my lodgings to-day, and just as I was finishing my repast, a coach stopped at the door, and I discovered through the window Mr. T——, a neighbour and old acquaintance of mine, at home in America. One who has never resided in a foreign country can hardly estimate the value of such an incident.

I had hardly given him a seat before I overwhelmed him with questions concerning my country and friends.

He gave me the most pleasing of all answers, a packet of letters, the first which I have received in England. I soon recognized the hands of several of my friends; but—what shall I say to you! yours was not there; nor that of any of our family; the rich present from my other friends has however put me into so good humour, that I forgive you for this time, but you must not presume too far on my clemency, for, while I am every day writing to you, I feel as if I had some claims to a return.

Mr. T—— being an entire stranger in London, I spent the remainder of the afternoon in conducting him to different parts of the town, for a month's residence has made it somewhat familiar to me.

THE LEVERIAN MUSEUM.

June 20.—I have been with two companions over Blackfriar's Bridge, to see *the Leverian Museum*. This justly celebrated collection, which is one of the first in the world, was originally formed by Mr.—afterwards Sir Ashton Lever of Alkerington-Hall, near Manchester, at an expense of £50,000 sterling. Consequent pecuniary embarrassments obliged him to dispose of it by a lottery of thirty-six thou-

sand tickets, and while twenty-eight thousand still remained his own, the revolutions of the wheel threw the prize into the hands of Mr. Parkinson, the owner of only two, who, in this way, for a couple of guineas, became the proprietor of this noble museum.

One room is devoted to the memory of Captain Cook, which is here effectually preserved by a collection of arms, dresses, utensils, idols, &c. which he made in his third and last voyage.

There is a grand collection of birds in fine preservation, and beautifully, although not scientifically, arranged, in a Rotunda, with an interior gallery. In this, the cases are placed, and the whole is illuminated by a fine sky light. Here is the bird of paradise, among a multitude of the most splendid of the feathered tribe.

There is an apartment very gravely devoted to the monkeys. Not satisfied with what the Creator has done, in making these animals so very ludicrous in their appearance and manners; so much like a man that we must acknowledge the resemblance; and so much like a brute that we cannot but be disgusted at it; the artist has exhibited them as busied about various human employments.

The taylor monkey sits, crossed legged, threading his needle, with his work in his lap, and his goose, scissors, and bodkin by his side.

The watchman stands at a corner, with his cane and lanthorn in his hands.

The house carpenter monkey is driving the plane over the bench.

The ballad singer, with his ballad in his hand, is very gravely composing his muscles to sing.

The clerk of the monkey room sits writing at a desk.

The shaver has one of his own species seated in a chair; his beard lathered, and the razor just beginning to slide over his face.

The dentist holds his patient by the chops, while he strains the turnkey, and produces all the grimace and contortion of features, which tooth-drawing can extort.

Crispin is pushing the awl and pointing the bristle to the shoe, and thus we have our rivals in form actually placed erect, and emulating human employments. Nothing is wanting but Lord Monboddoe's aid to free them from an appendage which this philosopher says our species have been so fortunate as to drop, and they might perhaps aspire even to the wool sack.

The mineral room contains a collection of superb specimens; they are large and wonderfully brilliant. Among them are specimens which once crowned the summits of sub-marine mountains, or shot in coral groves beneath the waves of the ocean; others selected from the treasures which the earth contains in her dark veins and caverns; crystals which in the exactness and finish of their lines and angles, rival the skill of the mathematician, and colours which in their intenseness and beauty surpass the efforts of art.

As usual the crystals of quartz excelled every thing else in size; there was a specimen from the Swiss Alps or from Madagascar (I am not certain which) as large as the thigh of a man of common size. The native crystals of many other substances were very perfect and beautiful, and the specimens of branched coral were singularly fine.

The specimens of branched coral are so fine, and the native crystals of other substances are so perfect and beautiful, as almost to justify the poetical descriptions of sub-

terranean grottoes and coral groves. I promise myself the pleasure of another visit to the Leverian Museum, and therefore leave it for the present.*

As Dr. R—— and I were returning into the city, on our way to the India-House, repeated showers drove us under the porticoes of the Royal Exchange, and into a pastry cook's shop. We partook of some of his sickly dainties, and found them, like flattery, delicious but unsubstantial. These shops are very numerous in London and very lucrative. A pastry cook has recently become a Colonel of volunteers, and will doubtless have the honour of preparing Bonaparte's desert, whenever he conquers England.

We went through several apartments of the India-house, where are transacted the most momentous concerns of the commercial world, and where is exhibited the singular spectacle of a trading company swaying the sceptre of a great empire, and deciding on the fate of Asiatic princes.

* Aug. 1818. Since my return to this country, I have seen in New-York a quartz crystal from Brazil far surpassing in size the one mentioned in the text. That presented by the States of the Vallais to the National Convention, during the French Revolution, is probably the largest known. It weighed about eight hundred pounds and was above three feet in diameter.

As to the London Cabinets, the public ones were in 1805 inferior both in extent and value to that of Col. Gibbs, which has now been some years deposited in the Museum of Yale College.

Since the addition of the great Cabinet of the late Mr. Greville, to that of the British Museum, the above remark ceases to be correct, as it was in 1805,

No. XXI.—LONDON.

Another visit to Westminster Abbey—Tomb of Henry V. &c.—Westminster Hall—Lord Ellenborough—Lord Eldon—Sir James Mansfield—Costume and dignity of the Courts—A balloon—To be transformed into a temple—Anecdote—Tower Hill—Memorable for state executions—Rag Fair—Jews—Clothes' shops—Anglo-Asiatics and Africans—Their condition and treatment in England—Slavery unknown in England.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

June 21.—I spent a little while this morning, with a friend, in Westminster Abbey. It was the hour of morning service, and the religious officers of the church were present in their appropriate robes; a number of boys, dressed in white were chanting to the organ, which by its deep majestic tones, added to those impressions of awe, which it is impossible that a stranger should not feel, on entering this venerable Abbey.*

It is in vain that the moralist tells me royal ashes are no better than mine will be, and that poets, nobles, kings, and heroes are but common dust. Still, I feel an elevated

* I say the *tones of the organ* added to the impressions of awe; not so the boys, and the ecclesiastics, who were performing, what I believe, it is not uncharitable to call a solemn farce; it is rather painful than otherwise, to see this kind of prescribed worship performed in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and other similar places *on secular days*. It is gone over (like any other task or lesson of frequent recurrence) by a dozen or twenty people within the chancel, which occupies but a speck in these vast houses, while crowds of loungers are strolling about, in all other parts of the building, looking at the statues, and reckless of the worship as those who perform it.

melancholy when I say to myself—here slumber the Edwards and the Henrys of England; beneath this marble lies Queen Elizabeth, and here, her royal victim, Mary Queen of Scots.

History calls up, with powerful association, the actions of the illustrious dead. On one side, the monument of Newton fills you with impressions of the noble claims which science, intellect, and piety like his, have on the admiration of posterity; while on the other, the tomb of Henry V. recalls powerfully to one's recollection the conqueror of France. Over this tomb are suspended the shield which he bore, and the saddle which he rode at the memorable battle of Agincourt.

This is one of those dreadful, brilliant, sanguinary conflicts, which took complete possession of my imagination when I first heard the English history, and I cannot tell how it made me feel, to behold these remnants of the battle of Agincourt. On the mind of an American, such things produce their full effect, and such an one may be allowed to feel an enthusiasm almost puerile.* There is

* The Quarterly Review (July, 1816,) remarking upon this Journal observes; "The American is indebted to England for every thing that has humanized, every thing which may adorn, every thing which can ennoble the character, and that the old Americans, the genuine people of the country, feel this, is evinced by the volumes before us. *England is to them what Italy and Greece are to the classical scholar, what Rome is to the Catholic and Jerusalem to the Christian world.* Almost every hamlet, says Mr. S———, has been the scene of some memorable action, or the birth place of some distinguished person. It is interesting to observe this feeling and to trace its manifestation. An American who remembers that he is English by descent, language and religion—that is to say by every tie of moral and intellectual relationship, *may be envied for his sensations in England.* Greece

no object that I have seen in England of which I am so desirous to give you a correct impression as of Westminster Abbey, nor is there any task of the kind to which I find myself so inadequate.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

From the Abbey we went across the street into Westminster Hall to see some of the *living* oracles of the law. While we were at this great fountain head not only of English but of American jurisprudence, I often thought of you, my dear brother, and wished that you could have been with me to gratify that strong professional curiosity, which every lawyer must feel to see Westminster Hall, and its courts of justice. Although the books of reports, which have now become so numerous and copious, afford you a better idea of what is done here than can be obtained from a few short visits, it is still some gratification to behold the place and the men. In the Court of King's

and Italy, however interesting the recollections which they awaken, and however sublime the thoughts and feelings which they may call forth, give almost a melancholy sense of earthly instability, and force upon us a humiliating contrast between elder and latter times. But England in the full glory of her arts and arms, in the plenitude of her strength and the exuberance of her wealth, in her free government and pure faith, just laws and uncorrupted manners, public prosperity and private happiness,—England in each and all of these respects, presents an object not to be paralleled in this or other countries—an object which fills with astonishment the understanding mind, and which the philosopher and the Christian may contemplate not only with complacency, but with exultation, with the deepest gratitude to the Almighty giver of all good, and the most animating hopes for the further prospects and progress of mankind

Bench Lord Ellenborough was giving judgment in a cause; his manner is perspicuous, simple, and unostentatious.—The judges in this court wear those full flowing wigs, which we see in their portraits; the effect is rather ludicrous than solemn, especially when the face is small and diminutive.

Across the hall, is the Court of Chancery. We saw the chancellor Lord Eldon. He is a man of a noble appearance, and, if his countenance be a true index of his mind, well deserves his elevated station. In his person and features, he is not unlike Judge Ellsworth of Connecticut.

Sir James Mansfield is the chief Judge of the court of common pleas. The costume of this court is a purple silk robe with a white wig, close curled, not flowing over the shoulders.

I have visited Westminster Hall a number of times, with the hope of hearing Erskine, Gibbs, Garrow, or some other of their distinguished advocates, but I have not been so fortunate as to be present when they were speaking, nor have I heard any eloquent man in these courts. They are all crowded with lawyers, who, as you know, wear flowing black gowns, and wigs curled and powdered. As these gentlemen are generally florid and fat, they have commonly an appearance which exhibits an odd contrast with this solemn dress. The courts of Westminster are miserably cramped in consequence of the smallness of the apartments, which are hardly competent to contain the courts and their officers, without leaving room for suitors and spectators.

Among the lawyers they pointed out one of the name of *Best*. It seems the dignity of the place does not pre-

clude punning, for, this gentleman has a brother, also a lawyer, whom, from his being both younger and inferior, they call *second Best*.

There is a great deal of dignity in these courts of justice. No indecorum of manners is permitted, and the lawyers are, as they ought every where to be, so much under the influence and control of the courts, that they dare not trifle, but always adhere strictly to the point.

Westminster Hall is said to be the largest room in Europe, whose roof is unsupported by pillars; it is a vast area of two hundred and seventy five feet in length by seventy five in breadth, without divisions, benches, or any obstruction whatever. Over head, the frame work which supports the roof in the form of what is called geometry work, is in full view. It is of English oak, and seems perfectly undecayed. The hall was originally built by William Rufus, was re-erected by Richard II, and is said to have been used by that monarch, for a dining room for the immense retinue, which drew their subsistence from his royal bounty, or rather profusion. You will remember, Hume mentions that ten thousand persons hung about his court and were fed from his table. Westminster Hall is now merely a promenade for the lawyers and their suitors, and generally for all persons who are attending upon the courts of law, or upon parliament. It is usual to see great numbers walking up and down through this hall, and indulging freely in conversation. The judicial and deliberate bodies hold their sessions contiguously to the hall but not in it; still you pass through it to arrive at them. For example, entering the hall, you turn to the right and ascend a few steps the court of exchequer, and about half way up on the right, you come to the common

pleas: to find the chancery, you go quite through the length of the hall, and enter this court at the end opposite the entrance door, and on the right hand: the king's bench has the same situation on the left, and of course opposite to the chancery, there being only an entry between them. To come to the house of lords, you go on through this entry, ascend a flight of stairs, and turn to the right; for the house of commons, turn to the left, and in fact you make several turns before you come to St. Stephen's Chapel, which stands at right angles, with Westminster Hall, and yet separated from it by lobbies, stair cases, passages, &c. Still, after entering the door of Westminster Hall, you find access to all these bodies without going into the weather.

Seen from the outside, what is properly called Westminster Hall, has the appearance of an ancient time-worn sombre Gothic building, of regular figure, viz. a parallelogram; but there are so many buildings connected with it, to accommodate the various public bodies; they are in such different styles of architecture; of such different ages; so disproportionate in size, and so irregularly placed, or rather jumbled into contact, that what with the coffee-houses and other appendages, which *grow to* these buildings, as it were, like wens or warts:—the whole has an appearance of rudeness, confusion, and incompetency to the object, which fills a stranger with astonishment, that the judicial and legislative concerns of the greatest empire which the world ever saw, should not, e'er this, have been accommodated with a princely establishment, equal to the grandeur and resources of the nation. Probably a veneration for antiquity goes far towards preserving the present establishment.

Indeed it would be a painful thing to any stranger, visiting England, not to see Westminster Hall. The great State trials have been held in it for centuries. The kings anciently dispensed justice here in person: Charles I. was tried and condemned to death in this room; here was held the famous trial of Warren Hastings; and now whenever a peer is tried, it is fitted up with carpets, seats, &c.—Within the walls of few buildings, it is presumed, have so many memorable things been said and done.

A BALLOON.

On my way home from Westminster Hall, I stopped at the Pantheon, to view a magnificent balloon which is now getting ready there. Lunardi, a well known æronaut, is to ascend in it, with a party of a dozen ladies and gentlemen. They pay a high premium for the privilege of breathing among the clouds, and the chance of being killed philosophically. This balloon is ornamented, in a very expensive style, and will probably cost enough to buy the finest equipage in Europe; minds of a less ambitious cast would perhaps prefer the wheels and horses on the ground, to varnished silk, and inflammable gas, among the whirlwinds of heaven. This party are even more ambitious than æronauts usually are; for they are not contented with building castles in the air, they must even raise a Grecian temple there, as if by magic; for, it is a part of the scheme of this balloon that, after it has ascended to a certain height, a festoon of curtains which has been suspended all around it, will suddenly unfold and hang in such a manner as to hide the balloon completely, and to represent a Grecian temple with all its porticoes and columns.

The car of this balloon is a circular platform, furnished with a dozen elegant chairs, secured in their places by an iron ring, which passes through their backs, and is itself supported by iron posts. In the middle is a table, in which is a door that opens into convenient places for refreshments, philosophical instruments, and other things necessary for the voyage. The car will be suspended as usual by a net-work of cords passing over the balloon, and fastened to the platform. A day in September is fixed on for the ascent, and, if I am at that time in London, you may expect to hear more of this great bubble, should it actually rise.

You are aware that there are two methods of raising balloons, both however depending on the same principle. The earliest, that tried by the Montgolfiers, at Lyons, and subsequently by others, was by inflating the balloon by common air, rarefied by a fire placed beneath the mouth of the balloon; this was effectual, but dangerous, on account of the vicinity of fire to oiled silk, or other highly combustible materials of which balloons are made.

This was soon laid aside, and the balloon inflated with hidrogen gas, obtained from the solution of zinc or iron, in diluted sulphuric acid. This gas being only one tenth or twelfth, or even if pure, one fifteenth part of the weight of common air, gave of course a high degree of buoyancy to the balloon.

The balloon in the Pantheon, of which I have been speaking, is to be inflated with hidrogen gas.

Some years ago, when balloons were first let off in England, one, which had been filled with hidrogen gas, flew away, and fell in a province remote from the capital.—The rustics were alarmed at the descent of this strange

non-descript, and were at first too much terrified to approach it; at length, however, gathering courage, they began to examine, and finding it to be a great bag partly collapsed, they wisely concluded that it must be again blown up, in order that they might enter to examine its interior. Accordingly, taking it into a house, by vigorous working of large bellows fixed in its mouth, they succeeded in swelling the great bubble to its former dimensions; but the hidrogen gas which had been left in the balloon, was now rendered highly explosive, by the mixture of the common air, which they had blown in, and it needed nothing but an ignited body to *touch it off*. Accordingly the over curious, but not over philosophical countrymen, deputed one of their number to enter with a lighted candle, to see what was within. No sooner had the ill-fated messenger applied his candle to the door of this dark cavity, filled with gloomy fiends of which he was little aware, than the whole blew up with a loud explosion, threw the astounded spectators flat upon the floor, and shattered the glass windows of the house to atoms; but happily the quantity of gas remaining in the balloon was so small, that no life was lost.

Early in the revolution the French are said to have gained a great battle in Flanders, by reconnoitering the enemy's position, from a balloon, and subsequently they instituted an æronautic academy; an anchored balloon was kept constantly on flight, and a Colonel, with a select corps of young men, was employed in practising in these new ærial tactics.

TOWER HILL.

June 23.—I took a walk this morning to Tower-Hill, which is situated near the Tower itself. It is not much of an eminence, but it has been rendered very conspicuous in English history, as the place where much noble blood has been spilt, under the hand of the executioner. The Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Russell, Lord Lovet, Ann Boleyn, and the great Sir William Wallace, the asserter of the liberties of his country against the tyranny of Edward the first, will occur to you among the multitude of other distinguished persons, whose blood has, at different periods, enriched this memorable spot. It is now a beautiful square, covered with verdure, and enclosed by an iron railing. It has ceased to be a place of execution, and, if my recollection does not deceive me, Lord Lovet and his associates were the last victims that suffered there.

Few places in England, or even in the world, are associated with more interesting and painful recollections, than the Tower of London, and its celebrated Hill. So common has it been to imprison State criminals here, that the particular gate by which they pass out, in order to go by water to Westminster for trial, is to this day called Traitor's Gate. Real treason is, without doubt, an enormous crime, and worthy of the severest punishment. But *any thing* has been called treason, which those in power have chosen to name such, and an awful list of murders, perpetrated under the solemnities of law, remains yet to be accounted for. How many tyrants, stained with blood, will meet in another state of existence, the comparatively

spotless spirits of those whom they have consigned to an infamous death.

Who can think without indignation of Ann Boleyn, the innocent victim of royal jealousy and licentiousness; of Sir Thomas More, the just and wise, yielding his life to the same gloomy tyrant; of Sir Walter Raleigh, the ornament of his age; and of the Earl of Stafford, whose only crime was his high-minded loyalty—both of these sacrificed to popular resentment; and more than all, of Sir William Wallace, arrayed in all the splendor of heroic chivalry and devoted patriotism, the Washington of his age and country—but bowing to the cruel policy of an able but wicked monarch.

RAG FAIR.

June 24.—As I was going to the London Dock, this evening, with some companions, we passed through a great crowd of dirty ragged people, to the number of some hundreds. They appeared to be very busy in displaying and examining old clothes which they were pulling out from bags in which they were contained. This, I was informed, is *rag fair*. It is held here every evening for the sale of old clothes which are collected all over London, principally by Jews, who go about with bags on their shoulders, crying, with a peculiarly harsh guttural sound, *clothes, clothes, old clothes*. You will meet them in every street and alley in London, and at evening they repair to Wapping, where a grand display is made of every species of apparel in every stage of decay. Sometimes they are in tatters, and at other times merely soiled. Here people of the lower ranks may make a selection which is to them

really very useful, and a poor coxcomb may deck himself in the cast-off finery of the London cockneys.

This is only one instance of a great system of similar transactions. There are shops in every part of London, where a man may furnish himself with the most important articles of dress for a few shillings; for instance, there are hundreds of boot and shoe stores, where these articles are sold of such rude workmanship and of such inferior materials, that there are few who cannot buy, at least among those articles which are second hand. There is probably no place in the world where people of all conditions may consult their circumstances so effectually as in London.

ANGLO ASIATICS AND AFRICANS.

From the rag fair we went on board an American ship lying in the London docks. There we saw several children which have been sent, by the way of America, from India to England, to receive an education. They are the descendants of European fathers and of Bengalee mothers, and are of course the medium between the two, in colour, features and form. I mention this circumstance because the fact has become extremely common. You will occasionally meet in the streets of London genteel young ladies, born in England, walking with their half-brothers, or more commonly with their nephews, born in India, who possess, in a very strong degree, the black hair, small features, delicate form, and brown complexion of the native Hindus. These young men are received into society, and take the rank of their fathers. I confess the fact struck me rather unpleasantly. It would seem that the prejudice against colour is less strong in England than in America; for, the few negroes found in this country, are in a

condition much superior to that of their countrymen any where else. A black footman is considered as a great acquisition, and consequently, negro servants are sought for and caressed. An ill dressed or starving negro is never seen in England, and in some instances even alliances are formed between them and white girls of the lower orders of society. A few days since, I met in Oxford-street a well dressed white girl, who was of a ruddy complexion, and even handsome, walking arm in arm, and conversing very sociably, with a negro man, who was as well dressed as she, and so black that his skin had a kind of ebony lustre. As there are no slaves in England, perhaps the English have not learned to regard negroes as a degraded class of men, as we do in the United States, where we have never seen them in any other condition.

It is true, that in our eastern and middle states, and in all north of the river Ohio, there are few or no slaves, and the emancipated blacks, in many instances, rise to the possession of property, and of some personal respectability, but probably, it will never be possible to blend them by intermarriage with the whites. After all that we say, and with much truth, of the superiority of our country over others in civil liberty, it is a foul dishonour, it is a crying iniquity, it is a most glaring inconsistency, that we tolerate slavery. Other nations throw back into our faces this dreadful opprobrium, to which we must submit, in the silence of conscious guilt and disgrace: while England, deeply guilty, in having first introduced slavery among us when we were her colonies—in still sustaining it in the West Indies, and in having so long sustained the slave trade, which she has at last prohibited—formerly oppressive in her attempts to subjugate us—still oppressive in

her sway over the devoted millions of Asia—but proudly consistent at home, suffers no slave to contaminate her own European domain; the slave no sooner touches her shores, and breathes her atmosphere, than his chains fall from his limbs, and he exults in the consciousness of liberty.

No. XXII.—LONDON.

Vauxhall Gardens—Situation and extent—Splendidly illuminated—Description—Amusements of the place—Music—A mechanical panorama—Fire works—Dancing of courtezans.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

In the evening, I went with a party of Americans to Vauxhall gardens. They are situated about a mile and a half from London, on the south of Lambeth, on the Surry side of the river. The gardens cover a number of acres, the whole surface is perfectly smooth, free from grass, and rolled hard. Avenues of lofty trees are planted every where, and the confines are filled with shrubs. I came to the gardens with the impression that I was about to see something excelling all other splendid objects which I had hitherto beheld. Nor was I disappointed. For, as we entered, a scene presented itself splendid beyond description, and almost beyond conception, exceeding all that poets have told of fairy lands and Elysian fields.

From the trees, even to their very tops and extremities, from the long arched passages, open at the sides, and crossing each other in geometrical figures, from the alcoves

and recesses which surround the whole, and from the orchestra and pavilions, such a flood of brightness was poured out from ten thousand lamps, whose flames were tinged with every hue of light, and which were disposed in figures, exhibiting at once all that is beautiful in regularity, and all that is fascinating in the arrangements of taste and fancy—that one might almost have doubted whether it were not a splendid illusion which imagination was playing off upon his senses. Do not suspect me of exaggeration, for, what I have now written can give you but a faint idea of this abode of pleasure.

The arched passages to which I just now alluded, cross the gardens at right angles with each other, and yet, not in such a manner as to obscure the trees. In the recesses which bound the gardens on several sides, and also beneath the trees, tables are placed, furnished with cold collations, confectionaries, and other refreshments. Transparent paintings rendered conspicuous by lights behind them, terminate several of the avenues, and all the arbours and walks are painted in a splendid manner.

The rotunda is a magnificent room; it is finely painted, its walls are covered with mirrors and gilding, and two of the principal arched passages cross each other here. The flags of several nations are suspended within, accompanied by paintings characteristic of the several countries.

The orchestra is erected nearly in the centre of the gardens. It is in the form of a Grecian temple; the second story is open in front, and there the musicians are placed.

About 10 o'clock, thousands of well dressed people thronged the gardens. The first entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music from the orchestra, and

then a noble company of musicians, in number about thirty, most splendidly dressed, and known by the name of the Duke of York's band, performed in a very superior style. The orchestra itself is one of the most beautiful objects that can be imagined. It is a Grecian temple of no mean size, and it is illuminated with such a profusion of lamps arranged in the lines of the building that its appearance is extremely splendid. These lamps are simple in their form but very beautiful in their effect. They are somewhat spherical, open at the top and suspended by a wire. The wick floats in the oil, and the whole forms a little illuminated ball.

The entrance to the gardens presents you with double rows of these lamps arranged in perpendicular lines on the pillars, and then with other rows, corresponding with the form of the roof of the arched passage under which you enter. Along the concave of this roof, extending a great way into the gardens, other lamps are suspended so as to represent the starry heavens. Conceive farther, that these lamps are thus disposed in every part of the garden, in very various and beautiful forms, among the trees and green leaves, in the alcoves, recesses, and orchestra, and that some are green, others red, others blue, &c. thus transmitting rays of these colours only, and you may then form some idea of the gardens of Vauxhall.

Our little party in the gardens was under the direction of an American captain, who was familiar with the place. As soon as the band had finished performing, he told us to run after him, which we did with all possible speed, as we saw every body running that way, although we knew not why. Having reached the end of one of the arched passages, the captain, in language perfectly professional

told us to *haul our wind* and *lay our course* for the fence. This we did, and the mystery was soon explained. For, down in a dark wood, we perceived a curtain rise, which discovered London bridge, and the water-works under it nearly as large as the original. The scene was produced by a combination of painting and mechanism. An old woman was sitting and spinning at the foot of the bridge; the mail and heavy coach passed over into town, and a fierce bull followed driving before him an ass. The thing was very well done, and it was at once so odd, unexpected and puerile, that it afforded us more diversion than a fine strain of wit could have done.

After this exhibition there was music again from the orchestra.

It was now past eleven o'clock, and the bell rung for the fire-works. These were exhibited from the bottom of a long dark avenue, terminated by a grove. They were very splendid, and, as the night was uncommonly dark, they produced their full effect. It is impossible to give any adequate idea of them by description.

After the fire-works there was an intermission, while every body that was disposed sat down to the cold collation. Our party had engaged a table in one of the boxes, as they are called. They are, in fact, little apartments, without doors, closed on three sides, and opening into the gardens. I was now no longer at a loss for the meaning or propriety of the proverbial expression, *a Vauxhall slice;* for the ham was shaved so thin, that it served rather to excite than to allay the appetite. We sat, until the music, beginning again, animated the company to new feats.

Beside the musicians in the orchestra, several other bands now appeared in different parts of the gardens, seated on elevated platforms, railed in, and covered with splendid canopies.* Music now broke out from various quarters, and a new entertainment was opened to the company. The assemblies in these gardens always include a crowd of genteel people, among whom are, frequently, some of the nobility, and, occasionally, even the king and queen and royal family appear at Vauxhall.

But, in addition to these, no small part of the crowd is composed of courtezans. They are of that class who dress genteelly, and whose manners are less indecorous than is usual with persons of their character. The renewal of the music was, it seems, a signal for them to commence dancing. This they did in several groups in various parts of the gardens, and the young men readily joined them. There was among these dancing females a large share of beauty and elegance, and some of them could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. Their manners and modes of dancing, while they were not so gross as necessarily to excite disgust, were such as I ought not to describe. I can hardly believe what I heard asserted, that some respectable ladies, of more than common vivacity, and less than common reflection, occasionally, in a frolic, mix in these dances. How-

* Among the performers in these places, were a great number of little boys dressed in a sky blue uniform; they struck the tambourine, the cymbals, the triangle, &c.; but before the feats were through, several of them were so overcome by sleep that they gaped incessantly, their eyelids kept dropping, and their fingers would almost stop on the instruments: it was a hard service for such children, under the open sky, and at one o'clock in the morning.

ever this may be, it is certain that both ladies and gentlemen, and little misses and masters, are always spectators of these scenes, and I saw numerous instances where young men would leave ladies who were under their care, and join the dances, and then return to their friends again.

This scene continued till half after one o'clock in the morning, when our party came away, and I was told that it would probably continue till three o'clock.

The new day had dawned when I reached home; I was much fatigued, and went to bed with a violent headache, and completely disgusted with a place, which, although superlatively elegant, is, I am convinced, a most successful school of corruption.

No. XXIII.—LONDON.

House of Commons—Inconveniences to which spectators are subjected—Conversation with a member—Rotten boroughs—Debate on the army—Col. Crawford—Mr. Pitt—Lord Castlereagh—Windham's retort courteous—Mr. Fox—Sheridan—Association of ideas—Ceremonies and customs—Weather and winds.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

At a dinner, a few days since, I was introduced to Sir Christopher Hawkins and Davies Giddy, Esq. two members of the House of Commons, who were so kind as to mention this day to me as one that would probably produce debates in their body with which a stranger would be gratified. One of these gentlemen gave me a good seat

in the gallery, as he had offered to do when I saw him before. Strangers are not admitted on the floor of the house, unless they are foreign ministers, or, are specially permitted, and the gallery therefore affords the only opportunity of seeing the House of Commons. The introduction of a member secures you a seat gratis ; otherwise a douceur is paid to the door-keeper, from half a crown to half a guinea, according as the occasion is more or less interesting. The gallery is so small that it will not hold more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred people, and I should think not even so many. Whenever an important debate is expected, it becomes necessary therefore to go to the House very early in order to secure a seat; the gallery is sometimes occupied by seven o'clock A. M. and the House does not open till four o'clock P. M. All this tedious while the spectators may be obliged to wait, and then, in all probability, the greater part of the night will be engrossed by the debate. After you have once taken your seat, you must actually occupy it all the time, or you are considered as relinquishing it. The hat however is allowed to be an adequate representative of its owner, and by leaving this in your place, you may reclaim it after having been out.

As the House was not yet assembled, the member who had given me a place in the gallery, was so obliging as to sit down and entertain me with his remarks upon parliamentary affairs. In the course of his observations, he took notice of the old subject of rotten boroughs. He thought that they were by no means so bad a part of the body politic as had been imagined, for, through them, generals, admirals, merchants, and, in short, men of almost every profession, could gain admittance to the

House of Commons, and thus bring their professional knowledge to a place where it is much wanted, not to mention that an opportunity was thus afforded them, by their personal vigilance, to take effectual care of the rights of their respective professions. In the elections by counties and towns, it seems that it is usual to send up some person locally settled among those who elect him, but, in the borough elections, any man, residing even in the remotest part of the kingdom, may set himself up, or, (which is the more common course,) his friends may do it for him. As the election is generally under the control of a few men, who have become possessed of the freeholds, to which the right of election was, by the charters of kings, originally granted, it is not a very difficult thing to become, through them, a member of the House of Commons. The gentleman with whom I was conversing, was a member from Cornwall.

It was not quite four o'clock, when Mr. Abbot, the Speaker, came in. After a short religious service, the Speaker counted the members present, and when forty had appeared, he took the chair. I was informed that if forty do not appear at four o'clock, the Speaker instantly adjourns the House till the next day.

The House of Commons sit in St. Stephen's Chapel, which they have occupied ever since the reign of Henry VI. This apartment, as before observed, is connected with Westminster Hall, so that, in passing from the one to the other, there is no necessity of going out of doors.

The room occupied by the House of Commons is merely neat; it has no appearance of splendor, and is really unequal to the dignity of this great nation. The principal objection to it is in point of size, for it is much too small

for the accommodation of more than six hundred members. But, they are never all present. The side galleries are fitted up for the use of the members, and it is only the gallery at the end of the House which is devoted to strangers. The floors are covered with carpets, and the seats with green cloth, besides a matting or cushions.

I shall not, on this occasion, act as stenographer to the House. I will mention only a few facts. Many topics of little importance occupied the earlier hours of the night. That which had been expressly assigned for discussion at this time, and which excited the most lively interest, was brought forward by a celebrated military man, Col. Crawford, under the form of a motion to inquire into the state of the army. It was said that he had been a long time preparing for this attack on Mr. Pitt, and he now made it in form, in two laboured speeches, supported by minutes, statements, and documents. He spoke about two hours and a half. His remarks were pointed against the minister personally, and he attributed the embarrassments of the country to his maladministration. Many other members spoke on the occasion, and most of them with no great ability. Col. Crawford is said to be a brave man and an excellent soldier, but he is a very incompetent person to attack the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the very moment when you are prepared, by a formal exordium, to expect at least a formal conclusion, in which the burden of the complaint shall be brought forth, he hesitates, stutters, and repeats; he fails in the very crisis of the sentence, and leaves you only to wonder how one who performs so little should have promised so much.

I hoped that Mr. Pitt would have spoken on this subject, but he did not deign to reply. When Col. Crawford

alluded to him personally, which he often did, he only shook his head occasionally, or smiled contemptuously. This irritated the orator, who even noticed in his speech, that the honourable gentleman smiled.

Lord Castlereagh, from Ireland, replied to Col. Crawford with much perspicuity, correctness, and ability, and proved himself a superior man.

He was answered by Windham, who, with great fluency and wit, made the noble lord blush and the House laugh. It had been urged by the opposition, that the regular army ought to be increased, so as to be competent to meet the invasion, without relying upon the volunteers, who, they asserted, could not be depended upon. To this, Lord Castlereagh replied, that the experiment had not been pursued far enough; they could not as yet say it would not answer;—they ought to try the volunteer system longer.

Windham retorted, that the noble lord's argument was like that of the apothecary, who, when his patients came and complained that his quack medicine did no good, used to tell them—*try it again! try it again!*

Although Mr. Pitt remained silent with respect to the motion on the state of the army, I had the pleasure of hearing this great man speak a few minutes on a petition which he handed in. There was nothing in the subject which called for a display of eloquence; he made simply a statement of facts, but this served to identify his voice and manner. In his person he is tall and spare; he has small limbs, with large knees and feet; his features are sharp; his nose large, pointed, and turning up; his complexion sanguine; his voice deep-toned and commanding, yet sweet and perfectly well modulated, and his whole

presence, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, is, when he rises to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity. I had a distinct view of him for six hours, during which time he sat directly before me. His dress was a blue coat with metallic buttons, a white vest, black satin breeches, and white silk stockings, with large buckles in his shoes. His hair was powdered. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, and their having been so long accustomed to his voice, when he rose, the House became so quiet, that a whisper might have been heard from any part. He was very deliberate, so that not a word was lost; still energy was his most striking characteristic.

Mr. Fox was also present. His person is very lusty. His neck is short,—his head large, round, and now quite grey,—his chest is broad and prominent, and his body and limbs vast and corpulent, even for England. His complexion is dark,—his features large,—eyes blue, close together, and of uncommon size, and his whole appearance peculiar, noble, and commanding. His hair was not powdered;—he wore a blue coat, with buff cassimere under dress, and white silk stockings.

I saw him in numerous situations, for he seemed very uneasy, and changed his place many times: he walked about—went out and came in—went up gallery and down, and was almost constantly in motion. He spoke a few minutes on a petition from a person imprisoned in Ireland for treason. His remarks were very pertinent to the case; his manner flowing, easy, and natural, but without the dignity and impressiveness of Pitt. He stood leaning forward, as if going up hill, and his fists were clenched and thrust into his waistcoat pockets. The caricatures

both of him and Mr. Pitt are very correct, with the usual allowance for the extravagance of this kind of prints.

Sheridan, so celebrated for his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings, was in the house, and spoke on a question connected with the whale fishery. His language flows with great facility.

While present within these walls, which have heard so often the thunder of the elder Pitt and of Burke, I associated the memory of these great men with the very seats and pannels, and it was no unnatural employment for an American to revert to that period when, in this place, were voted the supplies for those armies, which ravaged our country, and when, on this floor, a general of one of those armies made his eloquent defence for surrendering his sword to *rebels*.*

The general appearance of the House was very similar to that of American legislative assemblies. They have a custom of crying out hear! hear! when any thing is said to which they wish to call the attention of the House: sometimes this word is vociferated from so many at once as entirely to drown the orator's voice.

The Speaker takes the opinion of the House in this form—"as many as are of this opinion say aye!"—"contrary opinions say no!"—and then the result is declared thus: "the ayes have it, or the noes have it," according as one or the other party prevails. The members all wear their hats. They have no pay for their attendance; the inducement is derived from the honor and the influence which a seat in Parliament confers. It follows

* General Burgoyne.

almost necessarily that the members must be men of fortune.†

The Speaker directs the galleries to be cleared, by saying "strangers withdraw!" This he utters with a very loud voice, and the first time I heard the mandate I was disposed to obey it instantly. But I was surprised to see with what indifference it was received. Sometimes it was totally disregarded, and the spectators retained their seats, and they were never cleared till it was vehemently repeated. We were driven out a number of times in the course of the debate, and it was always extremely unpleasant, because the stairs and doors leading to the gallery were very narrow, and a violent contest invariably ensued for precedency the moment the doors were opened.

There are coffee-rooms under the same roof with the House of Commons, and private passages leading into them, through which the members often retire to refresh themselves. Some of the members prefer these lounging places to the hot air of the House, and are often found here over a comfortable supper, while patriots are spending their breath in vain, to convince those who are more attracted by coffee and beef steaks, than by the charms of eloquence. It was now between midnight and one o'clock in the morning;—the fatigue and bad air had given me a violent headache, and I retired to get a cup of tea; not knowing that the coffee rooms were reserved for the members alone, I was going into one, when I was stopped by an inquiry whether I was a member of Parliament. As I could

† In general the appearance of the members was more coarse, as regards their dress, &c. than I expected: they did not generally appear so gentlemanly.

not answer in the affirmative, I was obliged to take my tea in the lobby.

I walked home alone without meeting any adventure, and indeed, if I may judge from my own observation during the short period that I have been here, London is as safe by night as a village.

THE WEATHER AND WINDS.

June 28.—The fickleness of the weather in this island is proverbial. It is a standing topic of complaint with all valetudinarians, and is a considerable inconvenience to those who are well. I was caught yesterday in a shower, a mile from home, without an umbrella, and in a street where there were no hackney coaches; before I could reach one of the stands for coaches they were all engaged, and I was thoroughly wet.

The number of hackney coaches in London is very great. They are strictly regulated by law, and it is generally not difficult to obtain a coach, but when a hard shower comes on, they are often put in requisition so suddenly, that it is impossible to procure one.

In this country it is not wise to go far from home without an umbrella; for showers and sunshine tread so rapidly in each others steps, that the most flattering aspect of the skies cannot be trusted. As I was going to the parliament house to-day, I was overtaken by a violent tempest, attended with thunder, lightning, rain and hail; some of the hail stones were of the size of a large hazlenut, and for a few minutes they completely covered the streets; the rain descended in torrents, and the water deluged the streets, overflowing the side walks in many places. I

took refuge in a shop till the storm was over, and then resumed my walk.

If I may be allowed to judge from so little experience, I should think that there had been a good deal of peevish complaining with respect to English weather, although the climate, it is true, is very changeable; but all climates are fickle, and that of New England is certainly so in an eminent degree. The insular situation of Britain no doubt contributes to the mutability of their weather especially to changes from wet to dry, but the transitions from heat to cold are by no means as sudden and great as in New-England, and it may be doubted whether this climate is not on the whole better adapted to human comfort and longevity than ours, in which we are tried with such fierce extremes of heat and cold.

It is observed that Americans who settle in England before the decline of life, enjoy excellent health and live to a good old age. Hence it has been remarked, that the best constitution for health and long life is one with an American basis and an English superstructure. The breaking out of the American war, in 1775, brought considerable numbers of American loyalists to England, and some of them remained after the peace and still survive. You occasionally meet them in London and most of them confirm the truth of this observation.

On the 22d, I found it so cold, that while writing at home with windows and doors shut, I was compelled to put on additional clothes, and finally to wrap myself in flannel. The next day I was obliged to call for a fire.—This is however, I presume, an uncommon case. The humidity of this climate, without doubt, contributes very much to its fine vegetation. The green is so intense and

pure that the eye delights to dwell upon it. If the climate of this island be contrasted with that of the neighbouring continent, the effect of its insular situation becomes most manifest. In Holland the rivers and canals are ice-locked for weeks every winter: *here* it is a wonder if the Thames freezes tolerably firm, once in half a century. I am very much struck although not surprised, with the different character of the winds here and with us in the Eastern American States. With us the East and North-east wind brings clouds and rain, and in the winter snow, and dismal melancholy weather, often of long continuance: here these winds are dry, with clear skies and fine weather, often of some endurance; here the west winds are what the north and north east are with us, and with us the west winds are what the north and north east winds are here. These facts appear to admit of an easy solution. In Britain the western winds come charged with the vapours of the great Atlantic Ocean; hence they are sure to bring cloudy weather and rain.—Indeed at Liverpool, (and I understood it to be a fact generally, on the western side of the island) the prevalence of westerly winds is so great that the trees in many instances, obviously lean to the east, and are covered on the windward, that is the western side, with moss. On the contrary, the east and north-east winds arrive in Britain after running over immense tracts of continent with very little intervening water, they ought therefore to be dry winds and to bring fair weather. This reasoning is all applicable to America, only reversing the facts, and of course the order of the conclusions, for the east and north-east winds obviously arrive there after traversing the ocean and the western winds after traversing the land.

Nothing can be better adapted to activity and comfort than the temperature of an English summer; the thermometer rarely indicates more than summer heat, and generally less, and it is very rare indeed that the mercury rises higher than 80°. Although dashes of rain are frequent, there is also much more of fine bright skies, than I had imagined, and there are summer days, with those buoyant fleecy clouds, and the strong contrast of them with the deep azure canopy, which constitute so fine a feature in our climate.

No. XXIV.—LONDON.

A private party—Mr. Greville—Descended from Lord Brook—Lord Brook's death—Mr. Watt—Sir Joseph Banks' conversatione—Sir Joseph—Major Rennel—His opinion of the changes of the English language in America—Dr. Wollaston—Dr. Tooke—Dalrymple—Windham, &c.—No ceremony—Sir Joseph's public breakfast—Anecdote of a Frenchman.

A PRIVATE PARTY.

June 30.—I dined to-day at Paddington Green, with Mr. Greville, at six o'clock, the latest hour that I have ever been invited to dine in England.*

Mr. Greville is a son of the late and brother of the present Earl of Warwick; he is the nephew and heir of

* Labourers and trades people in England, dine from twelve to two o'clock. Genteel people in the family or with a few friends, at four o'clock—if there is much company, at five, and some people dine at six, and even later.

the late Sir William Hamilton, so well known by his long residence in Italy, and by the collection of Etruscan vases with which he enriched the British Museum. It was at Mr. Greville's that I found, myself sometime since, so awkwardly situated, in consequence of having come without my letter of introduction. But, I could not have fallen into better hands, for Mr. Greville's politeness and kindness made the thing perfectly easy.

Mr. Greville is one of the King's Privy Council, and is well known to the scientific world by his exertions to promote the study of mineralogy, in which department of natural knowledge he possesses perhaps the best private collection in Europe.* He informed me that he is descended from Lord Brook, who, with Lord Say, founded Saybrook at the mouth of Connecticut river. This Lord Brook was slain in a singular manner, at the battle of Litchfield during the civil wars, by one Dyot, a dumb man, who was remarkably skilled in shooting. Lord Brook was standing at a great distance with his vizor thrown up; I think it was said that he was standing in the door of a house, when some one pointed him out to Dyot, and the latter aimed with such fatal accuracy, that he shot him through one eye. His armour is still shewn in Warwick Castle.

At Mr. Greville's, among several gentlemen of science, I had the pleasure of meeting a man whom I have long contemplated with admiration. I mean Mr. Watt of Birmingham, one of the greatest philosophers of the present day, the particular friend and associate of Dr. Black, and the great improver, I had almost said inventor, of the

* Since Mr. Greville's death, it has been purchased by the British Government, and placed in the British Museum.

steam engine and of its most important applications. He is a venerable man of seventy or more, but perfectly erect in his person and dignified in his manners. He was very affable, and appeared to be almost equally at home on every subject, whether it were mineralogy, chemistry, history, antiquities, or the fine arts. Among men of accomplished minds and the most amiable and polished manners, it was impossible that time should not pass pleasantly and usefully. Dr. Townsend, author of travels in Spain, &c. was there.

We returned into London on foot, and Mr. Watt, having learned my views in visiting England, was good enough to direct my attention to a number of interesting objects in different parts of the kingdom; as we passed along through the environs, and the more recent streets of Westminster, he pointed out some of the remarkable changes which London has undergone within his own recollection. I was surprised to learn from him that so large a part of Westminster is newly built; indeed it looks like a comparatively recent town; the houses are in the modern style; the streets are spacious and clean, and it is free from any appearance of decay and ruin.

As there are few or no shops in Westminster, it has little of the stir of commerce, for the trades people all live in the city; but many fine equipages are to be seen passing in every direction, and principally occupied by ladies making calls, &c. The hours of making calls are from eleven to three or four; but few very fashionable people would call before one or two. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the London coach horses, employed on these occasions; they are, almost without exception, of a bright bay—very large—perfectly trained, and so glossy, as to

look almost like changeable silk. Opulent families have different horses for night service and hard work, and stormy weather, these beautiful animals being kept as a mere pageant, and maintained in luxury and indolence.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS' CONVERSATIONE.

There are a number of literary assemblies in London, for the purpose of conversation, where a stranger has a better opportunity than he can enjoy in any other way, of seeing the distinguished men of the metropolis, and of forming an estimate of the English character in its most improved, intelligent, and polished form. The most distinguished of these meetings is held at Sir Joseph Banks', and I found that the gentlemen with whom I was walking, were going to attend it. When Mr. Watt inquired whether I had been introduced at this meeting, I informed him that I had supposed myself precluded from calling on Sir Joseph Banks, as I had left a letter of introduction with my card, on my first arrival in London, and had never heard any thing farther on the subject. He assured me that it would be perfectly in order to call again, as Sir Joseph, in consequence of the numerous demands on his time, was, by the universal consent of society, excused from the common obligations of civility with respect to returning visits and sending invitations, and every stranger who had been introduced to him, was expected to call again as a matter of course. I had learned the same thing, a day or two before, from Mr. Greville, and had accidentally heard that inquiry had been made by Sir Joseph whether I had called. I was therefore very happy to put myself under Mr. Watt's patronage, and to accept the offer which he kindly made to introduce me.

My reception was such as to make me regret that my mistake had not been sooner corrected, and every embarrassment was removed by the courteous behaviour of this celebrated man.

Sir Joseph Banks is verging toward old age; he is now afflicted with the gout, and from this cause, is so lame as to walk stooping, with the aid of a staff. His head is perfectly white, his person tall and large, and his whole appearance commanding though mild and conciliating.—From his being President of the Royal Society, and from his having been long distinguished by active and zealous exertions to promote the cause of science, especially in the various departments of natural history, he has become, by common consent, a kind of monarch over these intellectual dominions. We found Sir Joseph in his library, surrounded by a crowd of the literati, politicians, and philosophers of London. These constitute his court, and they would not dishonour the King himself. Mr. Watt was so good as to make me easy in this assembly, by introducing me to such of the gentlemen present as I had a curiosity to converse with.

Major Rennel is probably the first geographer living. In Asiatic geography particularly he has distinguished himself very much, and has given the world an excellent map of Hindustan.

The geographical illustrations at the end of Park's Travels in Africa were written by him.

Although few men have equally well founded claims to superiority, no man indicates less disposition to arrogate it than Major Rennel. His manners are perfectly modest, and so mild and gentle, that he makes even a stranger his friend. He thought that notwithstanding the efforts of

the French to make their language the polite tongue of Europe, the English would ultimately become the most prevalent language in the world. This he inferred from the immense countries in Asia and America which were already settled or fast settling with English people. While conversing on this subject, he uttered the following extraordinary sentiment. He said, that *the Americans had improved the English language, by the introduction of some words and phrases very energetic and concise, instead of diffuse circumlocution.* To my remark that his sentiments were much more favorable to us than those of the English reviewers, he replied that they were not always the most candid men.

Among other distinguished men who were present, was Dr. Wollaston, a chemical philosopher of eminence, and Secretary of the Royal Society; Dr. Tooke, the historian of Catharine of Russia; Mr. Cavendish, who has done as much towards establishing the modern chemistry as any man living; Dalrymple, the marine geographer; Windham, the Parliamentary orator; and Lord Macartney, famous for his embassy to China.

Beside these there were many others among those who have distinguished themselves in science, politics, or literature, and whom it was gratifying to a stranger to see.

In this assembly the most perfect ease of manners prevailed; there was no ceremony of any kind. They came and departed when they pleased, without disturbing any body, and those present sat or stood, or walked or read, or conversed or remained silent, at pleasure. Eating and drinking formed no part of the entertainment, nor was any thing provided for this purpose.

Every person who has been introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, is at liberty to breakfast at his house at 10 o'clock, and to frequent his library and museum at any time between that hour and 4 o'clock P. M. every day in the week except Sunday. I shall doubtless avail myself of the privilege of the library frequently, although I may not perhaps make so much use of the breakfasts as a French loyalist is said to have done.

This man, having fled from the guillotine in France, found access at Sir Joseph Banks', and met that liberal reception which is known to characterize the house. Having understood that a public breakfast was ready every morning, at which Sir Joseph was always happy to see his friends, he construed the invitation in the most literal and extensive sense, and actually took up his board there for one meal a day, and came to breakfast regularly, till the sly looks and meaning shrugs of the servants taught him that in England, as well as in France, more is often said than is meant.*

Sir Joseph Banks' library is very extensive, for a private one, and is freely consulted by all persons who have been properly introduced. Sir Joseph lives in all the dignity of science; he has a librarian constantly attending in the library: he is a Swede and himself a man of learning. There are also, I believe, two secretaries. Sir Joseph can well afford all this, for his income is seven thousand pounds sterling, or nearly thirty-three thousand dollars; a sum

* This was Sir Joseph's last levee while I was in London. I called repeatedly in the morning, and always found interesting men and ample means of information from books, &c. One morning I asked Sir Joseph in what way I might get admission at Kew Palace and Gardens; he replied with characteristic point—"a silver key, sir, is the best means of unlocking all such places."

much larger than the salary of the President of the United States.

Sir Joseph Banks' efforts in favour of science, have not been those of a mere student. You will remember he accompanied the celebrated Captain Cook in one of his voyages, and in the narrative is mentioned under the name of Mr. Banks. Dr. Solander, a learned Swede, was also with him.

The same gentlemen also visited the Island of Iceland, and we have an account of their observations in the letters on Iceland, drawn up by Van Troil, who was also of the party, more than thirty years since.

On the whole, there is no man in England better entitled to lead in science, than this eminent veteran, and I imagine the august assembly at his levees, would give a stranger a more favourable idea of the intelligence and urbanity of the English than any other which he could frequent.

No. XXV.—LONDON.

Brompton Garden—Chelsea Garden—Chelsea Hospital—Beauty of the grounds—Veterans—Smugglers of Cambric—Strangers easily distinguished in London—Mendicants very numerous in London—Refuge for the destitute—Inadequacy of the relief afforded by public and private charity—A successful beggar—Soldiers and sailors.

BROMPTON AND CHELSEA GARDENS.

July 1.—With a companion I walked out this morning, to the Botanical Gardens at Brompton, a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner. These are the gardens

which were cultivated by the late Mr. Curtiss, a man distinguished for his botanical knowledge, and well known to the public by the Botanical Magazine which he conducted, adorned with very beautiful coloured engravings. His Lectures are now published, with botanical prints, so perfectly done, that they look absolutely like living flowers and plants. I visited the gardens with a particular view to ascertain whether they would be of use to me in looking a little into the elements of botany, to which I wish to devote some att-ntion this summer. I find that by paying one guinea, I shall be entitled to visit them at pleasure, and to make use of a botanical library which is kept in the garden, and of the conveniences for study which it affords. I think I shall sometimes make it an afternoon's retreat during the warm weather, for, what can be a more grateful refreshment than to exchange the dreary walls and pavements—the steams—the noise, and the universal scramble of London, for the quiet, the fragrance, the beauty, and the instruction of the Gardens of Brompton.

Wishing to compare these gardens with those at Chelsea, we walked half a mile farther to them. We found that they belong to a company of apothecaries in London, and are confined to the promotion of their particular views, and are of course less accessible than those at Brompton. They are said to be arranged upon scientific principles and to be more correct in this particular than the other garden. A botanical garden scarcely admits of interesting description. It ought to be seen and examined in order to be understood. We saw here a cork tree in actual growth, the appearance of the surface is extremely rough. Here were also the tea plant of China, and two fine cedars of Lebanon, one hundred and fifty years old.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

In this excursion we visited Chelsea hospital, erected by Charles II. for the reception of soldiers worn out, or disabled, in the service of their country. The number of pensioners at this time is about five hundred; the out pensioners are ten thousand, and they receive each twelve pounds a year.

The grounds connected with Chelsea hospital cover about forty acres. The front of this hospital extends about eight hundred feet, it is constructed of brick, and makes a handsome appearance.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the grounds about this hospital. It stands on the Thames, and every rural beauty, formed by avenues of trees and green fields, is heightened by gravelled walks and appropriate statues. I mean to describe merely the impressions which I received, for, I am well aware that the gardens are considered as being laid out in bad taste, because the lines are straight, yet avenues of trees and verdant fields will ever be beautiful.

We were in the dining-hall when they were laying the tables for the veterans of Chelsea hospital. Many of them are hoary and bowed down with years. Here they repose, till the king of terrors shall steal silently to their beds, without the pomp and noise of battle, and the murderous weapons of war. My time did not permit me to gratify the strong curiosity which I felt to inquire into the private history of individuals; to learn what "hair breadth escapes" each one had met with, "in the imminent deadly breach," and to lead him, insensibly, to forget the decrepitude of age and wounds—kindle with the

recollection of former deeds, and "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won."

But the life of a common soldier is, in every part of it, deplorable. His pay is a song, his service is severe, his privations great, his dangers frequent and imminent, his death undistinguished and unlamented, and, if he survive, his old age is dependant, vacant and miserable.

SMUGGLERS OF CAMBRIC.

July 2.—About a week since, as I was returning home from the Strand, a short fat man, in a scarlet waistcoat, addressed me in this style: "young gentleman—sir—your honour!" So many titles, in such rapid succession, made me stop short, when he put his mouth to my ear, and said in a low voice: "I have got some nice French cambric, will you buy?" I answered no! and walked on. To-day, while I was passing rapidly along Holborn, a fellow singled me out with his eye, and after following me a few paces through the crowd, said, with a low, cautious voice: "sir, sir, will you buy a little French cambric? I have some very fine." I trust you will not wonder if I answered no! very petulantly; for, what, thought I, is there in my appearance, which makes these fellows teaze me to buy French cambric. They were undoubtedly smugglers of that article, and had either evaded or defied the laws of the country, for both are constantly practised.

It is surprising how soon rogues of all descriptions will distinguish a stranger in London. Concerning the multitudes who, on their first arrival in this metropolis, saunter through the streets, staring at every red lion and golden eagle over a shop door, there is indeed no wonder that all should mark them for strangers. But, let even a man who

has been accustomed to large towns in other countries, come to London, and dress himself in the strictest fashion of the day, and from the shops of English tailors, let him walk fast through the streets, as if he neither saw any body, nor cared for any thing, let him even strut and look brave and knowing, like a Londoner, still the rogues and beggars will find him out. The former will track him in crowds and assail his pockets, and the latter will pursue him in the streets, and supplicate his compassion till they have received a six-pence, and then pour blessings upon his head till he is out of hearing.

MENDICANTS.

July 3.—As I was reading in my apartment this afternoon, I heard a female voice in the street, saying, in a tone of anguish, "O! for heaven's sake, have compassion on a poor distressed woman!" This petition for charity was addressed to a servant of the house, who happened to be at the door.

The number of beggars in the streets of London is very great; in some streets they occur every few steps, and among them is a very large proportion of old women, and a considerable number of young women with infants in their arms. When I have bestowed a trifle upon them, I have sometimes heard Englishmen say, "O these people are impostors—don't mind them, they make a trade of it." This may be, in some instances, true, and probably is; but, when one sees age, decrepitude, rags, emaciation and extreme dejection, and that in a woman, compassion will be awakened, especially when a wretched mother carries her starving infant in her arms.

It is said that the institutions of the country are sufficient to provide for these people. Why then, are they not provided for; and if, as is asserted, they prefer a life of vagrancy, to the wholesome provisions of a public charity, why does not the police take them up, and oblige them to receive relief in a regular way, and to make what remuneration they can by their labour.

But, there is reason to believe, that most of them are really the wretches whom they appear to be, and that the charge of imposture, so constantly urged against them, is too frequently a refuge of selfishness, which is penurious when poverty and suffering plead, but profuse when pleasure calls.

Street charity is undoubtedly injurious, when it is frequent, because it encourages vagrancy; but the truth seems to be, that the high price of provisions, want of character and friends, and the very incompetent wages of people who have no trade, make much real suffering in London.

As a proof that these are not the erroneous impressions of a stranger, whose opportunities for observation have been necessarily limited, I will mention a fact in point. I was present, not long ago, at a dinner in London, where were some of the most active promoters of a new humane institution called

THE REFUGE OF THE DESTITUTE.

They gave me their prospectus, from which the following is an extract.

"The object which this society have in view, is to provide places of refuge, for persons discharged from prison, or the hulks, unfortunate and deserted females, and others,

who, from loss of character, or extreme indigence, cannot procure an honest maintenance though willing to work."

"When it is considered that thousands in this metropolis subsist by dishonest practices, whilst some, it is much to be feared, *perish from want*, before parochial relief can be obtained; an undertaking, tending to remove such evils, cannot fail to receive the most general patronage and support," &c.

That thousands do suffer here, "though willing to work," and that some do "perish from want," there can be no doubt.

You will see these wretched beings sunk down in the streets—under the eves of the houses—on the steps of doors, or against the corners, apparently asleep, but there is much reason to believe, that they are, in some instances, finding a refuge for ever, from hunger, and the repulse of pride, pleasure and affluence; that refuge *where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*

I am not insensible of the glorious pre-eminence which this country holds above all others, in the number and magnitude of its charitable institutions, nor am I ignorant of the unparalleled extent of private munificence; but, still, there is something wrong where things are thus, and these humane Englishmen who are founding the refuge for the destitute, have proved that they think so too.

Another considerable class of beggars in London, consists of those who have lost some of their organs.

There is an unfortunate man whom I pass frequently in Holborn, whose lower limbs have been amputated, close to his body, so that he has neither legs nor thighs. He sits

upon a little sled, to which he is fastened by straps, and moves himself by crutches, raising the sled with himself at every effort. But he is the most successful beggar in London, and that *because he never begs*. He merely sits upon his sled, with his hat in his hand, but never solicits charity even by a look. His case however speaks eloquently, and such has been his success that (as report says) he has lately given a daughter in marriage with a portion of several hundred pounds. His case is altogether singular, and has no analogy with those which are the subjects of these remarks.

It is a very common thing here to meet those who have lost a leg or an arm, and, at present, considerable numbers of soldiers who lost their eyes in the Egyptian expedition are begging their bread in the streets of London. This misfortune befel multitudes of them, in the burning deserts of Egypt and Syria, from the reflection of heat and light, and the blowing of the fine sand into their eyes by the hot winds; or from the Egyptian opthalmia. I know not why they are suffered to beg, for, surely, government ought to take care of them.

Sailors frequently hobble through the middle of the streets on crutches, singing in concert, *to old England's glory*, and soliciting, too often in vain, *old England's charity*.

There is a fellow who has taken his station in the street leading to the parliament house, and attracts attention by drawing curious figures on the flat stones, with red and white chalk, and inscribing there the story of his misfortunes, or some moving sentiment.

These things strike me with double force, when contrasted with the splendor, the voluptuousness, the ingen-

ious luxury, and the unbounded profusion of the fashionable world, who might find nobler pleasures in relieving distress and providing for honest but suffering poverty.

July 4.—The thermometer stood to-day at 82°, which is high in this climate; the heat was the more oppressive, because the prevailing weather this summer has been thus far, very cold, even for England.

No. XXVI.—LONDON.

Illumination with inflammable gas—Its beauty—Nature of the contrivance—The royal society—A picture gallery—Denner's daughter—A hunting piece—Joseph and Potiphar's wife—Attempt to delineate Jehovah—Environs of London.

ILLUMINATION WITH GAS.

I had been with a companion into Hyde Park, to see the serpentine canal, and the flock of swans which are suffered to swim unmolested upon it, when, on our return, through Picadilly, we were induced to stop, near Albany house, by an object of some curiosity. An ingenious apothecary and chemist has contrived to light his shop in a very beautiful manner, by means of the inflammable gas obtained from fossil coal. It is the same thing with the thermo-lamp of which you have heard much in America. Every new thing by which money can be made, is of course kept secret in London, as well as every where else; I took the liberty however, of asking the owner of the shop to permit me to see his apparatus. He refused at first, but, on my assuring him that I was not a commercial

or trading man, and was actuated solely by curiosity, he consented, and took me down cellar.

The inflammable gas is extricated, simply by heating common fossil coal in a furnace, with a proper apparatus to prevent the escape of the gas, and to conduct it into a large vessel of water, which condenses the bituminous matter resembling tar, and several other products of the distillation, that are foreign to the principal object. The gas being thus washed and purified, is allowed to ascend through a main tube, and is then distributed, by means of other tubes concealed in the structure of the room, and branching off in every desired direction, till, at last, they communicate with sconces along the walls, and with chandeliers, depending from the roof, in such a manner that the gas issues in streams, from orifices situated where the candles are commonly placed. There it is set on fire, and forms very beautiful jets of flame, of great brilliancy, and from their being numerous, long, and pointed, and waving with every breath of air, they have an effect almost magical, and seem as if endowed with a kind of animation.

The gas is sometimes made to escape in revolving jets, when it forms circles of flame; and, in short, there is no end to the variety of forms which ingenuity and fancy may give to this brilliant invention.

I was assured that they found this mode of lighting the shop more economical than the common one with oil or candles. But, it is not well adapted to small and confined apartments, as there is an odour resembling that which arises from burning coal; this odour may be prevented by peculiar precautions, but it is apt to exist, and this renders ventilation necessary.

The expense of the apparatus, and its liability to accidents, forms another obstacle of magnitude, and, on the whole it is probable that it will not be generally adopted.*

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

I was introduced here by the kindness of Sir Charles Blagden, to whom I had been indebted for other attentions and who had left my name with the door keeper, with proper directions for my admission. Sir Joseph Banks was in the chair; he wore a cocked hat and a star on his breast, and his seat was considerably elevated above the general level of the room. It appeared to be a full meeting. The apartment was ornamented with portraits of men distinguished as cultivators or patrons of science.

The Secretary, Dr. Wollaston, was reading a paper containing an account of the analysis of a new variety of the stone called zeolite. It was, of course, merely a recapitulation of chemical processes, no part of which would be interesting to you. This was the whole business of the evening, except the admission of some new members.—The President then adjourned the Society, till the 7th of November next.

Although one may learn from their *transactions* every important and interesting fact which occurs in the royal society, still, it is a source of rational satisfaction to be

* Aug. 1818. The instance mentioned in the text proved but the beginning in London. It is well known that that city is now extensively lighted by gas, and probably fifty miles of pipe have been laid down in London. It remains yet to be seen whether the thing will pay its way in the long run; probably it will, but there is no reason to believe it will ever answer to introduce it into private houses, unless they are so situated as to be supplied from a main establishment.

present in one of the first scientific bodies in the world; a Society which has been honoured by the presidency of a Newton, and whose papers present a mass of science which has probably not been surpassed by the exertions of any body of learned men.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris, under the old government, and the National Institute, under the new, have, it is true, held a long continued rivalry with the Royal Society of London. It is not necessary to adjust their contending claims; both have done much, and if national prejudices interweave themselves in matters of science, it is a weakness of human nature which ought to be forgiven.

A PICTURE GALLERY.

July 5.—A disposition to be thought connoisseurs in the elegant arts, and particularly in painting, is probably one of the most general traits of travellers in polished countries. As I utterly disclaim all pretensions to the real possession of this character, I will certainly not be guilty of affecting it. In speaking of my visit this morning to the Truehess Gallery, which is said to be one of the finest collections of paintings in England, I shall therefore give you only the genuine impressions of one unpractised in fashionable admiration.

This gallery contains about nine hundred pictures of the Dutch, Flemish, French, German, Spanish, and Italian masters, arranged in eight large rooms, lighted from above, and so connected, that every successive room seems a capital discovery, as one is impressed with the idea that every new apartment is the last. This collection was brought from Vienna at a vast expense; it is asserted that

the duties of importation alone amounted to four thousand pounds, and that the total expense of removing it from Vienna, including that of the building in which they are exhibited, was twelve thousand guineas.

Description can do but little in conveying an idea of the beauties of painting; I will mention only a few pieces which gave me particular pleasure.

There is a portrait of his own daughter, by Denner, which you would pronounce to be life itself, and not a painting; so perfect is the very living tint of the skin, the soft moisture of the eye, and the colour of the veins and lips. Denner had been distinguished for painting the heads of old people with wonderful accuracy, and he drew this, the only portrait of a young face, which he ever took, to silence those who said he could paint none but old faces.

In the third apartment are two large hunting pieces, the one, of a wild boar, and the other, of two stags, attacked by dogs. The wild boar, after having made great havoc among his canine enemies, is at length overpowered by numbers, and surely, if ever swine had any thing of expression in his face, *his* is marked by violent indignation, grief, and despair.

The stags too are in the same desperate situation with the boar, and while they are fastened upon, on every side, by their furious foes, they have a *seeming* dignity in suffering, which is enough to disgust one with the cruel pleasures of the chase.

In the next room are two pieces, representing domestic fowls attacked by hawks; while they are seizing on their defenceless prey, the consternation of

"The crested cock with all his female train."

and the trepidation of the farmer's boy, running to succour the barn yard, are expressed in a manner which nothing but nature can equal.

There is a picture of a woman carrying a candle in the dark, and holding her hand before it to screen it from the wind, where the partial transparency of the fingers, and the full reflection of light from her face, are most surprisingly accurate.

The painters seem to have been very fond of one particular subject, I mean the story of Joseph and his master's wife. There were in this gallery no fewer than three paintings of this story by different artists. The images delineated by sacred writ are sufficiently distinct, without the aid of the pencil, and you may easily imagine, that the morality of the scene has not gained much in the hands of the painters. There seems to be a *licentia pictoris*, as well as a *licentia poetæ*.

As I entered the seventh room, the first picture which caught my eye, was a portrait of his own daughter, by G. Passeri. I could not have conceived that a picture could have interested me so much; but this was one of the very finest faces. I believe the lady would not have been called a great beauty, but she had something in her countenance above the power of beauty. It was superiority and dignity of understanding—mildness and serenity of temper, but attended by warmth and expansion of the affections—with a large black eye, penetrating, but not severe, and an accordance between a brunette complexion, and her dark brown hair, which some how or other affected me more than any picture I ever beheld. I returned again and again to gaze at it, and while I write,

a most distinct and lively impression of this delightful countenance is present to my view.*

I will notice one painting more, and that shall be the last. It was a very feeble, perhaps a very improper attempt, to reach the awful sublimity of its subject. This was no other than *God the Father in his glory.* Although it was a portrait of a figure resembling man, the artist had attempted to shed around it the fearful radiance, shrouded with the impenetrable obscurity of the throne of Jehovah; but on this subject the pencil is impotent—the strongest lines are feeble—the most glaring colours are faint. Let the painter forbear, nor attempt to delineate *the God of glory.*

ENVIRONS OF LONDON.

At the close of a very warm day for this climate, feeling a strong impulse to enjoy, for a little while, the fine air and scenery of the country, I walked with a companion up Holborn, to Gray's Inns, and thence to the very out-skirts of the town, and into the country. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the environs of London, in many directions. Gardens with every esculent production in perfection: flowers and plants of ornament, as well as utility, either growing in the open air, or in green houses, which are numerous and extensive;—fine fields, cultivated as if they were gardens, and without an inch of waste ground; pastures of great luxuriance, grazed upon by the innumerable cows, of a large and beautiful breed, which supply Lon-

* Some days after, I visited this gallery again with a friend, a man of taste and sense. Without describing the countenance, I told him I had been much interested by a face, in the seventh room, and requested him to point out the finest countenance there. He had scarcely time to cast his eyes around among a multitude of pictures, before he selected the very one which I had admired.

don with milk, and a bustling population hurrying to and from the metropolis;—all these things combine to give the vicinity of London the air of a fine picture, with the additional interest excited by so much life and motion. You will understand these remarks to apply to the *immediate* neighbourhood of London. Within a very few miles you find those famous deserts, Hounslow-heath, Black-heath, Waudsworth common, and many others; presenting many square miles of dreary uncultivated territory, seeming however to shew us how much England owes to cultivation; for these places, and others of the kind in different parts of England, are not neglected because they are peculiarly barren, for we often find in the midst of them an *oasis*,—a fertile spot in the desert—and apparently as productive as any of the best cultivated parts of the country.

Between nine and ten o'clock we returned to town.

A Journal of Travels, vols. 1,2, & 3
Silliman, Benjamin
New Haven, 1820
National Library of Medicine
Bethesda, MD

CONDITION ON RECEIPT:
The three full tree-calf leather bindings were worn, particularly at the corners, edges, and joints. The leather on the spines was split from head to tail. Some leather was missing including most of two leather labels. The front board of volume 1 was detached. The internal hinges were broken. The text blocks were sewn two on. The sewing was weak in all volumes. Most of the pages were in relatively flexible condition even though they were dirty, discolored, and acidic. Some pages were foxed. A few pages were torn. A few gatherings extended beyond the text block. Provenance notations and book plates appeared on the exterior leaves.

TREATMENT PERFORMED:
The pH was recorded before and after treatment: before 4.0, after 8.5. The volumes were collated and disbound retaining the original sewing. The head, tail, and pages were dry cleaned where necessary; the pages were nonaqueously buffered (deacidified) with methoxy-magnesium methyl carbonate solution. Tears were mended and folds guarded where necessary with Japanese kozo paper and wheat starch paste. The sewing was reinforced. The bindings were repaired by rebacking using calf leather which was colored with acrylic pigment. Title information and lines were tooled in gold leaf onto the spines.

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